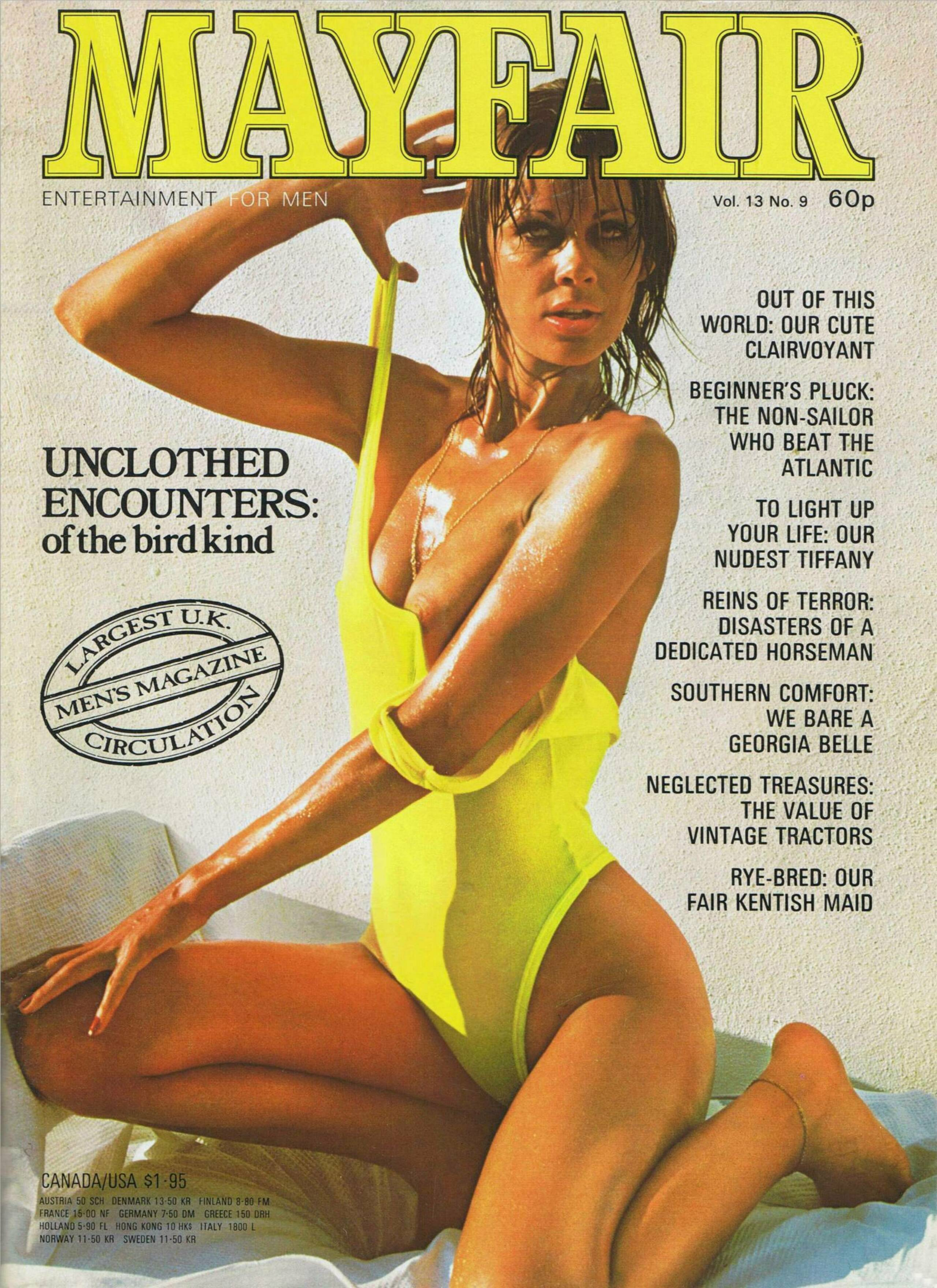
MAYFAIR

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

Vol. 13 No. 9 60p



OUT OF THIS WORLD: OUR CUTE CLAIRVOYANT

BEGINNER'S PLUCK: THE NON-SAILOR WHO BEAT THE ATLANTIC

TO LIGHT UP YOUR LIFE: OUR NUDEST TIFFANY

REINS OF TERROR: DISASTERS OF A DEDICATED HORSEMAN

SOUTHERN COMFORT: WE BARE A GEORGIA BELLE

NEGLECTED TREASURES: THE VALUE OF VINTAGE TRACTORS

RYE-BRED: OUR FAIR KENTISH MAID

UNCLOTHED ENCOUNTERS: of the bird kind

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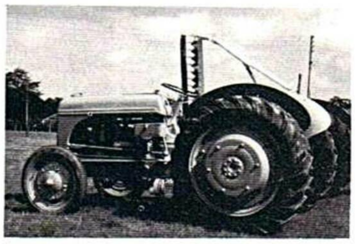

Beach belle, page 51. Tractor harvest, page 62

CONTENTS

SPECIAL FEATURES

page
Atlantic Ordeal: A novice sailor's remarkable narrative *David Simson* 40
Tractor Attraction: The value of vintage tractors *Andrew Morland* 62
Painted Ladies: Modern erotica in an old style *Ronald Cobb* 79
Carrie: Carrie's dinner disaster *Steve Kingston* 108

GIRLS

Helen: Kent's cutest maid *Roy Brewington* 28
Carolyn: Our blondest beach belle *Claus Alvin* 51
Tiffany: She'll light up your life *Peter Flodqvist* 68
Mary-Lou: A long hot summer all on her own *Ed Alexander* 84
Sheila: Fond of extra-sensual perception *Siwer Ohlsson* 100

HUMOUR

Landing Rites: Airport antics cartooned *Peter Maddocks* 19
Reins of Terror: Sad tales of a doom-ridden rider *Brian O'Hanlon* 46
Gentlemen, That Reminds Me: Choice after dinner jokes 77

INFORMERS

Motoring: The almighty Dolomite *William Boddy* 80
Quest: How social class disrupts sex 91

FICTION

Collector's Piece E: What secret did the bedroom trophy hide? *Sam Buffington* 16

READER SERVICES

Letters/page 11 **Book Club**/page 23 **Back numbers**/page 26 **Tape Offer**/page 24
Film Society/page 90 **Quest back numbers**/page 97 **Calendar Offer**/page 106

CRITICS

Books, Discs, Clubs 22

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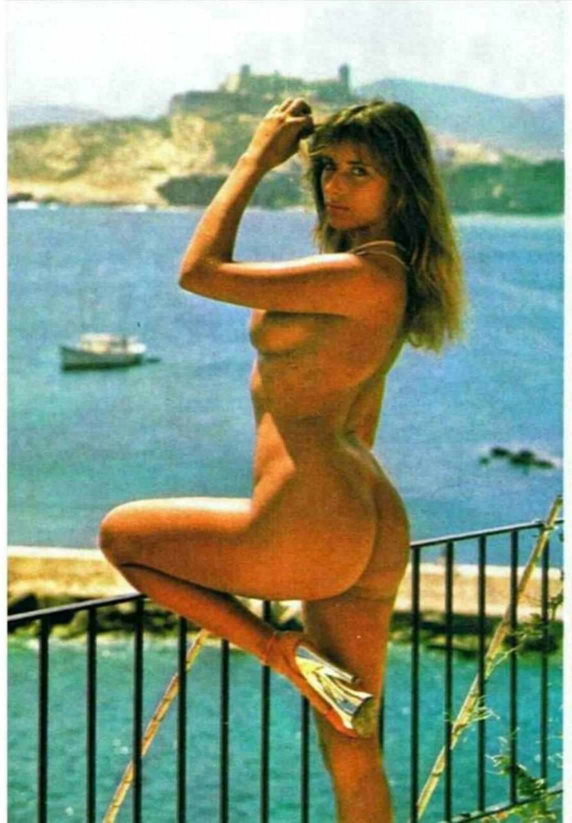
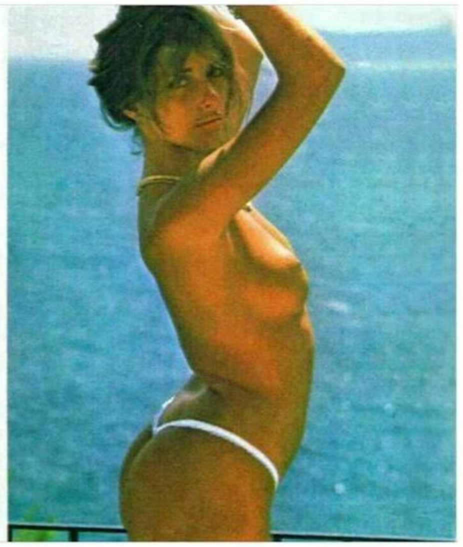
HELEN

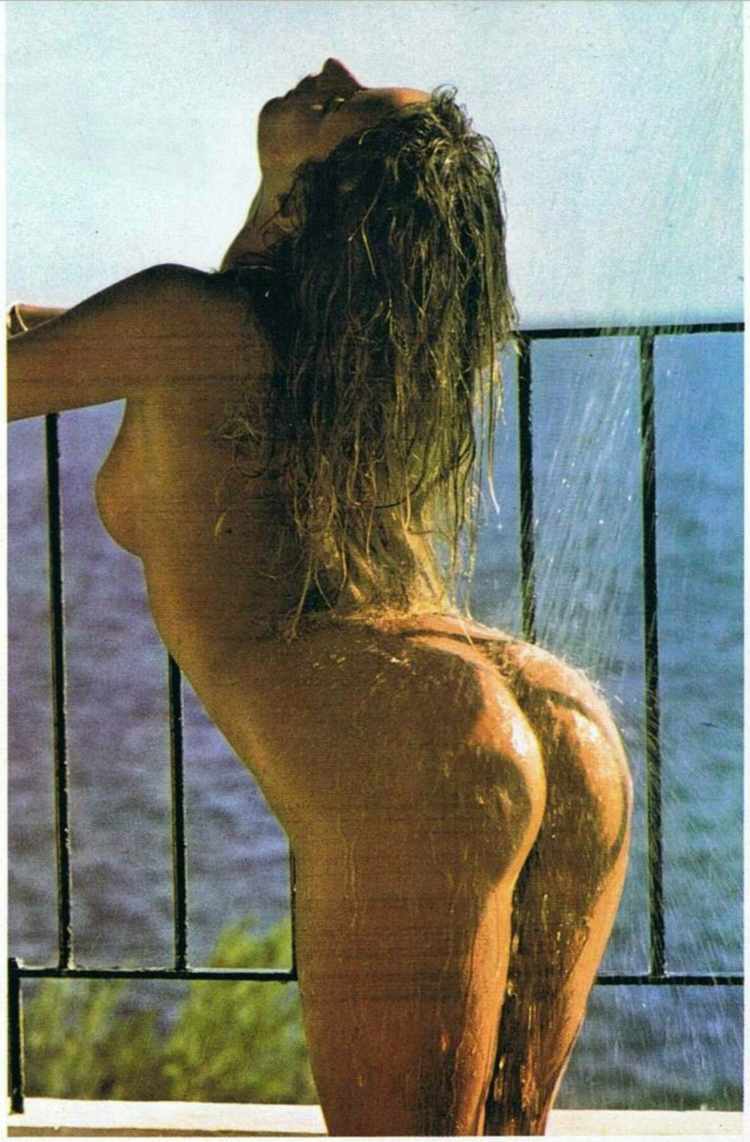
PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROY BREWINGTON

As anyone interested in history will tell you, The Confederation of The Cinque Ports and the Two Ancient Towns, bulwarks of England's defences during the Middle Ages, included Rye in their number. Helen Dobson, while no historian, is, as a native of Rye, well-versed in its past and traditions – as soon becomes very apparent to us as Helen regales us with her favourite pet subject.





'I could spend hours telling you about Rye,' smiles 24-year-old Helen, 'because although history in its broader aspects doesn't interest me in the slightest, the fact that I was born and raised in Rye means that I've been steeped in its atmosphere right from the word go. There's the Land Gate, Ypres Tower, the Gun Garden, Lamb House . . .' Helen breaks off, a little self-consciously. 'I'm sorry,' she apologises, 'I'm sure I must be boring you.' A grin. 'How about if I liven things up by telling you the best beaches in the area to catch the local girls sunbathing. You'd probably prefer to hear that sort of information, I'll bet.'



So, for the record then, if you're speedy enough to catch the last of the summer sun, you can also catch the local females on the beaches, and fine sandy beaches they are too, of Dymchurch, Littlestone and Camber. And have the delights of topless sunbathing yet reached this sleepy corner of south-east England? 'But of course,' says Helen, pointing to her own tanned 34–23–35, 'you can always find some secluded spot in the dunes so you can brown your boobs even at the height of summer.' She laughs. 'They're very discreet though. You'd have to search long and hard for us.' Dunes apart, another place to go Helen-spotting is the famed *Mermaid Inn*, a picturesque old smuggler's haunt in the heart of old Rye. Helen's drink? 'Why, rye whisky of course,' she smiles. 'It's the obvious choice, isn't it?'

CAROLYN

PHOTOGRAPHED BY CLAUS ALVIN

Until now, the county of Somerset's prime claims to fame have been a useful county cricket team, a bevy of bracing coastal resorts and of course the best cider in the land. Surpassing all these however is 23-year-old Carolyn Evans, who hails from Taunton and who now lives in London's St John's Wood area almost within a six-hit of Lord's Cricket Ground. Carolyn's 5 feet 5 inch, 34-24-35 has only graced the modelling scene for the past couple of years, but her list of credits is already impressive. An established 'page three' favourite in *The Sun* plus other newspaper appearances too have led to Carolyn undertaking a stream of glossy assignments in locations that read like a list from a travel brochure. 'Which suits me fine,' she smiles 'as I really do love to travel abroad as often as I can.'

Kenya, Portugal, Spain, Sweden, Jamaica and the Seychelles are all listed amongst Carolyn's ports of call, a world away from the time, just after she left school, when she worked in an accountancy practice down in the West Country. 'Chalk and cheese,' agrees Carolyn, 'I don't think I've ever come across anyone who's made that dramatic a transition in jobs. It was a bit like a women's magazine story in many ways; one day filing people's tax returns – the next day zooming off into the wide blue yonder with a photographer.' A grin. 'You don't have to tell me how lucky I've been – I know that only too well.'

Modelling demands have meant a move for Carolyn from Taunton to London, a move that she still regards with a degree of uncertainty. 'It was a wrench to leave familiar surroundings,' she says, 'but in the end, I didn't have much option as London is, after all, where all the work is. I've got this nice little flat quite near St John's Wood High Street and I must admit the shops and restaurants are an improvement on Taunton. There's a very good pub next to the Royal Artillery Barracks called the *Rosetti* which incorporates an Italian restaurant and quite a few other little bistros that I'm gradually working my way through.' And cricket at Lord's? 'Sorry,' says Carolyn, 'I can't stand it. Besides,' she laughs, 'a game takes three days to play, doesn't it, and I'm not often around that long a time.'

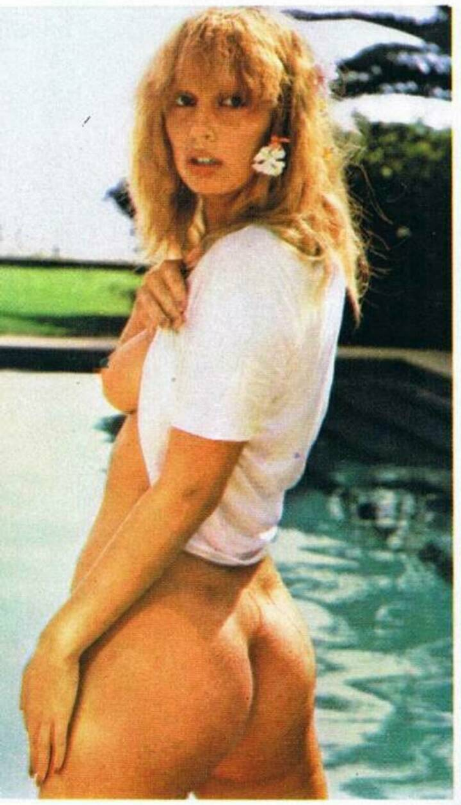
MAYFAIR'S GIRL OF THE MONTH / CAROLYN EVANS

Tiffany

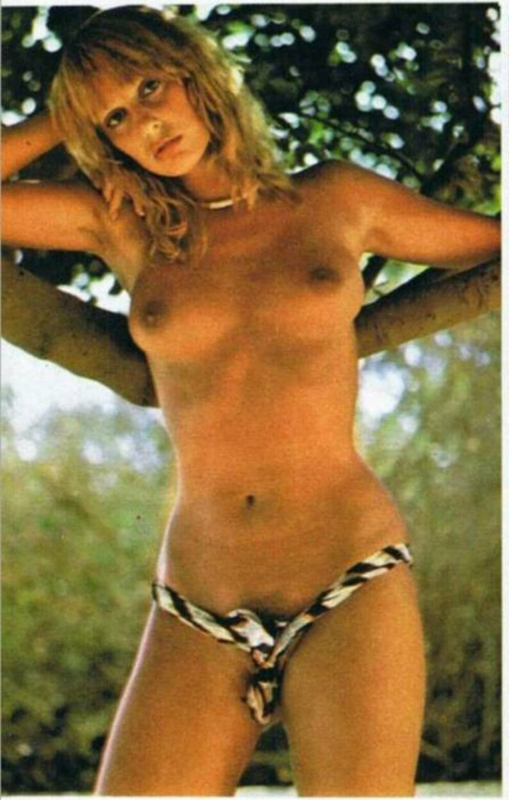
PHOTOGRAPHED BY
PETER FLODQVIST

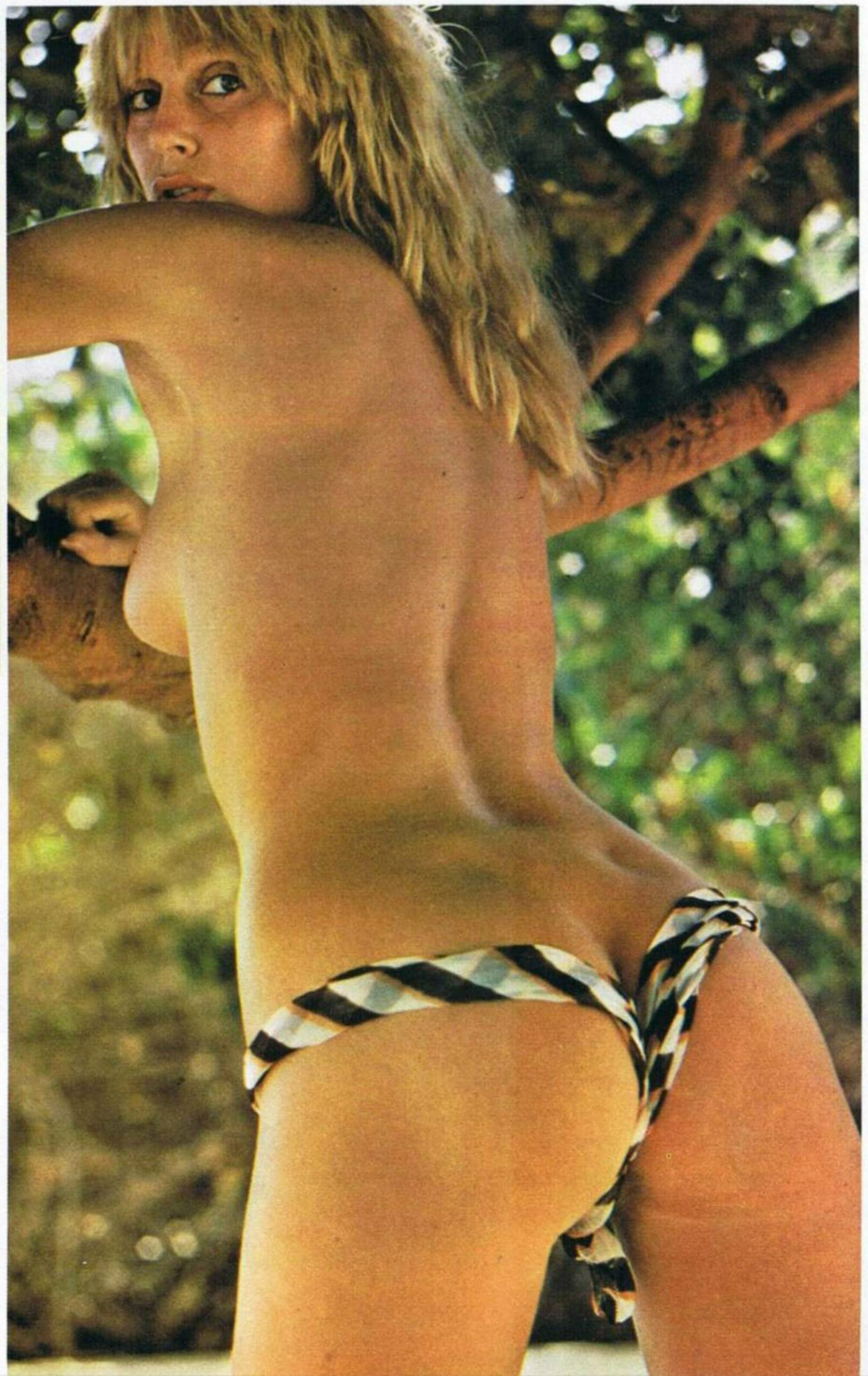
What's in a name ? If you happen to be an aspiring superstar, the answer is 'a great deal is in a name'. For example, don't you think that Marilyn Monroe sounds a bit better than plain old Norma Jean Baker ? Would Diana Dors have hit the heights if she'd remained as Diana Fluck ? And who'd have guessed that uncharismatic Bernie Schwartz would become Tony Curtis or that Bob Zimmerman would be transformed to Bob Dylan ? Models as well as actors and actresses, aren't above a little 'cosmetic surgery' to their names either, but one who is blissfully happy with her own name as it stands is 20-year-old Tiffany Thompson. You could argue that with a face and 34–22–34 figure like Tiffany's, a catchy name is of secondary importance but as Tiffany herself confirms, it can be useful having a name that usually sticks in people's minds.

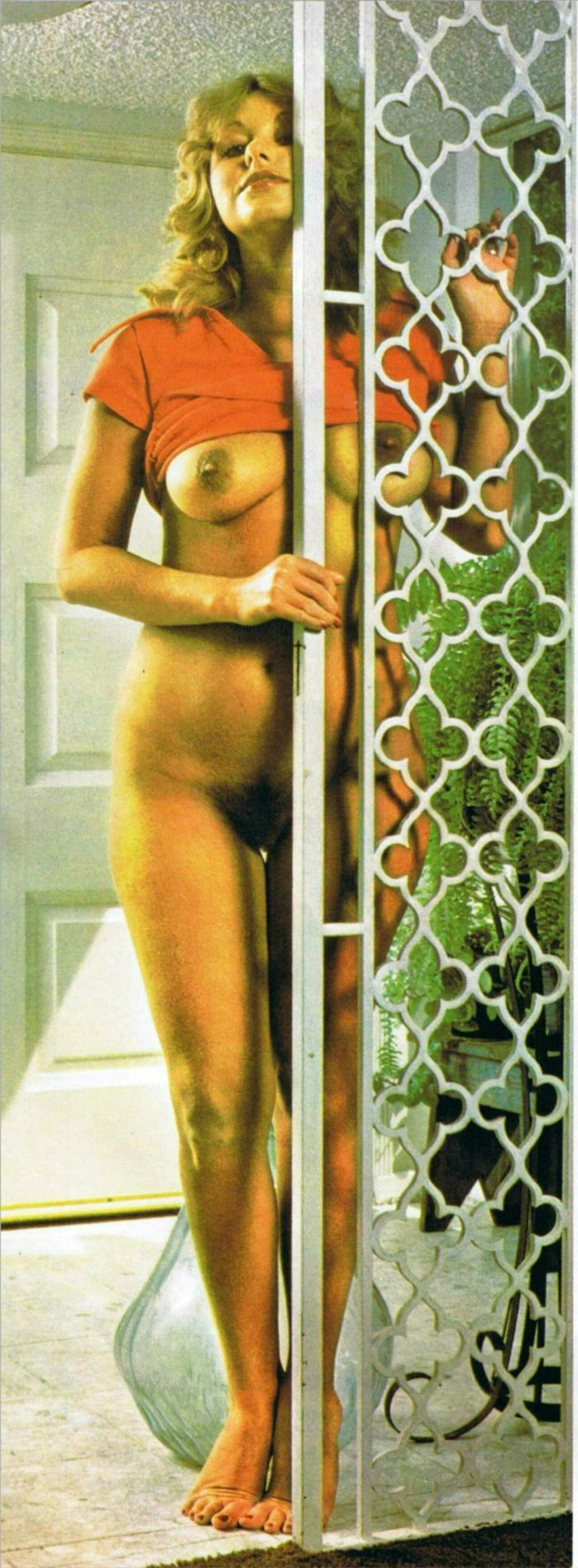
'My name generally inspires witticisms on one of two variations,' says Tiffany. 'One usually comes from men who rather fancy their chances late at night and goes along the lines of "How about me staying for breakfast at Tiffany's?" or then there are the cracks about Tiffany lampshades, you know, those lovely *art nouveau* creations made with bits of coloured glass which, as it happens, I like immensely. I've got a couple in my flat actually.' She grins. 'It all can get a bit tiresome at times, but I'd far rather have a name that people can remember easily, even though it can confuse people at times. I once had a very absent-minded boyfriend who used to connect Tiffany with jewellery and then call me something like Cartier!'



Fashionable jewellery shops, lampshades and film titles apart, our own Tiffany was born and raised in Weybridge. (‘No, not St George’s Hill,’ she says, referring to the town’s most fashionable and expensive residential area, ‘but not that far away either.)’, and now lives off the Fulham Road in London. ‘Coincidentally quite near *Christopher Wray’s Lighting Emporium*,’ she laughs. ‘It’s where I buy my namesake shades.’ Modelling, which she entered after spells as a secretary and a shop assistant, occupies the bulk of her time at present, though she hopes, time and money permitting, to visit New York ere long. ‘For *baubles* at Tiffany’s’ she smiles.





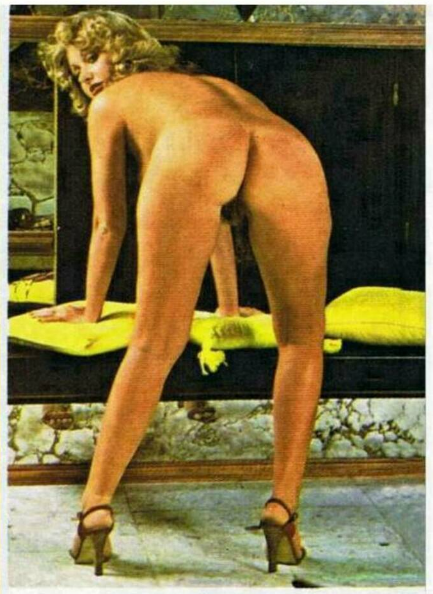


MARY-LOU

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ED ALEXANDER

Ever since the film *Gone With The Wind* gave us, in Scarlett O'Hara, one of the great sensual screen heroines, the archetypal 'southern belle' has acquired a new and sexier image. Mary-Lou Cantrell, who's 23, is just such a girl. Hailing from New Orleans, in Louisiana – or 'Loozyanna' as she pronounces it – Mary-Lou now lives in the town of Columbus in Georgia, right on the Georgia-Alabama state line.

'I guess you can't get much further down into the deep south than where we are right now,' she says with a grin, finding as much to amuse her in your accent as you find in hers. 'I've lived here in Columbus for a couple of years now and I work as a receptionist at one of the hotels on the road leading out to Fort Benning. The Fort? Well, it's not one of those wooden stockade places you see in cowboy movies. It's the second-largest training base in the States. I can only think of one bigger and that's Fort Bragg in North Carolina.' Mary-Lou smiles. 'We get an awful lot of soldiers in the hotel. We're not far from the Holiday Inn and we tend to get the spill-over when they're full. They're real well-mannered, the soldiers that come here; a pleasure to have them.'

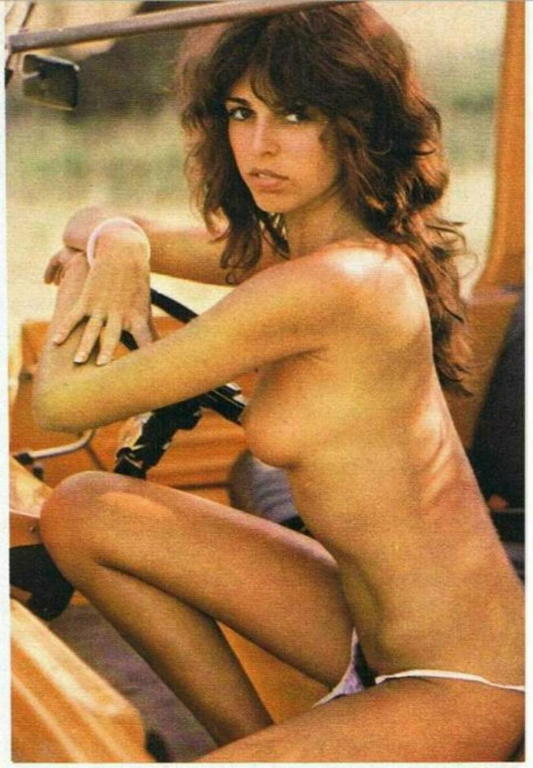


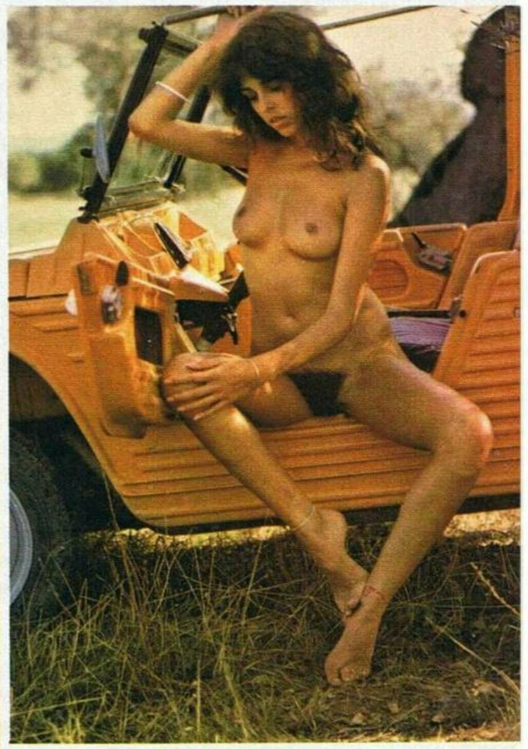
The pleasure we suspect may be the other way round, for confronted by Mary-Lou's 36–22–35 an entire army would virtually be guaranteed to spring to attention. During her weekly two days off, Mary either visits friends in Phenix – not to be confused with Phoenix – which is just the other side of the Chattahoochee River, the natural boundary that divides Georgia and Alabama, or passes a few pleasant hours browsing round the giant Columbus Square shopping precinct before popping into her favourite bar – *The Man O'War* – for a frozen daquiri. 'Life's good in the south,' asserts Mary-Lou, 'y'all visit it soon.'

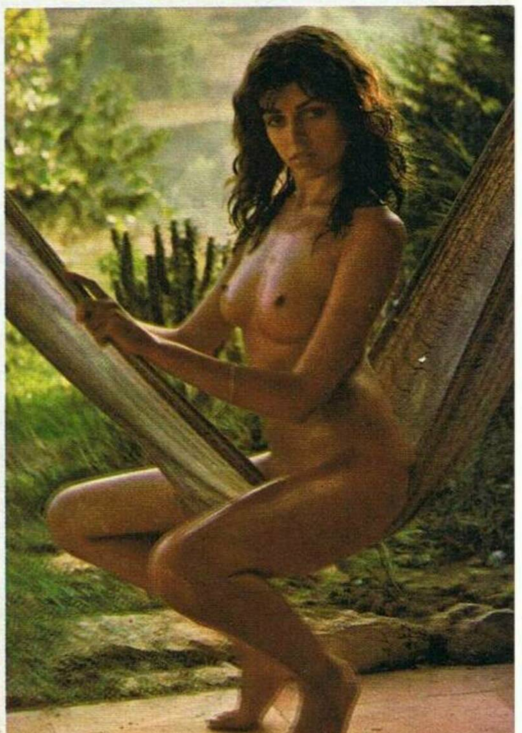
Sheila

PHOTOGRAPHED BY SIWER OHLSSON

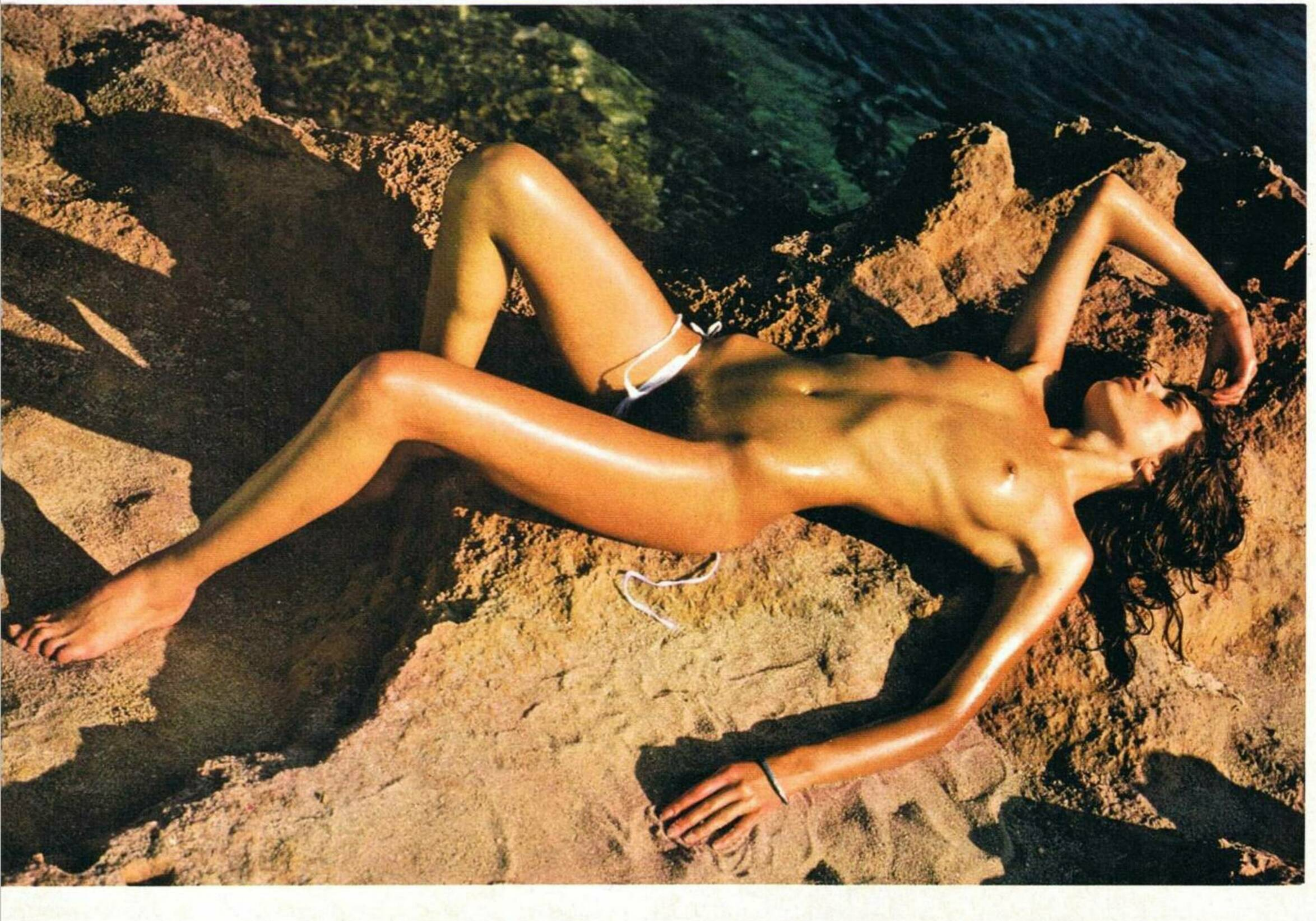
Lion-maned Sheila McKenzie is a more than useful girl to have around when you fancy knowing what the future holds in store for you, for 20-year-old, Dundee-born Sheila is convinced that she has certain clairvoyant powers that make it possible for her to predict events. 'When I tell people I'm clairvoyant,' says Sheila, 'they tend to react in the same manner as you've just done. They connect clairvoyancy with things like astrology and fortune telling and form the opinion that it's all a load of bunkum. But it's not, truly.' Sheila smiles. 'I usually manage to persuade disbelievers I'm perfectly normal and not some kind of weird loony!'

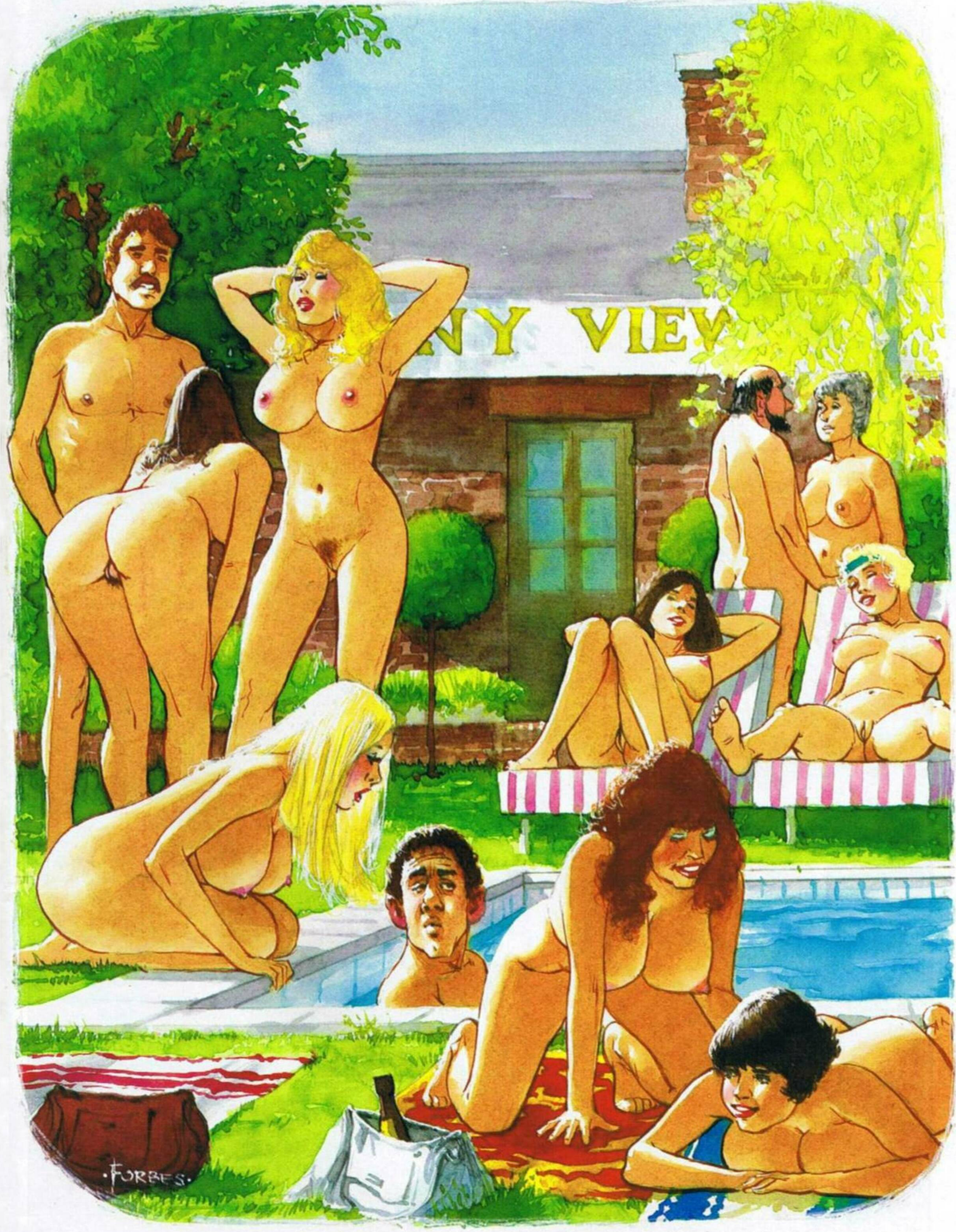






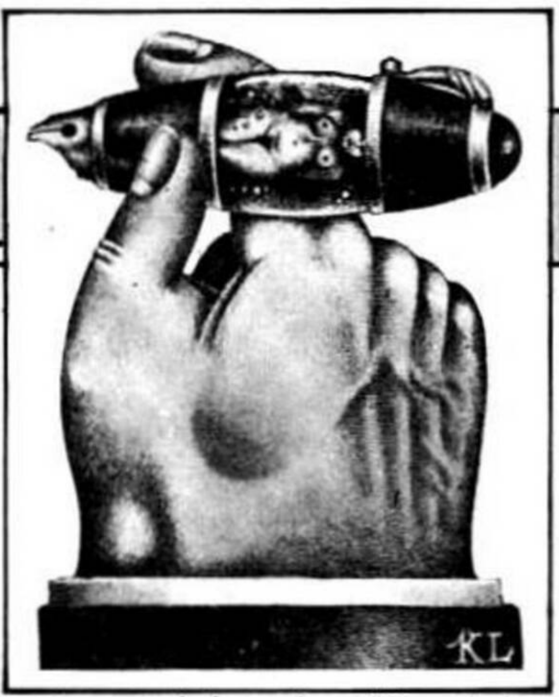
Happily you don't need psychic powers or crystal balls to conjure up an image of what Sheila's 34-22-34 looks like unclothed–our photo-set solves that problem more than adequately–but it can be disconcerting for boyfriends, as Sheila readily admits, to be told by her on a first date exactly how long a relationship with her will last. 'I'm rarely wrong,' she grins, 'and some of them do get a bit peeved. Still from my point of view, it's quite nice knowing that a tall, dark handsome man is about to enter my life just before he does.' Sheila's glimpses of things to come aren't dependent on trances or sombre meditation though. 'I suddenly get flashes, if you'll forgive the expression,' she says, 'and then I *know* . . . For example, I knew you'd want me to model for you.' A laugh, 'You'd probably say that was a foregone conclusion though!'




NY VIEV
FORBES

'Robert, lots of first-time visitors get excited, but you can't stay in the pool all day!'

LETTERS



I read with interest the article *I'll Never Forget the Embarrassing Day I Bought My First Packet of Three* in Vol 21 No 5. One sentence in particular caught my eye. It said, '. . . It wasn't as if they could be used for more than one thing . . .' But it has often been said that truth is stranger than fiction, and so here is a true story.

During the Second World War, I was in the RAF, when at a small camp, a fair-sized package arrived. It was addressed to the Warrant Officer of the camp, and when opened, it was found to contain several hundred condoms. The Warrant Officer, being a former RNAS man in World War One, assumed that these were for the troops, and dished them out on Saturday to those leaving camp for the afternoon and evening (three to a man). The next week he was on leave, and his orderly gave still more away wholesale.

Soon, around three quarters of the contraceptives had gone. It was then the War Office found out that they had made a mistake. The package had been intended for a REME Subconductor, W02, living at the camp who was responsible for a local store of AA shells. The rubbers were apparently a substitute for waterproof covers for the fuses of the shells. So you see they *can* be used for something else.

RA, Norfolk

I certainly want to commend your efforts leading to the increasing popularity of *Mayfair* in the Midwestern United States. Within the past year the availability of the magazine in this section of the US has more than doubled, and I look forward to every issue. The features and cartoons are superbly reproduced, and the fact that *Mayfair* is British makes all the difference. Many American magazines imitate one another to such an extent that it's difficult to tell them apart.

In July 1982 when I was travelling in Europe, I first picked up an issue of *Mayfair* on a news-stand in a German railway station. Although it was my first glimpse of the magazine, I knew that I'd be reading it again. The only problem would be customs. When I returned to the States, I thought the official at Chicago/O'Hare would confiscate it. It is illegal to bring in any 'questionable literature'. For a second I held my breath. The customs man saw the copy, and started drooling over the cover. I'll never forget the expression on his face as he studied it.

I'm sure I shall enjoy what you have in store. I particularly like the bum shots which seem to be a trademark of your magazine. Although *Mayfair* gets here a month late, it's worth the wait. It's a great feeling to walk into a magazine store or food mart and have no trouble finding *Mayfair*.

LR Norman, Kansas, US

I was very interested in the letter in *Mayfair* Vol 21 No 5 dealing with the subject of extra-marital sex in which the writer tells of the way he shares his wife's sexual charms with his best friend.

The arrangement he describes appears to be a successful one, and I congratulate the three people involved and wish them good luck. The writer suggests that there are other married couples of like mind, and the many letters that appear in magazines similar to (but not as good as) yours suggest that his supposition is correct.

I have to admit to being grateful to these publications and the letters from men who enjoy their wives having sex with other men if only because they prove that I'm not alone in my tastes.

You see, my wife and I have been married for 37 years and for 33 of those we have developed an arrangement whereby my lovely partner has had sexual intercourse with other gentlemen.

In the early days we realised what we practised would be considered wrong by a great many people, even ourselves to some extent, but the attraction of what we had started was very great indeed. What's more my wife and I are very close, and have a finely tuned understanding as far as our arrangement is concerned.

Of course, I did not marry her with this intention. It was a series of small accidents, flirtations, and slightly naughty incidents that put it into mind. They led to a weekend where we invited my very good friend (and best man at my wedding) to visit us at our very modest flat.

We had sat down to a meal prepared by my wife, and the wine and brandy we'd consumed was enveloping us in a very happy, relaxed atmosphere. As the evening progressed, influenced by my wife's exceptional good looks and figure, I clearly remarked that it would be a good idea if my best man slept with us that night not just in our home but in our bed. The statement was unexpected but certainly intrigued our guest.

However his reaction, at first, was the conventional one — not really realising what I'd been saying. My wife however understood me a bit better. To my great pleasure, I heard her taking up my suggestion, and quietly persuading my friend what good sense it would be, not to mention how much fun. I was very pleased to see my wife reacting in such a way.

The pressure put upon my friend by my wife and I was clearly quite considerable. Quickly but nervously he accepted our invitation. So he and I made our way to our bedroom to await my spouse's arrival. She appeared wearing a white, semi-transparent nightie, and insisted that she sleep between us.

Slowly she stepped over our new bedfellow, and sank to the mattress. As she did so, she tugged at the hem of her nightie, and pulled it off over her head. She was showing great imagination and I was well pleased. I cannot tell you who put what in where, how, why or for how long. In truth, my chum was no superstud, and rather nervous. He did improve, however, and tried to earn the title 'best man' on many, subsequent visits. It was a task he took to with eagerness, and with female coaching, he became a ready lover.

Gladly I offered my wife to him after that. And greedily, he partook of her soft, yielding body. In those days, the pill was not around, and it gave me a perverse delight to go shopping for condoms during the week.

As time passed, my dear lady's

turn to page 12

Congratulations on your Vol 21 No 5. You are maintaining your high standards, and bringing us the best models *first*.

Others I notice are claiming to do this, but not very accurately. I refer, of course, to a recent edition of *Penthouse* which claimed to be showing Linda Lusardi 'first time nude'. Then they had the nerve to publish some of the pictures that had appeared in *Mayfair* two years previously!

GT, Hull

Well spotted. Left: Linda Lusardi from our Vol 19 No 2 — two years before Penthouse. *I wonder how long it is before they latch onto the girls in this edition.*

LETTERS

You are invited to add to the controversy and anecdote of Mayfair. *Letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, but if requested this will be reduced to initials and town of origin. All letters will be acknowledged, in a plain envelope, to the address given. Unsigned letters will be discarded.*

Write to 'Letters', Mayfair *Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.*

continued from page 10

activities expanded. As well as my friend sharing our bed, she was flirting around looking for others. Over the 30-odd years, she has had a great many gentlemen of varying attraction and ability. Her band of lovers must be in the thousands now — as she has become more adept her appetite has expanded, and she has rarely had one single boyfriend. Even now at 54, she has a lover younger than she is. And with my blessing.

(Name and address withheld)

Unlike the reader who wrote in Vol 21 No 5, I have not been able to share my wife in bed with another man. However there was one occasion where I was close to turning my fantasy into fact.

As British residents on the Continent, my wife and I have enjoyed the periodical courtesy visits of Royal Navy ships, and have entertained members of their crews during their stay. On one occasion, a good many years ago, we visited the Petty Officers' mess of a frigate that shall remain nameless. During the course of the evening we went to a number of clubs and bars where Joanna (name changed) enjoyed herself dancing with the visitors, particularly one PO, I shall call Jack, whilst I sat drinking with the lads. This went on till the small hours, so I awoke the next morning with a terrible hangover.

Joanna asked me if I'd like to go out with the same gang that night. I was feeling so rough I declined. But Joanna was so disappointed, I suggested that she went alone. At first she disagreed saying that Jack had been trying to seduce her last night, and would likely succeed if I wasn't there.

My wife has a lovely little body with shapely legs and full voluptuous boobs. She enjoyed making love, but was extraordinarily faithful, and though I loved her dearly, I felt it was such a waste that only I could enjoy the pleasure she gave. Indeed my most recurrent fantasy was to imagine her writhing and moaning impaled on the massive root of some total stranger. Also as an ex-serviceman myself, I believed that it is the patriotic duty of every Englishwoman to satisfy the more urgent needs of her country's defenders, and therefore encouraged her to go along and take whatever fate might send. She was rather shocked that I was so broadminded, but reluctantly agreed, whilst I sat at home and gave my imagination free rein.

Five hours later, when I was already in bed, she returned, a little unsure of her welcome. She told me all that had happened. She had gone out with the same four chaps, but eventually Jack had managed to lose the others, and driven her to a lonely spot up the coast. There they got into the back of the car and started kissing and cuddling. Almost before she knew it, Jack was between her thighs, furiously pumping his cock in and out of her juicy little quim. He came, before she could reach her climax. The same thing happened again, when after resting for a time, they tried it again. Afterwards, she drove him back to the ship, and returned home thoroughly unsatisfied, but having enjoyed the experience.

The recounting of this tale, naturally gave me an enormous erection, and I soon had her take her clothes off and was pumping into her. Like the mills of God, I grind slowly but to considerable effect, so she had her orgasm after all, and we both fell asleep. In the morning, recalling what had passed, I felt aroused again, and I made love to her once more.

Had we stopped there all would have been well, but that night Joanna was keener still to go out again with Jack. This time, at my suggestion, she took with her some pillows and a blanket, and they lay in the moonlight under the pines. Jack soon had most of her clothes off, and made the most of their last night together by screwing her no fewer than four times before she, rather more reluctantly, drove back to the ship in the small hours. She came back to me in a blissful daze, her poor ravaged pussy still drenched, and despite her exhaustion was once again well and truly fucked by me. In the morning, I made love to her again, so between Jack and myself, she had been screwed ten times in less than 36 hours. Not bad going for girl who normally counted herself lucky if she got it once a fortnight.

At this point, however, just when the experiment seemed to have ended as an unqualified success, Nemesis overtook us. Like so many nice girls, Joanna found it difficult to give herself without any emotional involvement. She had only allowed herself to be drawn into the game by her strong physical attraction to Jack. She was perfectly aware that he only wanted to enjoy her physically, but three nights exposure to his high pressure flattery and protestations of undying love was too long, and she was getting carried away by her emotions. Our marriage was so close that it never entered my head that this might happen, and it brought about a feeling of despair in me that a mere sexual escapade on her part couldn't have done.

For the next couple of months we passed through a difficult period, and I virtually had to court her all over again. Eventually our love for each other triumphed, and our marriage became, if anything, better than before. But we had both had a fright, and Joanna could not be persuaded to repeat the experience. Although I think we could have profitted from our mistakes, and made a better job of it next time, I was not prepared to risk trying to push her against her will. Of Jack, as was to be expected, nothing was ever heard again.

(Name and address withheld)

I love reading your letters pages with my boyfriend, and find them a great turn-on. However, I'm surprised to see that there are so few letters from fans of PVC and leather. Ray (name changed) and I have been dedicated plastic fans for years. I usually wear something PVC, even during the day — a coat, skirt or top — and then go to town in the evenings.

Ray is particularly keen on a black plastic catsuit of mine which had a very convenient zip around the crotch. Being a nicely rounded 38-26-36, it fits me beautifully, though I say so myself. It pushes my cleavage right up, and the low front means that Ray gets a view of a lovely deep pink valley, and the contrast with the black shiny material always manages to get him going. He looks stunning in his black leather trousers, and together we make love almost every night — and often with our clothes on.

I'm surprised you haven't covered

turn to page 114

LETTERS

continued from page 12

the subject because rubber, leather and plastic are very fashionable at the moment, and all sorts of ladies are turning up on TV dressed in sexy black shiny attire. Toyah, Tina Turner and even one of the Nolan Sisters have climbed into tight-fitting gear. If they can, why not a few of your models? Better still how about a feature on the fashion clothes on display. I'd love it, and I'm sure anyone who appreciates sexy clothing would have to agree. You don't have to wear it to appreciate it.

Well, I must stop now. I must slide my way into a pair of red plastic trousers and high heels ready for Ray to return from work. All this talk has made me fancy a little action.

Lena, Wembley

Last summer, my girlfriend visited me while I was living in Berlin. In my letters to her, prior to her visit I was telling Sue (name changed) how much I liked suspenders (especially black ones), and that she should get some. I was therefore highly delighted when she turned up with black, black and red, and white sets.

I was even more delighted when she suggested a fashion parade. She dressed up in a black set first which showed off her figure to perfection. She wore no bra, just a red blouse to hide her nipples (just!). Her panties were black with tiny red bows and red lace interwoven across the top. Her stockings were two shades of black spiralling up her lovely tanned legs. Being dark-haired this outfit complemented her perfectly, and she looked better than ever.

I need not add that this turned me on no end — especially when she raised no objections to me photographing her in several poses. Nor is there any need to mention what she did raise.

For the next few minutes I happily snapped away, getting more and more excited. Finally as she was perched on the edge of the sofa with her legs stretched out in front of her, she admitted that the whole thing was also turning her on. At this juncture, I felt it prudent to abandon the camera and join her. I began kissing her belly button while my hand gently massaged the front of her panties. Her legs parted for me as I began kissing over her crutch, moving down to her thighs which I softly nibbled and sucked — she likes that. But she pulled my head back to her panties, and I knew what she wanted as she lay back. I began to kiss and run my tongue along the crotch of the panties.

She eased them down, despite my protests (it's a kink of mine to try and probe my way inside them before they're removed), but she pulled them right down, and opened her legs wider. Then I realised how wet and ready she was.

She ran a finger along her crack to open herself up, exposing her clitty. I buried my face into her, licking at her juices until my tongue found her clit. I licked and flicked across it, described circles teasingly around it, as she sighed with pleasure. She said that she was close to orgasm, and wanted me inside her. So I pulled down my trousers and pants, and placed my hard member between her pussy lips, before slowly easing in. I began to work in and out, slowly building up rhythm with Sue's verbal encouragement.

She reached down and began to rub her clitty at the same time. She was moaning and I knew she was coming. Then she began to shout and her whole body jerked. She was climaxing, but still she was whispering 'Fuck me, fuck me,' which helped me over the edge. Soon I came too, pumping into her. It was truly exhilarating.

Our little fashion parade formed the basis of our foreplay on several other occasions during her stay, with similar results. We've also used *Mayfair* letters and stories to spice up our sexplay.

I asked Sue if she would like to pose for *Mayfair* given the opportunity, and she admitted that she would find it exciting. However, you will have to go out of your way to photograph her. She's in Perth, Western Australia.

RM, Southampton

I thought you might be as amused as I was by a remark by a disgruntled manager in our office. Thwarted in an attempt to get some papers signed, he exclaimed loudly. 'Trying to get anything done in this place is like elephants making love. It's done at high level. It's acomplished with a great deal of screaming and roaring and it takes two years to produce results.'

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Croquet is surely the most prim and proper of games. So why did it sexually excite the Victorians, upset the US Congress, cause divorces, and earn the title ‘a visual metaphor for man-hunting’?

. . . Is it sheer malice with mallets?

By Cyril Bracegirdle

Croquet — a nice gentle game in which ladies and gentlemen quietly push a ball through a hoop with a wooden mallet. A scene of tranquillity once described by an eminent writer — an easily deceived individual — as ‘about as exciting as watching paint dry!’

Don’t believe it! Beneath the surface of Association Croquet seethes the same kind of fierce competition that exists in international chess.

“As the ladies glided across the lawn their skirts rose revealing parts of the anatomy previously unseen. Gangs of youths would stare, their primitive passions aroused”

While watching a croquet championship match it is indeed difficult to accept that in 1902, Judge Barlaine Deane, in the London Divorce Court said, ‘I do not think there is any game which is so liable to put one out of humour as croquet.’ He was hearing a suit brought by the wife of the Reverend Fernley-Whittingstall on grounds of cruelty. The lady stated that during a game of croquet her husband became incensed because she questioned whether his ball had properly passed through a hoop. As a result he did not speak to her for a week.

The spectacle of gladiatorial combat which is often the reality of croquet is not apparent to the casual eye. The cover-up is due to the survival of the game’s image as one that used to be played on the lawns of stately homes by men in boater hats, and ladies in wide flowing skirts.

But it was the skirts that caused the trouble. In the age of the crinoline, with its wire frames to hold the material rigidly out, they lifted as the ladies glided excitedly across the green, often revealing that portion of the female anatomy attached to the lower end of the nether limb, known as the ankle. The effect of this upon susceptible males can be easily imagined. Gangs of youths would gather along the perimeter whenever public contests were held, their primitive passions aroused, and staggering away afterwards with steamed up eyeballs.

In *Mr Punch’s Pocket Book for 1862* there is a cartoon by John Leech with the caption ‘Fanny, her eyes on him, placing her pretty little foot on the ball, said “Now I am going to croquet you.” And croqueted he was completely!’

The game was considered to be such a menace to Christian morality and to the very fabric of Western society that in the 1870s the city of Boston, USA, formally banned it. As a City Father explained: ‘The woman, placing her foot upon one of two closely juxtaposed balls and administering a sharp thwack with her mallet gives a thinly disguised symbol of female aggression against a male-dominated society. Where will it all lead?’

Well, we, in the age of Fem Lib, could have told him, couldn’t we?

The origins of croquet are vague. It goes back to the Middle Ages, and seems to have been invented in France, probably by wealthy aristocrats with large private lawns. It was imported into England in the early 1850s under the name of *paille maille* (ball and mallet), and was soon a craze among the upper classes. There is an obvious connection with London’s Pall Mall, and the very ancient game used to be played in that street.

The magazine *The Field* wrote on August 13, 1864, ‘A few years ago a new game was quietly introduced into this country. Its origin is shrouded in a mystery as great as that which surrounds King Arthur’s sword Excalibur. Its very name draws attention to French dictionaries, and it is to this day a debatable question among philologists.’

The odd thing about this is that some French dictionaries actually describe it as an English game! Meanwhile *Cassell’s New English Dictionary* insists that croquet is a word deriving from Old North French. So the mystery of its time origin remains.

John Jacques, an ivory-turner of London, was the first person in Britain to start manufacturing the equipment for croquet, and his firm, John Jacques Ltd of Thornton Heath, Surrey, is still the only specialist producer.

A game of croquet on a sunny afternoon, played on one of those lawns created by landscape gardeners of genius, watered by two or three centuries of English rain, could be followed by a champagne supper on the terrace, and then music in the ballroom. Some fashionable young dandies took up the game with such zeal that they progressed from one garden party to another throughout the season.

The Viceroy of India, Sir John Lawrence, introduced croquet to the Jewel in the Crown where he played on the lawn of Government House with a solid ivory mallet. Sometimes championship matches in India were played picturesquely at night, with servants carrying lanterns and the croquet hoops illuminated by candles.

An important aspect of croquet is that even today it is virtually the only completely unisex game in which men and women play together against each other on equal terms. A tennis foursome is the only modern equivalent that comes to mind.

It is not surprising that the Victorian moralists saw great danger in such a game.

In 1898 at Wimbledon a tall, slim blonde named Lily Gower beat C E Willis, the previous All England champion. In 1901 she won the Open Gold Medal against G H Woolston, despite a dispute about a tactical manoeuvre called double-tapping. Woolston had complained about this, and there were some who thought a gentleman really should not have mentioned it, and, anyway, other players had been known to double-tap.

In 1907 Lily Gower went on to perform the remarkable feat of winning the *Mens* Open Event! It seems that there was some technical flaw in the rules which had allowed her to enter.

It may well be that Lily Gower’s sensational victory is one reason why men ever since have taken good care to ensure that every sport is divided into male and female events, even when physical strength is no asset.

One can almost hear the sports organisers muttering in that golden sunset of the Edwardian age ‘By gad, you chaps; there must be no more Lily Gowers to beat us, what?’

Unfortunately for male supremacy, the barriers have recently started to crumble in horse racing and in motor racing.

By the end of the 1870s the first enthusiasm for croquet had begun to pall somewhat in England, and although the Croquet Association was well established, more ladies were taking to lawn tennis. So croquet crossed the Atlantic, and became the rage with the well-heeled in America.

Rutherford Hayes, who was President from 1877 to 1881, caused a bit of a flap in Congress when the news got around that he spent six dollars of public funds on a set of balls and a mallet for the White House lawn.

Among America’s moralists the new game was soon being recognised as ‘a visual metaphor for man-hunting,’ and they further maintained that ‘he who has grasped the mallet has embraced vice.’

By the 1920s when women’s skirts were raised by the dictates of fashion, croquet soon lost its immoral image. No need to go to a croquet match to look at ankles when you could see them and more on the streets any day.

So popular had the game become by the mid-century that Averell Harriman, appointed ambassador to Moscow in 1943, had a croquet lawn built for him in the embassy grounds. Hollywood took up the game with fervour, and stars such as Bogart and Spencer Tracy maintained first-class courts along with their swimming pools.

Apart from the passions it has aroused, croquet contains other distinct elements of chess: the player has to be constantly thinking several moves ahead, and must try to manoeuvre the opponent into making errors, or lead him into making tactical blunders that will provide an opening. Alexander Woolcott described it quite accurately as ‘no game for the soft of sinew or gentle of heart.’

In neither Britain nor America did croquet ever catch on with the working classes. It has remained something of an elite game. It is played at the best colleges in the States, such as Yale and Princeton, and tournaments are held in such haunts of the top people as Palm Beach, Bermuda and Newport.

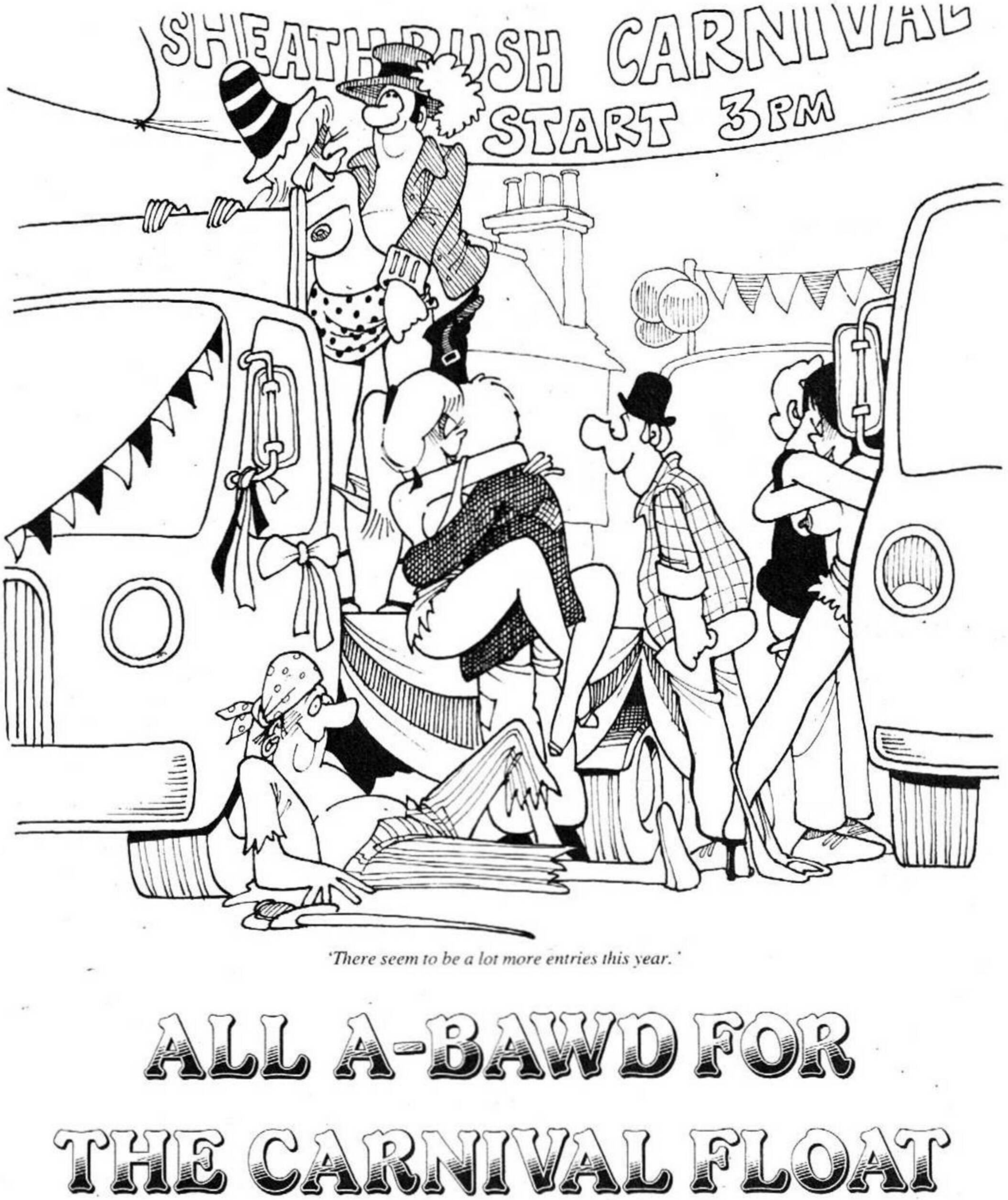
Every September the National Singles and Doubles Championships take place in New York. Following the English tradition, champagne is served after the matches, and at the conclusion of the tournament all the contestants attend the Croquet Hall of Fame Ball.

The only detailed story of croquet that has been written is *History of Croquet*, a well-researched work by D M C Prichard. Other than that, the historians of sport seem to have ignored the game.

If you want to play croquet on your own lawn, a Jacques Trolley Set for four players costs £23.50. Or you can be a big spender, and splash out on the elite Hurlingham Set for £695!

Association croquet is played on a green measuring 35 by 28 yards, although many of the 120 clubs in Britain have smaller lawns which they maintain for teaching. The uninitiated fail to visualise the skill and accuracy needed to steer a ball weighing one pound through a hoop, or wicket, which is only an eighth of an inch wider than the ball. Try it sometime.

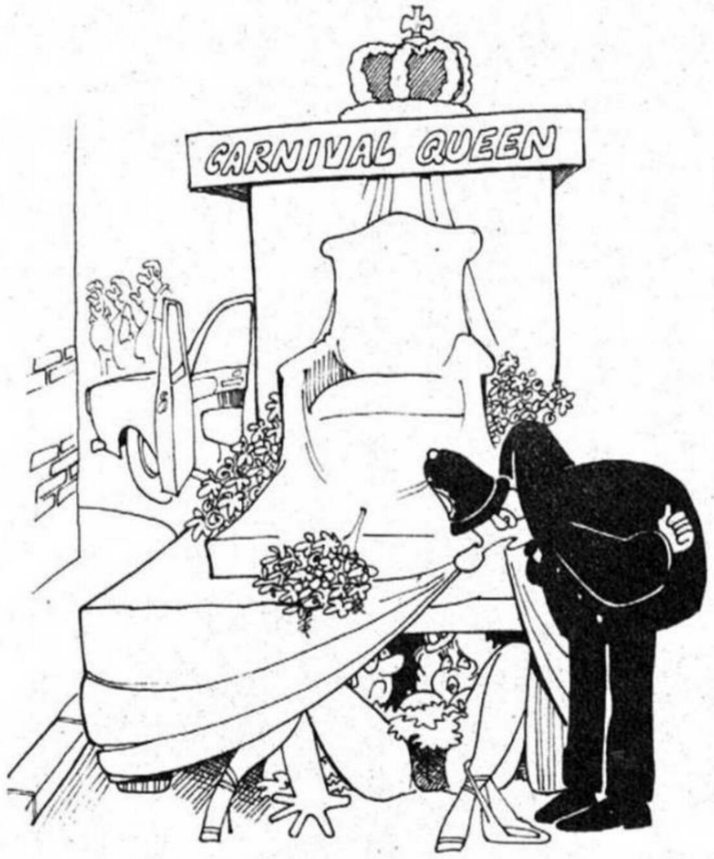
“He who grasps the mallet embraces vice, claimed American moralists. Whilst ladies croquet was called a symbol of female aggression against men”


SHEATHBUSH CARNIVAL
START 3PM

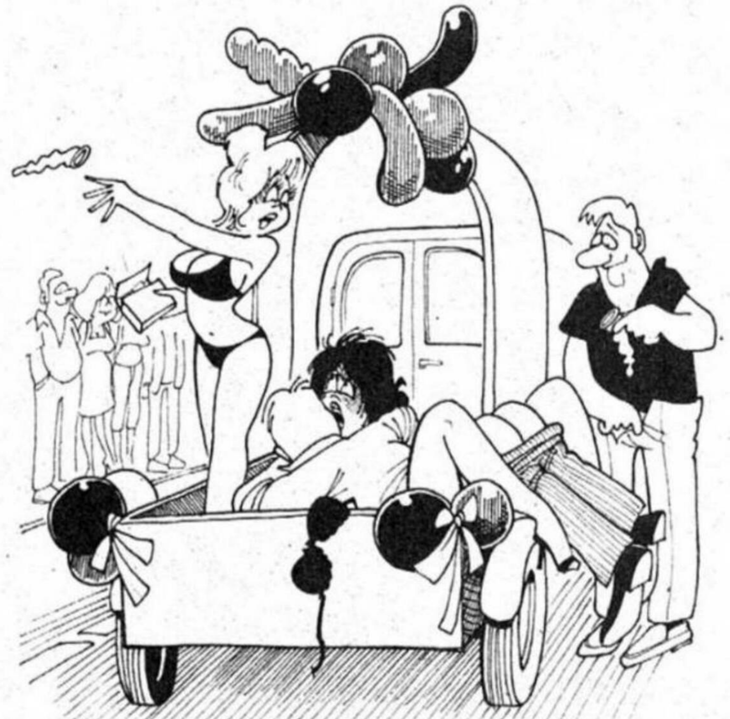
'There seem to be a lot more entries this year.'

ALL A-BAWD FOR THE CARNIVAL FLOAT

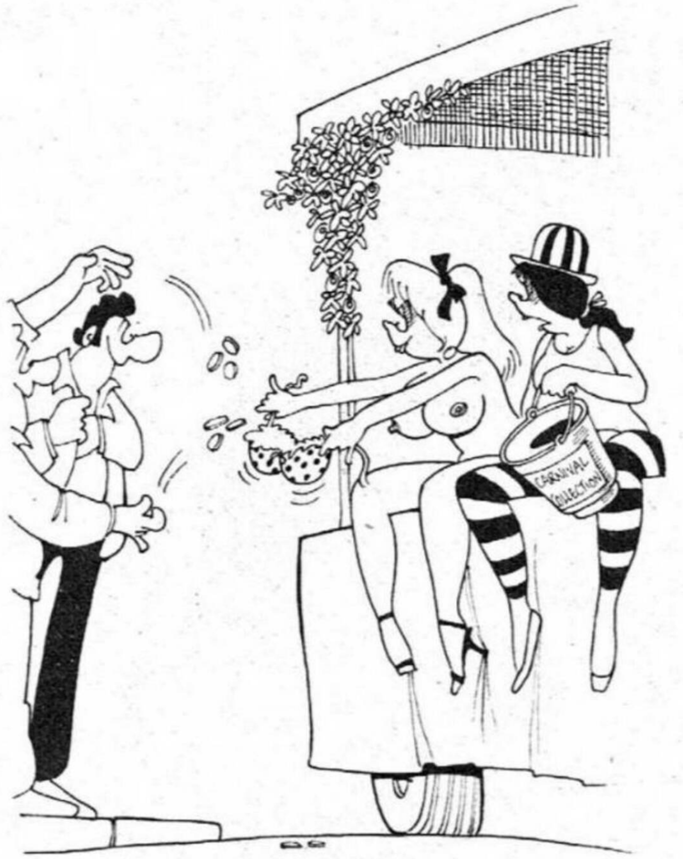
There's nothing like a procession to put us
in the carnival mood. Cartoonist Anthony tags along and
uncovers grunting beneath the bunting


CARNIVAL QUEEN

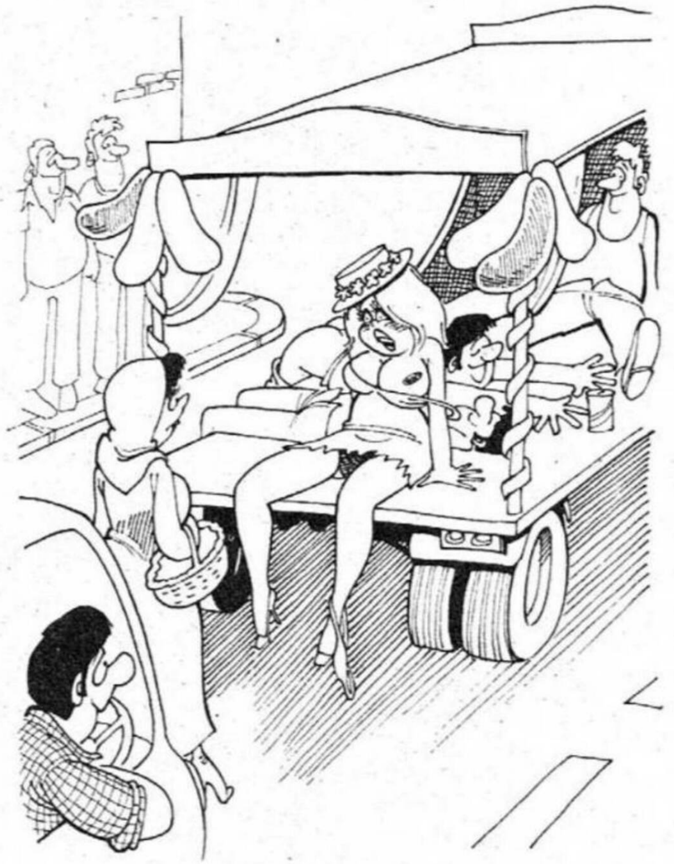
'Excuse me, but the procession left ten minutes ago.'



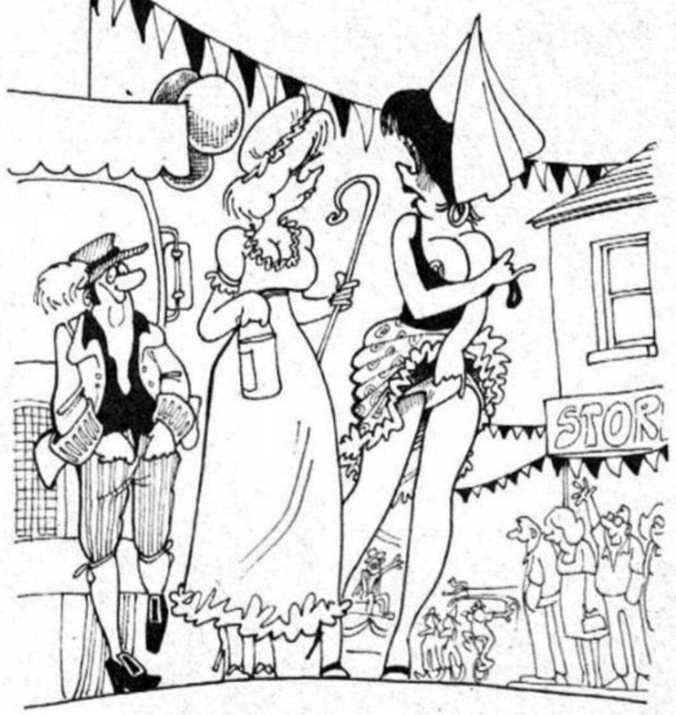
'Don't hand those out, Lucy. They're not balloons.'


CARNIVAL COLLECTION

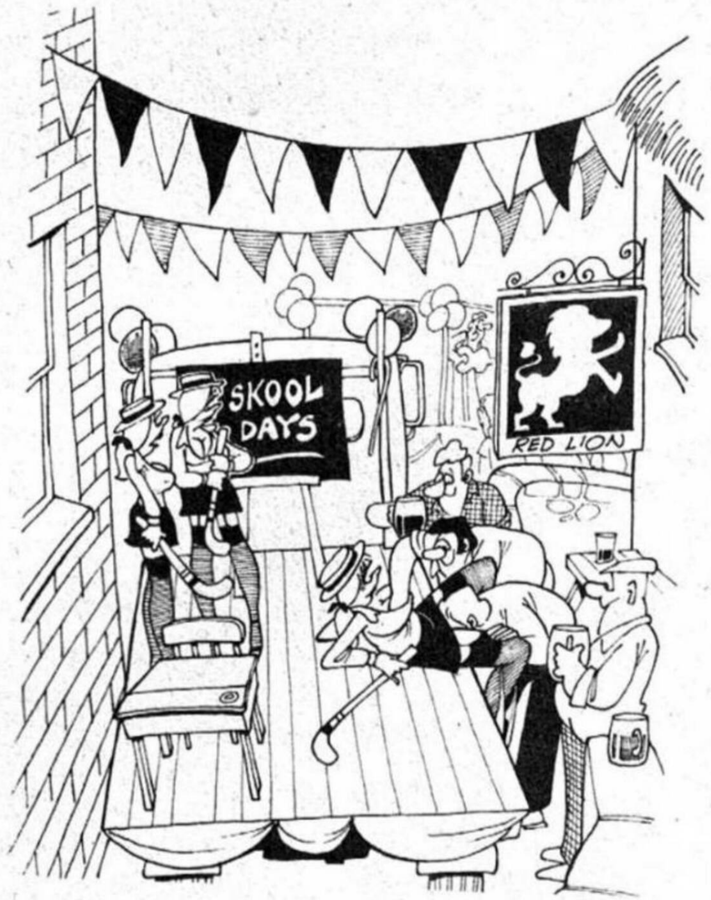
'Hey! That's not fair!'



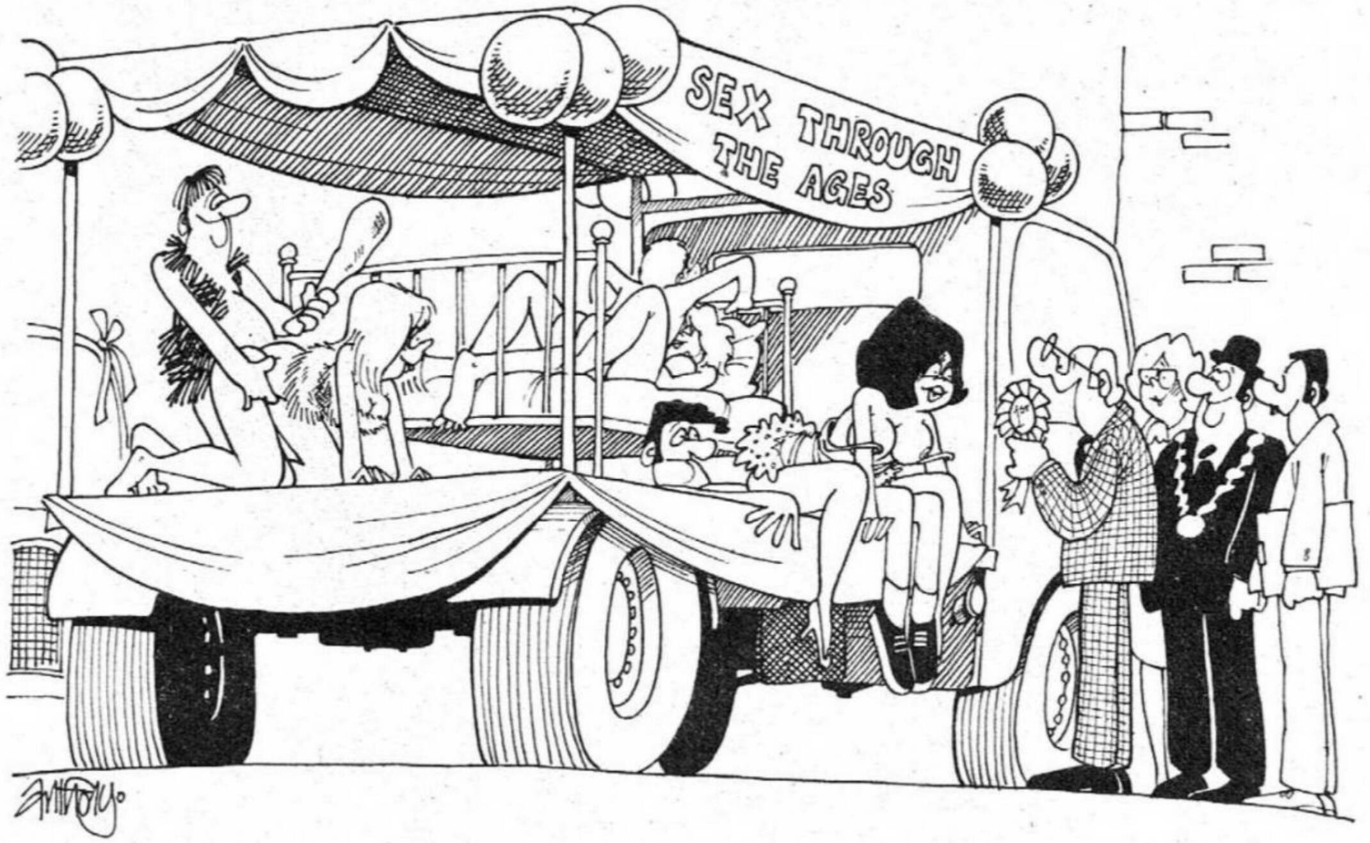
'I must admit, after seven miles I thought it would be my feet that were sore.'



'When he said it was one of the longest in the country, I thought he meant the procession.'


SKOOL DAYS
RED LION

'I suppose we should have warned Veronica about passing the Red Lion*.'*


SEX THROUGH THE AGES

'The judges are unanimous in awarding this float first prize'

Radioactive fallout from the Chernobyl disaster caused worldwide concern, and in some places panic. But lying on the seabed are the decomposing reactors of two sunken US atomic submarines, and at least three nuclear-tipped ballistic missiles from a Russian sub. Today what happened to the three grey ladies remains a mystery. Had there been an atomic explosion on *USS Thresher*? Had the Soviets sunk the *USS Scorpion*? And why were the CIA trying to salvage the Russian boat? Edwyn Gray investigates

THE NUKE SUB DISASTERS

ILLUSTRATION BY MICHAEL CODD

With the United States ensign fluttering from the jackstaff at her stern the submarine rescue ship *Skylark* steamed in a slow but purposeful circle some 220 miles out into the Atlantic, east of Boston. It was 0912 on April 10, 1963, and the sun-dappled calm of the sea gave no hint that, 800 feet below the surface, 131 men were about to die with cataclysmic suddenness.

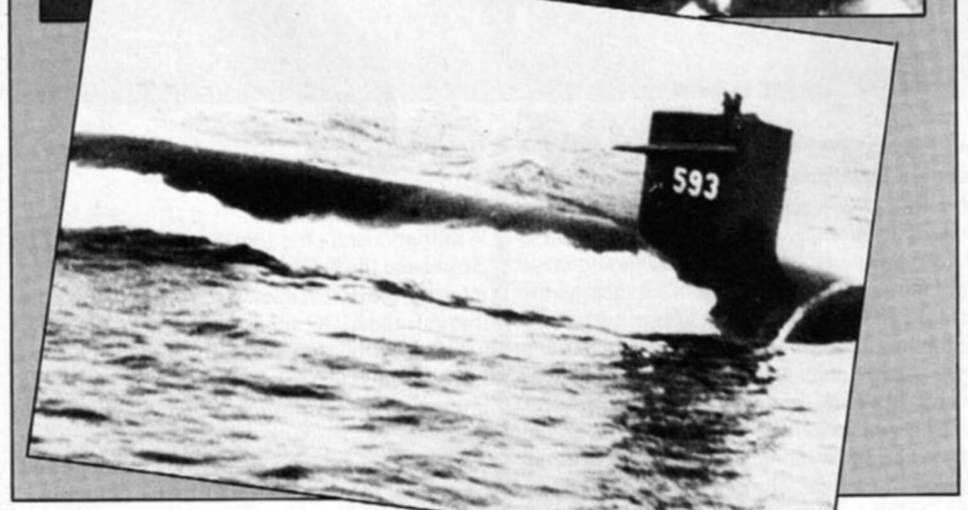
There had already been several indications that all was not well with the nuclear-powered submarine *Thresher* over which the little *Skylark* was now standing guard. Communication between the two vessels had ceased completely following an exchange of messages at 0902, and although the breakdown was probably only due to thermal interference with the conductive cable of the UQC underwater telephone. Lieutenant Commander Stanley Hecker, the skipper of *Skylark*, was anxious to re-establish his voice link with the submerged submarine without delay. And at 0912 the surface ship requested curtly: 'Gertrude Check, K.'

The enquiry, carefully coded to baffle any Soviet eavesdropper who might be monitoring the conversation, was no more than a routine request to restore communication — the final 'K' meaning 'Over'. Impatient at the lack of acknowledgement *Skylark's* captain repeated the 'K' callsign twice more in as many seconds, and his fingers drummed an anxious tattoo on the chartroom table as he waited.

Thresher's reply, received less than a minute later at 0913, was broken and distorted. But its import was clear enough to alarm the officers grouped around the communications equipment on the tender's bridge: 'Experiencing minor difficulty. Have positive up-angle. Attempting to blow . . .'

The disembodied voice crackling through the bulkhead speaker of the UQC link sounded calm and casual. But Hecker recognised a warning of danger in the final phrase. If *Thresher's* captain, Commander 'Wes' Harvey, had given orders to blow the main ballast tanks it meant that the submarine was in serious trouble. The up-angle of the hydroplanes plus the surging thrust of the nuclear-powered steam turbines should have been more than adequate to kick her to the surface under normal conditions. And the attempt to blow the tanks at or near maximum depth — a procedure that had never been tested before — suggested that desperate measures were needed to get the submarine back to the surface. Hecker could not help wondering whether Harvey had, for some reason, shut down the reactor leaving the submarine without power.

Within moments the sounds of the vents being closed and the hiss of high-pressure air surging into the ballast tanks were clearly audible through the UQC loudspeakers. Hecker, still worried by the turn of events, told the enlisted man at the telephone to inform *Thresher* that the immediate area was clear of shipping, and he followed this up with a further report giving *Skylark's* course, and requesting the range and bearing of the rescue ship from the submarine. Receiving no reply Hecker seized the telephone



Left: Lt-Cdr John 'Wes' Harvey, who commanded the nuclear-powered submarine, USS Thresher, *which went down with the loss of 131 lives in April, 1963. Below: a damaged portion of a sonar dome from the* Thresher, *photographed by the bathyscaph* Trieste *in August 1963. Bottom: The* USS Thresher *underway on the surface. She sank while conducting diving tests. Her reactor was never found.*

himself and demanded urgently: 'Are you in control?'

Two minutes later, at 0917, a faint human voice emerged through the crackling white-noise of the loudspeaker. In itself the brief message made no apparent sense.

'900 N.'

It is at this point that the mystery of the *Thresher* begins. It has been suggested that '900 N' was a condition code report — a code of a type used by police forces and CB enthusiasts throughout the world in which a particular number indicates a specific situation or instruction. If this is correct then the precise meaning of the mysterious code group is known to the United States Navy. Yet in the course of the evidence presented to the Court of Inquiry investigating the circumstances of the disaster the cryptic *900 N* was never mentioned — unless, of course, it was deliberately suppressed from the published transcript of the proceedings.

When questioned about the 0917 voice report — the last message transmitted by the doomed submarine — Hecker told the Court that he had received a garbled message which ended '. . . test depth', and his evidence was supported by another officer who had been on the bridge with him, Lieutenant James D Watson. But there is no record of this voice message in *Skylark's* logbook — only the mysterious *900 N.* And it seems unlikely that Hecker was translating *900* out of code into plain language for he added in reply to further questions that it was a reasonable assumption that 'test depth' had been prefixed by 'exceeding'. A US Navy security blanket ensured that no reason or explanation was ever published for the discrepancies between Hecker's testimony and the logbook entries.

Hecker also told the Court that he heard 'a dull muted sound like that of a ship breaking up' immediately after the voice message, and Watson agreed in cross examination that it was like 'the sound of a compartment collapsing' — an interpretation later challenged by Lt Cdr Raymond McCoole, *Thresher's* Reactor Control Officer who, by a fortunate quirk of fate, had not sailed with the submarine on its final journey.

Despite these ominous noises, however, *Skylark* continued sending messages to the submarine by UQC and radio — a total, in all, of 38 signals in the space of 46 mintues. And in desperation Hecker even resorted to dropping underwater grenades over the side — the traditional signal for a submerged submarine to come to the surface immediately. Finally at 1104, and still finding it difficult to accept that the worst had happened, he beamed a radio signal to COMSUBLANT (Commander Submarine Force Atlantic Fleet) at the Navy's New London base: 'Unable to communicate with *Thresher* since 1917R. Have been calling by UQC voice, CW and QHB — CW every minute. Explosive signals every ten minutes with no success. Last transmission received was garbled. Indicated *Thresher* was approaching test depth. My present position 41° 42′ North, 64° 57′ West. Conducting expanding search.'

Reception difficulties delayed receipt of the complete signal for an hour and 40 minutes but once its significance had been digested a SUBMISS warning alert was flashed to all ships and aircraft in the area.

Thresher was the world's first nuclear submarine to meet with disaster. And the top brass wanted

turn to page 68

The Nuke Sub Disasters

continued from page 48

to know *why* before the politicians began asking awkward questions about radio-activity and contamination. Not to mention scare headlines in the newspapers equating nuke submarines with underwater atomic bombs. The Navy was already running scared. And everyone knew it.

* * * *

American interest in the concept of nuclear-powered submarines goes back a surprisingly long way. In the spring of 1939 Admiral Harold G Bowen, the head of the Naval Research Laboratory, authorised a grant to $1,500 for research into the practical application of nuclear fission to submarine propulsion units. It proved a shrewd and far-sighted investment. Today, the United States has some 130 nuclear submarines in service. And the mind-boggling cost of one single *Layfayette*-class vessel is currently in excess of $1.1 billion — and that's without missiles!

Although Admiral Hyman G Rickover is rightly acknowledged as the father of the atomic submarine he selflessly admits that his initial inspiration for the concept stemmed from the theoretical proposals of Dr Philip H Abelson — one of the team that built the Hiroshima bomb — who produced a report in 1946 in which he set out detailed technical drawings and data for the construction of a submarine powered by turbines using steam generated by a nuclear reactor.

But with the war only just ended and with no nuclear reactors on the drawing-board let alone built, such visionary plans held little appeal for the bureaucrats and the report was pigeon-holed. Rickover himself only discoverd it by accident while on secondment to the Atomic Energy Commission's laboratories.

From that moment onwards Rickover had but one ambition in life — to design and build a nuclear submarine. It was a daunting project for one man to pursue but Rickover's enthusiasm soon gained him the support of like-minded officers and scientists. It was a challenge that posed a million and one technical and engineering problems. And it would involve designing and building a reactor from scratch. The immensity of this latter task became apparent when Rickover asked a leading company how long it would take to produce a naval reactor. He was quoted a time-scale of eight to 14 *years*. And that, it was explained hastily, assumed that the work was given top priority.

With the project starting at a time when most nuclear scientists were only concerned with building bigger and better bombs, and when no completed reactor existed anywhere in the world from which experience could be gained, it speaks volumes for Rickover's perseverance and determination that the US Navy's first nuclear submarine, *Nautilus*, was laid down on June 14, 1952, and tasted salt water for the first time on January 17, 1955. Her signal, 'Underway on nuclear power', wrote a new page of maritime history. And as proof of her capabilities she travelled 62,559 miles on her original golfball-sized core of enriched uranium, and became the first vessel to pass beneath the ice-caps of the North Pole.

* * *

Thresher was the 19th nuclear submarine to join the US Navy and was the name-ship of a new class of hunter killer boats designed to seek out and destroy both surface vessel and other submarines. Displacing 3,750 tons in surface trim and 4,300 tons submerged with all her ballast tanks flooded she spanned 278½ feet from stem to stern, and had a maximum beam of 31.7 feet. She was the first submarine to be equipped with the new SUBROC anti-submarine missiles, and her water-cooled reactor gave her a surface speed of 20 knots with a classified '30+' when running submerged. Her authorised complement comprised 12 officers and 98 enlisted men but on the day she vanished she was carrying a further 21 'observers' — a supercargo of civilians and service personnel involved in the US Navy's nuclear submarine programme.

It is true to say that *Thresher's* career was a chapter of accidents from the day she was commissioned. She spent 406 out of her brief 625 day life either moored to a quayside or in dry-dock, and in that time she was the victim of 11 fires, and suffered a monotonous series of broken pipes and fractured air-lines. In addition she was in collision with the civilian tug *Hollywood* off Port Canaveral in Florida — an encounter that left her with a gaping three foot hole in her hull plating. The *Thresher* was subjected to excessive shock waves while undergoing safety tests in the vicinity of Key West, and it was admitted to the Court of Inquiry that she may have suffered unseen structural damage from these simulated depth-charge attacks — damage that could have been a contributary factor to her final loss. But even these mishaps were not the end of her troubles.

On the morning of November 2, 1961, *Thresher* moored alongside the Fernandez Bravo pier at San Juan, Puerto Rico, and her skipper took the opportunity to shut-down her reactor to 'sub critical'. With no steam available from the heat exchanger to operate the main generator the boat's electrical power had to be obtained from a small auxilliary generator which ran off the diesel engine. There were no problems throughout the day but just before midnight a broken pump disabled the diesel unit and, when the duty engineer switched the load, he found that the submarine's batteries were incapable of producing sufficient amps to operate the generator. Even more worrying the batteries proved to have insufficient power to restart the reactor!

Without electricity the air-conditioning plant stopped working and temperatures inside the boat quickly rose to a suffocating 136°F. Most of the crew had to be evacuated, and the situation was only saved when the submarine *Cavella* came alongside *Thresher*, and ran cables across from her own batteries to 'jump start' the nuclear sub's reactor.

The inadequate capacity of the batteries was a serious matter. But an equally serious problem emerged when tests showed that de-ballasting, ie blowing the ballast tanks, did not produce sufficient buoyancy to bring the submarine back to the surface without the assistance of engine power. To guard against this danger neither of *Thresher's* captains, Commander Axene or Commander Harvey, relied on the vessel's blowing system to obtain positive buoyancy, and both men preferred to submerge with the ballast tanks only partially flooded and to then rely solely on engine power to drive the submarine down to the depths and to bring her back up to the surface again.

Matters took an even more serious turn when the hull structure of the boat became suspect. The Navy was using HY-80 steel for the construction of its nuclear submarines but tests revealed that plates made from this steel often developed cracks after welding. Indeed the unusual hardness of the metal made it a difficult material to handle, and there were numerous reports of weld failures. In fact it was officially admitted *after* the

turn to page 102

Below: The second American nuclear submarine to sink was the USS Scorpion, *seen being launched at Groton, Connecticut, in Dec 1959.*

593
SCORPION

The Nuke Sub Disasters

continued from page 68

disaster that 'problems in welding and forming of heavy structural members in the development of piping systems and hull fittings for deep submergence' had not been 'successfully solved' by the time *Thresher* went into service. And even though the officers and men of the vessel had the utmost confidence in their boat a number of the top brass and several of the specialist constructors knew that, in certain specific circumstances, each and every man aboard the submarine was riding a one-way ticket to eternity.

The countdown to the *Thresher* disaster bears an uncomfortable similarity to the *Challenger* shuttle tragedy in which, more than 20 years later, seven astronauts were to lose their lives in full view of a world-wide television audience. Many senior space scientists and engineers were aware of the structural shortcomings of the shuttle vehicle and its boosters but their doubts and warnings were ignored by other colleagues holding more senior status in the chain of command. And evidence given to the Presidential Commission investigating the *Challenger* disaster revealed the same complacency and over-confidence that had contributed to the destruction of the *Thresher*. Technocrats, it seems, are unable to learn from past mistakes.

The US Navy organised a massive search operation to find the lost submarine, and every conceivable scientific instrument was employed in the hunt — underwater TV cameras, deep-towed magnetometers, side-scanning echo sounders, fathometers, Geiger counters and a host of other space-age detection devices many of which are still on the secret list. For not only did the Navy want to find out what had happened to the *Thresher* it was already under strong pressure from the Government concerning possible radiation leakage from the submarine's nuclear reactor.

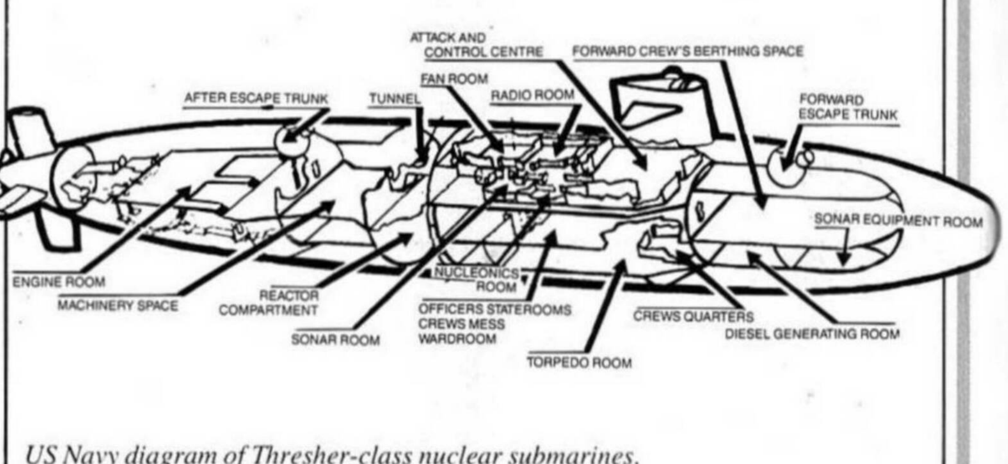
Experts have repeatedly stated that there is no possible scenario which could cause a nuclear explosion inside a submarine. The worst that can happen, apparently, is for the reactor to overheat causing its core to degenerate into a molten isotope. And the odds against this happening are given as once in 10,000 years. (But that is also what experts said about land-based reactors, Chernobyl included.) The lead shield encasing the reactor would make the escape of radio-active material totally impossible in *any* circumstances. And exhaustive checks have been carried out to ensure 100% safety. But the pressure of water at extreme depths is frighteningly powerful, and it needs an incredibly strong structure to withstand the crushing effect of the ocean. Having seen so many failures in modern technology when, despite the assurances of the experts, the 'impossible' has proved possible it is difficult to be totally confident about the structural integrity of the protective shield that encases the reactor unit. And the US Navy's over-kill response to the disaster suggests that many of its own senior officers entertained similar doubts!

The search team quickly discovered a large oil slick and various pieces of debris in the area where the *Thresher* made her last dive. And by morning a number of items had been retrieved including several rubber gloves, some pieces of cork insulation, and strips of yellow plastic. All the evidence suggested that the submarine had broken up. But no one could be entirely sure.

Laboratory tests, while agreeing that the debris *might* have come from the *Thresher*, could not provide positive confirmation that it *had* done so. And nothing less than cast-iron proof would satisfy the US Navy.

It was like looking for the proverbial needle in the haystack with the aid of a small magnet attached to the end of a length of string. Yet during the first 14 days a dozen possible contacts had been located on the fathometer inside the ten square mile search area, and each was methodically entered on the charts. On May 27 *Task Force 89.7*, as the search team was officially designated, began the third stage of the hunt, and the next day 15 packets of 'O' rings, which the experts considered *might* have come from the submarine, were dredged up. More finds followed until, finally, on June 24, *Atlantis II* brought up a damaged battery plate which was specifically identified by the Exide Corporation's representative as coming from the *Thresher*.

It was now certain that the final resting place of the doomed submarine had been located, and the bathyscaphe *Trieste* carried out a series of investigatory dives while a group of Soviet intelligence 'trawlers' passed through the search area electronically sniffing for information. At the same time Navy photographers took thousands of underwater pictures of the ocean floor.



US Navy diagram of Thresher-class nuclear submarines.

Trieste found the remains of *Thresher* lying at a depth of 8,400 feet. Precise details of what she discovered were given a high security classification, and have never been publicly disclosed but it seems clear that the submarine had been crushed by the enormous pressure of the sea — some 3,700 pounds per square inch at this depth — and published photographs show the wreckage scattered in thousands of pieces over a large area.

The observers in the bathyscaphe saw a large crater in the ocean floor which some naval experts thought might contain the reactor section of the ill-fated submarine. But this particular theory is still the subject of dispute behind the guarded doors of the Pentagon. It is also a matter of public record that the reactor was never found. These self-same records, however, fail to mention a persistent rumour, quoted by John Bentley in his book *The Thresher Disaster*, that one of the submarines engaged in the search detected garbled human voices on its UQC telephone many hours after the disaster. Some investigators have alleged that the undamaged forward section of the *Thresher* was blown clear when the submarine broke up and that a group of survivors were trapped inside it. If the rumours are correct the ultimate fate of these helpless survivors does not bear thinking about.

In the course of her seabed search the *Trieste* lifted a small length of twisted piping which bore *Thresher's* official number, *593*. And, after verification, this was accepted as being sufficient evidence of identification. The Navy was finally satisfied, and on September 5, Secretary Korth released a press statement confirming that the search was being abandoned. In the course of the ensuing 20 years no information has ever been disclosed to indicate the probable cause of the submarine's loss, and the authorities have remained conveniently silent about radiation leaks and radioactive contamination. Has it been the silence of guilt or of ignorance?

The mystery of the *Thresher* deepened five years later when another American nuclear-powered submarine, the *Scorpion*, vanished in May 1968. And this second tragedy posed even more questions than the *Thresher* incident.

Scorpion, an attack submarine of the *Skipjack*-class, was returning to Norfolk, Virginia, after a period of service in the Mediterranean. At 0800 on the morning of the 21st, when she was some 250 miles west of the Azores, she transmitted a routine position and progress signal to COMSUBLANT. It was her last recorded contact with the outside world.

When it became clear that she was missing the US Navy mounted a massive search operation but five months were to pass before she was finally located, 460 miles *south-west* of the Azores at a depth of 10,000 feet. Underwater photographs were said to show that her hull was 'virtually intact' and, officially, her loss was attributed to 'unknown causes'. An examination of the known facts, however, suggests that the Pentagon has a shrewd idea of what really happened to the ill-fated submarine.

A good deal of nonsense has been written about this particular disaster because the *Scorpion* sank on the edge of the legendary Sargasso Sea, and inside an area known as the 'Limbo of the Lost'. But leaving such rubbish aside two very puzzling aspects of the tragedy have emerged from the few facts that have been officially released.

The submarine's last reported position was 250 miles west of the Azores. Yet when found she was 400 miles *south*-west of the islands. This hardly seems consistent with her intended destination although there may have been very good reasons why her captain steered south of

turn to page 106

The Nuke Sub Disasters

continued from page 102

west before resuming his westerly track. Nevertheless this navigational deviation is not without significance. Even if the authorities were aware of the change of course they had no precise knowledge of the time that the submarine sank — or, more correctly, they have not admitted to such knowledge — and by any standard the US Navy achieved a major miracle in finding her at all. For, remember, it had taken more than a month to locate *Thresher* within a *ten square mile* search area.

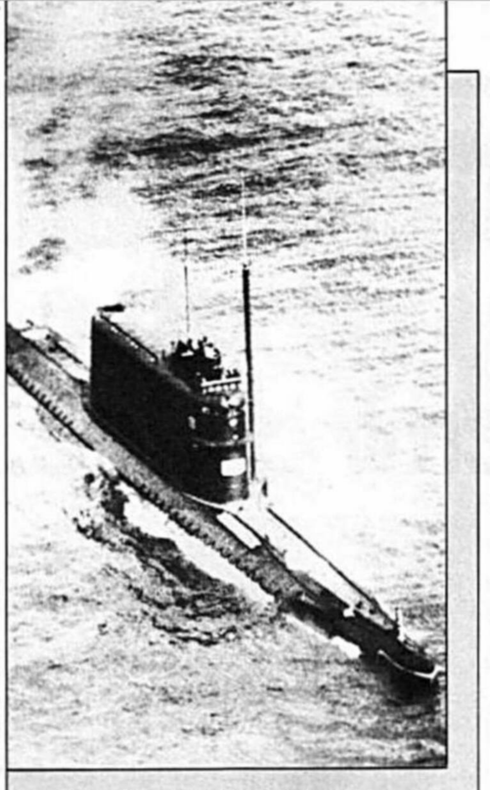
One enterprising writer has even suggested that the Russians had tracked the *Scorpion* via their world-wide surveillance network, and that the Soviet Union had made their information available to Washington so that the position of the missing boat could be pin-pointed. Another even wilder theory suggested that the *Scorpion* was sunk — presumably accidentally — by a Soviet submarine. Both conjectures seem somewhat far-fetched. But are they any more incredible than the fact that the US Navy found the submarine in a search area that covered tens of thousands of square miles?

Equally strange is the official report that the *Scorpion's* hull was virtually intact. *Thresher*, it will be recalled, was found scattered in hundreds of small pieces due, so it was claimed, to the crushing pressure of the sea. But if *Thresher* had been crushed at 8,400 feet why was the *Scorpion* still intact at a depth of 10,000 feet? The reason cannot be attributed to improved hull design because *Thresher* was the more recently built boat. And it cannot be because *Thresher* exploded because the sounds heard over the UQC were described as those of a submarine breaking up and not blowing up. Faced by such inconsistencies it is impossible not to question whether the public has been told the full truth about either sinking. And if not, what are the authorities trying to hide?

The saga of the Russian *Golf*-class submarine that sank in mid-Pacific during the summer of 1968 is perhaps the most bizarre story of all.

It is an undisputed fact that both the Soviet Union and the United States track each other's submarines using air and sea surveillance systems operated from ships, aircraft and satellites, supplemented by static sonar arrays situated on the floors of the world's oceans. On this particular occasion the Americans had tracked a missile-armed submarine from its Vladivostock base to a point some 1,000 miles north-west of Hawaii. It was a routine electronic observation identical in its pattern to many hundreds of similar tracking operations. But, suddenly, something happened that changed the whole ballgame. The surveillance officers detected the faint sound of an explosion. And excitement mounted in the monitoring centre when it was realised that the engine noises had also ceased. There could be no doubt about the meaning of these two interconnected facts. A Russian submarine had blown up somewhere in the vast central Pacific!

Confirmation of the disaster quickly followed when a fleet of Soviet ships descended on the area, and began combing the seabed for the missing boat. But the submarine was lying nearly three miles down and the watching Americans noted with smug satisfaction that when the Russians finally abandoned the search they left the scene empty-handed.



A Russian Golf-class ballistic missile submarine pictured in the Japan Sea. Another in this class sank in mid-Pacific with all hands.

The *Golf*-class boats were conventional diesel driven vessels displacing 2,350 tons in surface trim. They carried a crew of 86 officers and men and were equipped with three ballistic missiles armed with nuclear warheads. By American standards they were old-hat and obsolete, and the US Navy had no interest in them except tactically as potential enemies. The American Government, however, wanted more information about this particular class of boat to strengthen its negotiating position in the forthcoming SALT talks. And when the Navy politely stonewalled all suggestions to bring the submarine to the surface the Pentagon handed the task to the CIA. *Operation Jennifer* — the most fantastic salvage operation of all time was ready for take-off!

The CIA offered Howard Hughes $350,000,000 to recover the submarine. And Hughes accepted without blinking an eyelid. His company, Global Marine Inc, was awarded the formal contract, and work immediately started on two very special and highly secret salvage ships. The *Glomar Explorer*, described as a deep-sea research vessel, was 618 feet in length and, in addition to smaller cranes, was equipped with a 209-foot derrick with a lifting capacity of 800 tons. The second ship, a deep-diving barge some 350 feet long and 160 feet wide, was apparently intended to act as a submerged pontoon during the complicated lifting operation.

The two vessels were completed by the middle of 1972, and set out for the Pacific the following year. By this time the Soviet submarine had been down for over four years, and the original reasons for wanting to inspect its missile armoury had long since passed into history. But undeterred the CIA pushed ahead with the clandestine operation, and the Press was told that the two ships were engaged on survey and exploratory work for a deep-sea mining venture — a story that was readily accepted for Hughes was known to have an interest in underwater prospecting.

Certain 'official' facts were subsequently released by the CIA Press Office, and journalists on both sides of the Atlantic have unearthed other details. But it has proved impossible to discover the truth of this covert salvage operation, and many pressmen suspect that the CIA has deliberately spread disinformation to muddy what were already very murky waters.

According to the CIA account the bodies of 70 Russian sailors were recovered from the wreck but although the *Glomar Explorer* had been equipped with a special refrigerated coffin compartment it was decided to bury the men at sea. A Soviet burial manual was used to conduct the last rites, and a colour film was made of the ceremony to prove that the victims had been laid to rest with due reverence should the Kremlin try to gain a propaganda advantage from the incident. It was also claimed that the whole submarine was raised off the seabed but that, when it reached 8,000 feet, the stern section 'containing the missiles' broke away, and was never recovered.

The details of *Operation Jennifer* make interesting reading — if you believe in the men from UNCLE. But many of the facts which have been made public are extremely suspect. For example, the submarine sank in 16,600 feet of water — almost half as deep again as the *Scorpion*, and twice as deep as the *Thresher*. At such depths the hull would have been completely crushed, and it is very unlikely that, as claimed in the official report, the entire submarine would have remained sufficiently intact to be raised in one piece. By the same token it is improbable that anything recognisable as a human body could have been recoverable. And this, of course, casts doubt on the burial story. Finally, as any naval buff knows, the missile compartment of a *Golf*-class submarine is contained in an extension to the conning-tower amidships. And, unlike comparable American submarines, *no* missiles are carried in the stern section.

If the reports that both the *Scorpion* and the Soviet submarine remained intact are correct there can be little dispute that the *Thresher* must have sunk as a direct result of an explosion — possibly from the ignition of accumulated hydrogen gas from the batteries — a common cause of submarine accidents. But, equally possible is the *impossible*. A nuclear explosion. And certainly the pattern of 'facts' and explanations officially released in respect of all three incidents exhibit all the classic signs of a major cover-up.

Judging by recent disclosures concerning the faulty technology and human errors of the space-shuttle programme, and bearing in mind the history of technical problems suffered by the *Thresher* before her fatal dive, it seems very probable that the two American submarines *and* the *Challenger* shuttle were lost because operational requirements had outstripped contemporary technology. And the American disease — the assumption that advanced computer-aided technology is infallible and that success must be pursued regardless of risk — had claimed three more hapless victims.

At the turn of the century the British Admiral Sir Christopher Cradock used to warn midshipmen serving in his flagship: 'Never sail your boat faster than your brain can think'. Had his advice been followed the crew-members of *Thresher* and *Scorpion* and who knows how many workers at Chernobyl might still be alive.

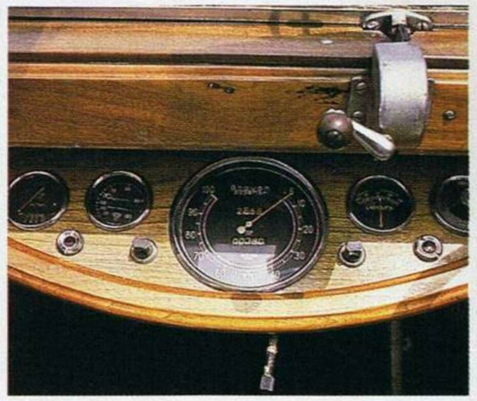
Brough Superior cars are rare gems indeed. Of the three models produced, just 25 were made of the first and only one of the last. But their scarcity and classic thirties styling make them truly precious

BROUGH DIAMONDS

Motoring with William Boddy
Photographed by Andrew Morland

The late George Brough is, perhaps, best known for making excellent motorcycles. Indeed, they earned the slogan of 'The Rolls-Royces of the Two-Wheeler World', and this was a rare distinction, because Rolls-Royce Limited guard their illustrious name and hallmarks very industriously. So when Brough turned his attention to car manufacture, naturally everyone expected a great deal — and were, in the main, well rewarded.

George Brough, son of William Brough who also made interesting motorbikes, rode his own machines to many successes in the trials, speed sprints and races in the days between the two World Wars. At Brooklands many riders followed his example, with the outstanding Barry Baragwanath from Camden Town being Brooklands' fastest Brough rider. In later times, it was Brough Superior outfits, modified in many ways, that held both the solo lap-record, at 124.51 mph, and the difficult sidecar lap-record, at 106.60 mph, tamed by the brave Noel Pope. Even as late as 1939, Eric Fernihough's Brough was the fastest over the flying kilometre at 143.39 mph. It was at one such speed trial at Clipstone, that George Brough on one of his own smartly turned-out motorcycles, made fastest time but came off his mount after a tyre had parted from a wheel-rim. He was quite badly injured, and the legendary character, born in 1890 who rode in his first trial from Land's End to John O'Groats in 1906, and whose machines were greatly favoured by Lawrence of Arabia, gave up competition exploits leaving the riding to others.



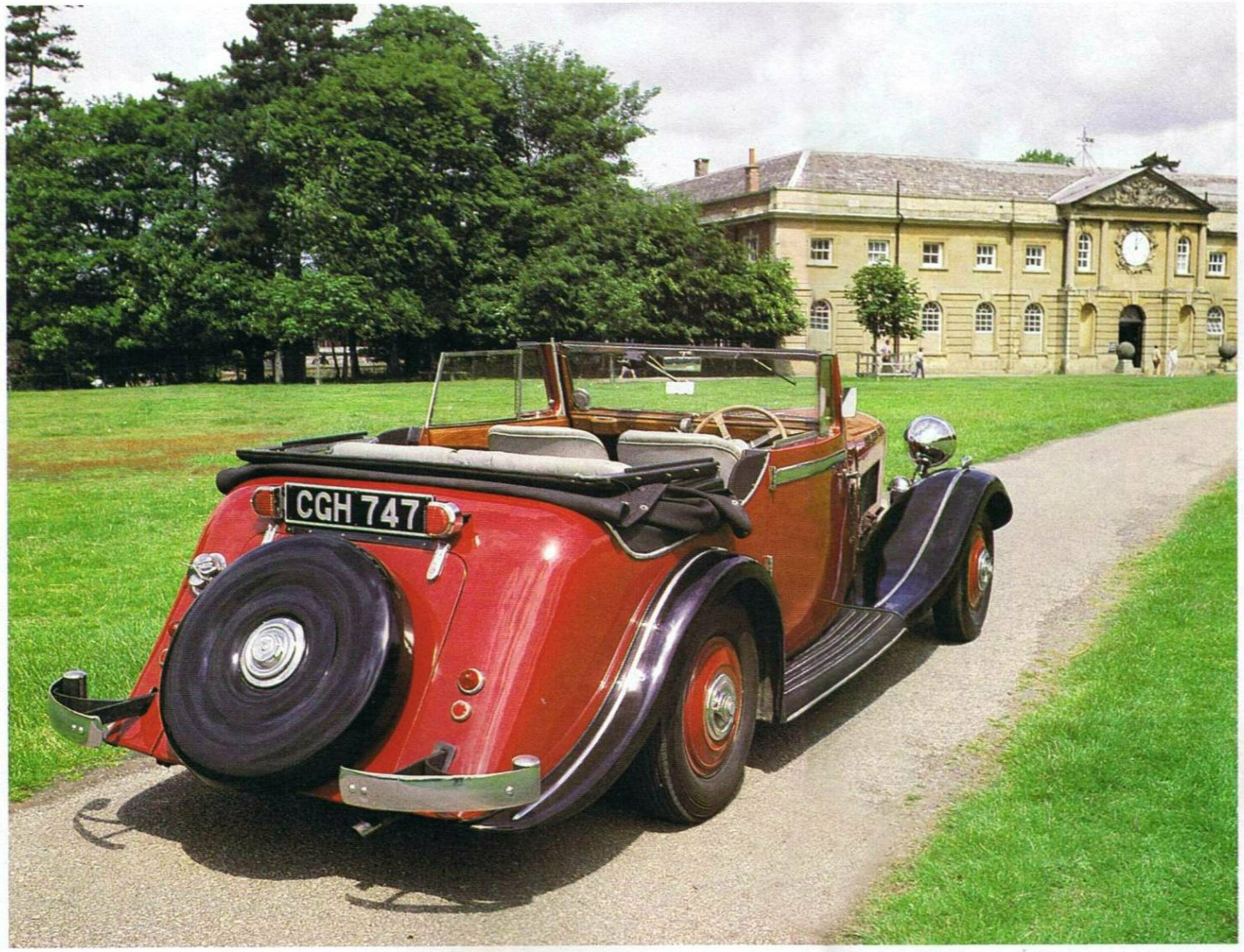
George Brough started producing Brough Superior cars in 1935. Right: A 1937 Brough Superior Atcherley drophead coupé photographed in Woolaton Park. Below: Brough's last model, the V12 4.3-litre saloon with Charlesworth coachwork built in 1938. Above: The dash of a 1935 Brough Superior.

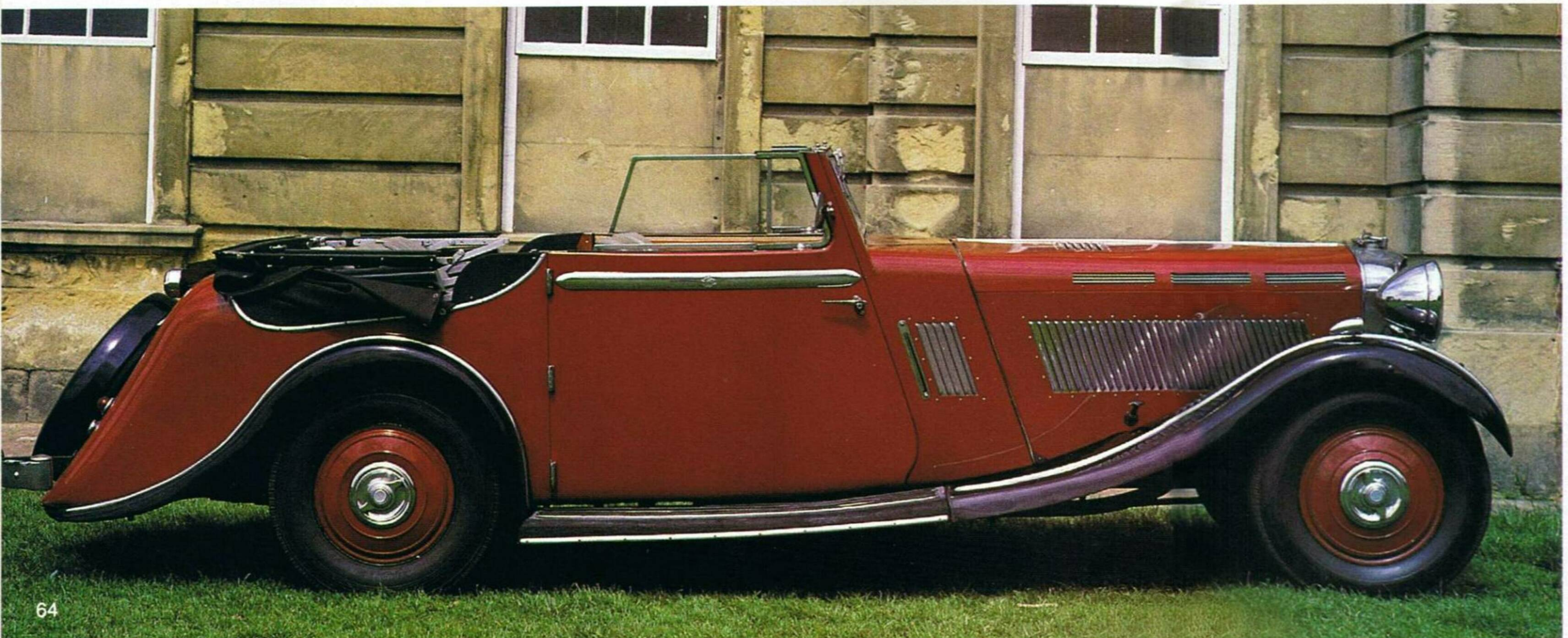
In 1935, Brough turned to manufacturing his Brough Superior cars from the same works in Nottingham, arousing much speculation. Already the Railton had established itself as a fast sporting motor-car of comparatively low cost, based on American Hudson components. Now George Brough proposed to take the same road, two years later. There were other makes following this convenient formula but Brough was able to clothe his in a handsome drop-head four-seater coupé body, devised by Atcherley's of Birmingham. He had experimented with Meadows engines but opted for the Hudson theme before production commenced. Whatever the optimism of the advertising of the 1936 Brough Superior, the fact is that most of the car was pure Hudson, as imported inexpensively from the States.

Brough first built an eight-cylinder model, but Railton apparently stopped Hudson from supplying these power-units to Brough, so later he had to settle for their six-cylinder unit. Mark you, that eight-cylinder Brough was a beauty which had even made Rolls-Royce engineers draw in a lot of breath when they dissected one. Clever foundry techniques enabled Hudson to produce an iron, three by four inch bore and stroke, straight-eight 4.2-litre power-unit that was wonderfully light. Its long stroke gave it excellent torque, or pulling power, from a simple side-valve design, so that a three-speed gearbox sufficed. Almost all normal running was done in

top speed, which was just as well, for this gearbox was not exactly strong. It was no particular disadvantage that engine lubrication was on the dip-and-splash method, and, in fact, these Hudson power-units were noted for a very long life. That was the engine that was used for the first Brough Superiors, a batch of around 25, shown to the Press at Hatfield in May 1935, but discontinued after the ban on the multi-cylinder import.

The rest of the car, bodywork apart, was also mostly Hudson. This included that suspect three-forward-speed gearbox, cable brakes and an early form of independent front suspension of Hudson-Essex concept known as 'Axleflex'. However, Railton had got away very well with a similar adaptation of Hudson components. The six-cylinder Brough Superior that followed the straight-eight had a cylinder capacity of 3½-litres, which did not much detract from the flexible top-gear running or the quite impressive acceleration. For 1936 this six-pot Brough was priced at £665 for the drop-head coupé, £695 for a de-luxe saloon, and £755 for a supercharged version of the coupé. It is doubtful whether many saloons or blown coupés were made.





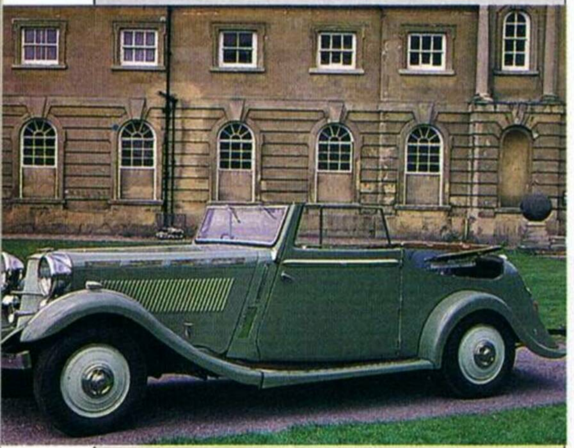
Two pictures left: One of the earliest Brough Superiors. This fine Atcherley drophead coupé was built in 1935. It has an eight-cylinder, 4-litre Hudson engine. Above: The interior of the 1937 Atcherley seen earlier. Two small pictures below: The Brough Superior Alpine Sports built in 1936 in answer to the sporting success of Brough's rivals, Railton. Its 3½-litre engine gave it a top speed of just under the magic ton, but it was popular with enthusiasts.

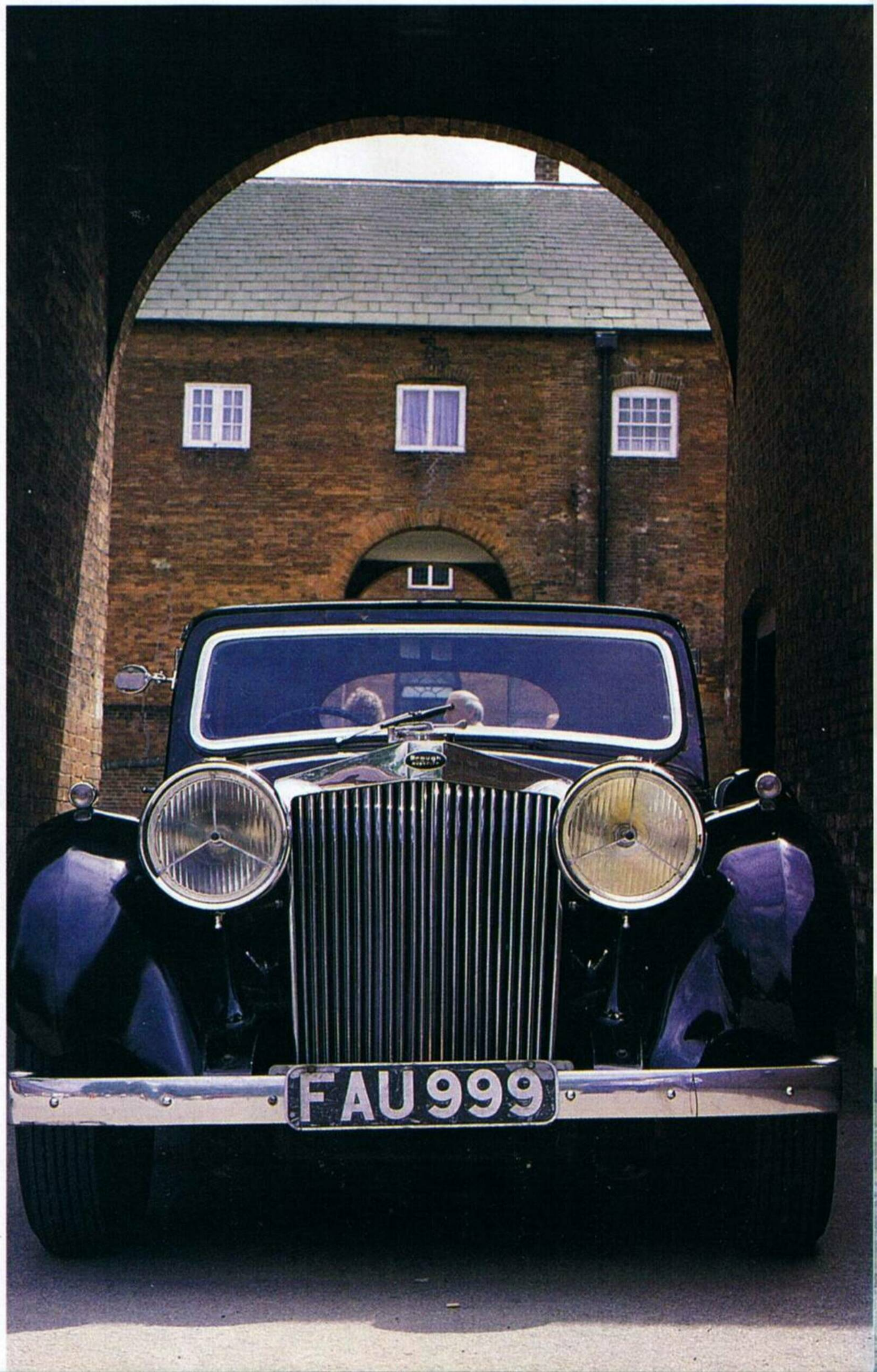
This represented good value for money at the time, for what was certainly a distinctive-looking and individualistic motor-car. Flowing mudguards, blending with the running-boards then in vogue, plenty of chromium plating, a neat radiator grille and a hood that it was claimed could be raised in two seconds and that stowed away neatly within the body were not to be denied. The interior of the Brough Superior was one of comfort, with a stubby little 'remote-control' central gear-lever, and an oval dashboard mounted so that the driver looked down on the instruments rather than peering forward at them. George had the car's name inscribed on these proprietory dials, fitted twin horns and a spring-spoke steering wheel, and generally gave his cars an air of dignified luxury, which was further endorsed by the notably quiet running of that simple but smooth side-valve Hudson engine.

I had a bit of a go in a six-cylinder Brough in 1936, when I used it to take the current bird to a trial down in Gloucestershire. First, we were delayed because the clutch withdrawal mechanism broke. We also ran out of petrol, and although the instruction book noted a reserve-tap, how was I to know it was hidden beneath the floor of the boot? The girl had to spend the night in the motor, and I was rather annoyed when an early-morning milkman tapped on the door, saying he thought we might have been taken ill. He gave us petrol in the lid of a milk churn, no doubt making several of his customers sick for some time thereafter. Later we stuck on a muddy hill, and it cost 12½p to tow us out. Finally, we hit black ice on the run back to London, and were thumbed by a motorcyclist who had crashed there on. We took him aboard, and politely asked what he had been riding. 'A Brough Superior', he said, adding, 'and what car is this?' When we told him he clearly thought he was delirious.

But despite my unfortunate experience, that Brough Superior is remembered as not at all a bad car, and as the Railton was earning quite a reputation as a sports-car, George decided to compete. He brought out the Alpine Grand Sports, a name applied to one of his faster motorcycles. The idea was that this stark job would be specially tuned by the great Freddie Dixon. I believe only three were made. It was a very exciting-looking proposition, with fixed cycle-type mudguards, and a 21.6 hp-rated (3,455 cc) side-valve engine, still by grace of Hudson, was boosted by a low-pressure Centric supercharger. Tested in 1936, this £845 sports-job did 94 mph, and accelerated from 0-to-60 mph in 19.8 seconds. A 3.56-to-1 axle ratio permitted a maximum of just over 70 mph in middle gear. Unladen, the Alpine weighed 21 cwt, and it used 6.50 x 16 tyres. It was estimated that in blown form the engine poked out 140 bhp. With a compression-ratio of around 7-to-1, and

> **‘The Brough Superior offered flowing lines, a neat radiator grille, plenty of chrome and a hood that, they claimed, could be raised in two seconds. Top speed was in the nineties . . .’**



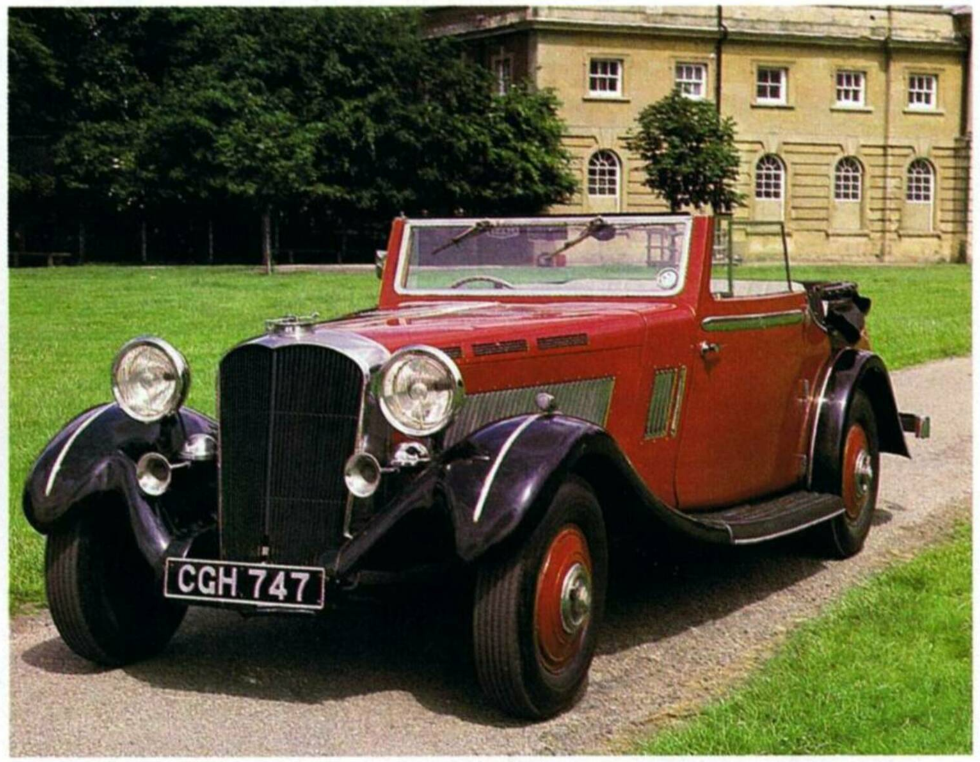


the boost, an aluminium head still called for anti-knock fuel. In comparison, the 28.8 hp Railton Light Spórts Tourer cost £878, was just able to exceed 100 mph, and did 0-to-60 mph in exactly the same time as the Alpine Brough. Given a clear track the latter might well have done the magic ‘ton’. The Light Sports Railton weighed only a shade over 19½ cwt, and with the 4,168 cc straight-eight-cylinder Hudson motor, it pulled a 3.6-to-1 top gear, with the same size tyres as the Brough.

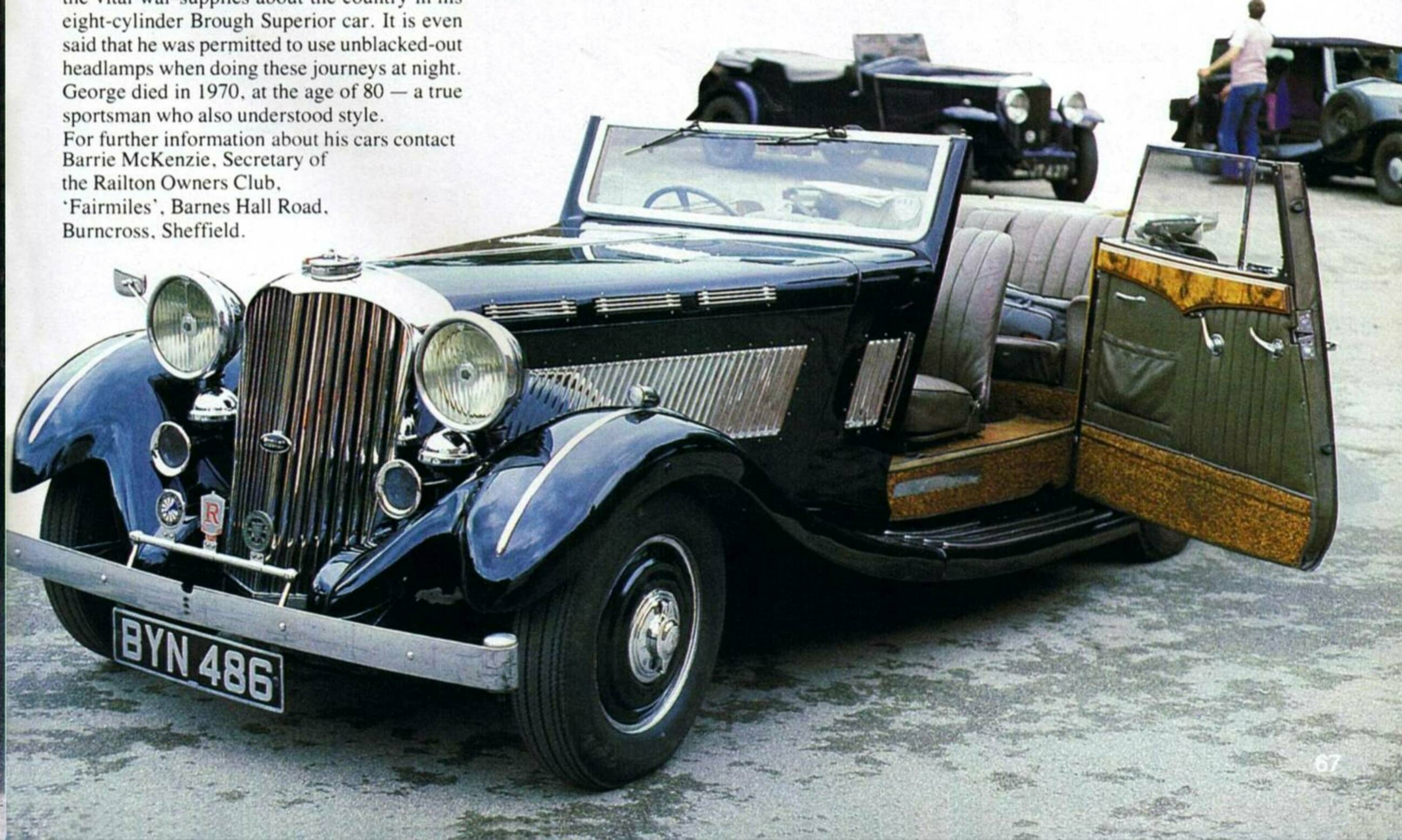
But George Brough hadn’t finished yet, because late in 1936 he got busy on a new model, using the Lincoln Zephyr vee-twelve-cylinder engine, a very useful, inexpensive, smooth-running Ford power-pack. Rumour has it that this Brough pioneered electric chassis-welding, using large-diameter tubes, and a very smart body by Charlesworth of Coventry was prepared for it. It seems probable that only one car was made to this specification, which included seats adjustable for height, a particularly low roof and chassis line, and a polished bulkhead between engine and body. If it had gone into production, at the intended prices of £850 for the V12 engine and chassis, and £1,250 for the handsome four-door saloon, which was off-set by a new radiator grille, the demand might have been considerable, although Jaguar competition would have been hard to crack. As it was, this was the Brough Superior swan-song. The remaining example is carefully preserved by that keen collector of these cars, Peter Beynon.

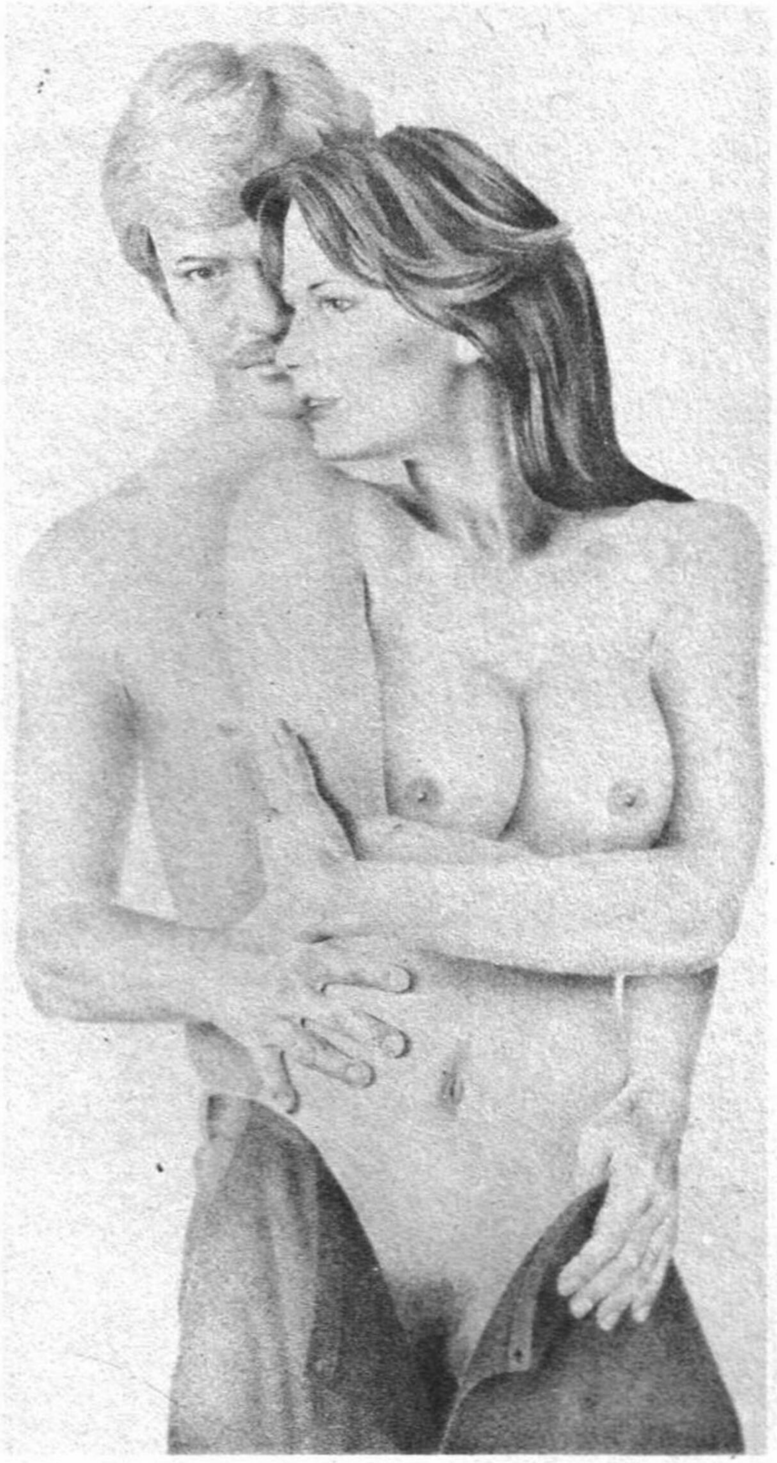
The Brough Superior was but one of several British cars that used American engines, others like the Allard, Railton, Batten etc being less refined than George Brough’s concept. The war ended the great motorcyclist’s car-manufacturing ambitions, but it is fitting that he then did precision engineering for Rolls-Royce aero-engines during the war, at his father’s old factory in Vernon Road, Nottingham, rushing the vital war-supplies about the country in his eight-cylinder Brough Superior car. It is even said that he was permitted to use unblacked-out headlamps when doing these journeys at night. George died in 1970, at the age of 80 — a true sportsman who also understood style.

For further information about his cars contact
Barrie McKenzie, Secretary of
the Railton Owners Club,
‘Fairmiles’, Barnes Hall Road,
Burncross, Sheffield.



Top left and top right: Two views of the 1935 Brough Superior Atcherley built in 1935. These eight-cylinder models were made until 1936 when just the six-cylinder version was produced. Even so, it had a spectacular performance for its day, with a top speed over 90 mph, and a 0-to-60 time of around 12 seconds. Below: Another example of the 4.2 litre, eight-cylinder car, also made in 1935. Near left: Another view of the Charlesworth-bodied Brough Superior V12. This is the only one ever built, the company folding shortly after its construction. Its Alvis-like appearance is no coincidence. Charlesworth designed the bodies for both. Far left: Another shot of the 1937 six-cylinder Atcherley at Woolaton.





QUEST

The laboratory of human response

Volume Eighteen

To prove the strength of a relationship, women often set their men tasks, usually sexual in nature and sometimes unknown to the man. Continuing our investigation, we talk to three such women

INTERVIEWS

(In the interviews that follow, all names have been changed, since interviewees are guaranteed absolute anonymity. The places of origin, where stated, are not necessarily the places where the interviewees are now resident.)

INTERVIEW - 1

NURSE, 25 years old, blonde, town of origin Stratford-upon-Avon

This interviewee joined the private sector after training, and worked in the Gulf. She is now part of a community health clinic in the Home Counties. She shares a flat with her boyfriend.

Quest: How important is a challenge to you in a sexual situation?

Nurse: I love dares — I'm not safe if anyone dares me to do anything.

Quest: Like what?

Nurse: The last serious time was in the Gulf. There was a man we all knew — a friend actually. Very attractive but a bit fey. Everyone assumed he was gay, though I thought he was just shy. Someone dared me to prove it.

Quest: And were you right about this man?

Nurse: Yes!

Quest: How did you prove it?

Nurse: I called round for him for a date deliberately early, when he was still in the shower. I offered to scrub his back — and ended scrubbing his front as well. We never got round to our date! I was even worse when I was younger — when I was first on the wards.

Quest: What happened there?

Nurse: The worst concerned a houseman called Mark. He was extremely good looking. Half the women in the hospital wet their knickers whenever he appeared. But he was a complete chauvinist, only interested in screwing as many girls as possible.

Quest: Were you one of them?

Nurse: He asked me out in my first week, but I was involved with a boyfriend so I turned him down. Not rudely, but he was foul to me after that. Apparently *no one* turned Mark down. Later I was glad I did. A good friend of mine — Mary — slept with him, and everything was hearts and flowers for about four days. Then she arrived at his flat for a date, and found him in bed with a second year nurse. And *he* was angry at *Mary* for not confirming the date in advance!

Quest: So you decided to get revenge?

Nurse: Mary did. Mark broke his leg playing rugby, and his parents had money so he wangled his own room in the private wing. Mary thought up this plan with a girl researcher Mark had also jumped on and left. The idea was that the researcher would make an official request for sperm samples from healthy men Mark's age. Mary would get Mark to agree to the request, insist on giving him a helping hand — and at the crucial moment I'd burst in with a Polaroid!

Quest: How did you know he'd agree?

Nurse: We didn't, but Mark had this reputation for being well-endowed, and very proud of it. Nothing would please him more than having his penis stroked by a pretty girl — especially if it was supposed to be for 'official' reasons. Afterwards we'd have copies made of the picture and stick them round the nurse's home with 'Warning: this weapon is dangerous to your health' written on it!

Quest: You agreed to go along with this?

Nurse: I was chary — we could easily have been thrown out — until Mary dared me to. So that was that! We organised it for late one evening when we were both on night duty. It was usually quiet then and the ward sister often went off for a late dinner. Mary got her 'official' request form, and as soon as sister had gone she popped into Mark's room. Five minutes passed, and there wasn't a sound, so I pushed open the door.

Quest: What did you see?

Nurse: Mark snapping back the bedsheet, blushing fiercely, and Mary standing over him looking peeved. I slipped the camera onto a chair, and asked in my best bedside manner how everything was coming along. 'I'm afraid Dr Smith (name changed) doesn't seem to be up to it,' Mary frowned, and whipped the sheet back again. I must admit it was a refreshing change to see Mark embarrassed. Curled up below his hospital smock was what seemed to me a limp, fairly normal sized penis — hardly the monster I'd expected. 'Oh, we'd expected bigger things of you, Dr Smith,' I said. Mary stiffled a giggle and Mark looked really annoyed. Then Mary pulled me aside.

Quest: To say what?

Nurse: She whispered that he hadn't let her touch him, and she didn't think it was going to work. Then there was a grunt from Mark, and we looked back.

Quest: Go on.

Nurse: He was enormous! This thick red blue-veined *tree trunk* was suddenly sticking up from his groin!

Quest: Was he masturbating?

Nurse: He was gripping himself just under the crown, trying to hide himself as much as anything else, I think. I felt my tummy turn over.

Quest: You were excited?

Nurse: I was aware that we weren't being terribly professional. Mary went bright red. Then of course the buzzer sounded.

Quest: Meaning what?

Nurse: A patient wanting something. Mary swore and dashed out, nodding toward the camera. Mark said, 'Can I have the phial or whatever? I think I'm ready.'

Quest: Did you pick up the camera?

Nurse: I should have. Instead I said, 'Why couldn't you manage that when Mary was here?' Mark just laughed. 'Perhaps you do more for me,' he said, and gave me an old-fashioned look. 'But you never let me find out, did you?' So I said, 'We could always find out now if you like.' I thought he'd fall out of bed!

Quest: You were inviting him to have sex. Was this a spur of the moment decision?

Nurse: More or less. But I'd always found him attractive, and he couldn't have made it more obvious what he felt about me.

Quest: What about the risk of discovery.

Nurse: I never said I was being sensible! I knew the sister wouldn't be back for a good half hour, and there was only one other patient in the wing.

Quest: What did you do?

Nurse: I turned down the lights and pulled a screen round the bed, and behind it I slipped off my knickers and tights. Then I went round Mark's side. I told him to shift over — he could only move a few inches because of his leg cast — and I slid onto the bed beside him.

Quest: What was Mark's reaction?

Nurse: You mean, apart from an even broader grin? He reached up, and put his hand on my breast. I bent down, and we gave each other a long, lingering kiss. Then his hand reached down under my uniform. I remember the way his breathing changed when he realised he was touching my bare bottom! That disposed of any doubts I might have had. He was gasping when he came up for air, and I could feel his erection prodding into my thigh. That was when I moved my hand down and touched him.

Quest: What did you do then?

Nurse: I moved closer and whispered in his ear, 'Why don't you see if I'm wet enough yet?' I felt his penis jump in my hand! I don't think he'd realised how far I wanted to go. His expression was a picture. He was obviously completely unused to girls making the running. He didn't know whether his pride was hurt — or if he cared anyway! Then his eyes dropped down my uniform again, and I got the sort of look you can't mistake.

> ‘I'd never had sex with a man I disliked so much as a person. I hoisted my uniform and straddled him’

Quest: The go-ahead?

Nurse: Oh definitely. I could do what I liked as long as I let him have me.

Quest: Did that appeal to you?

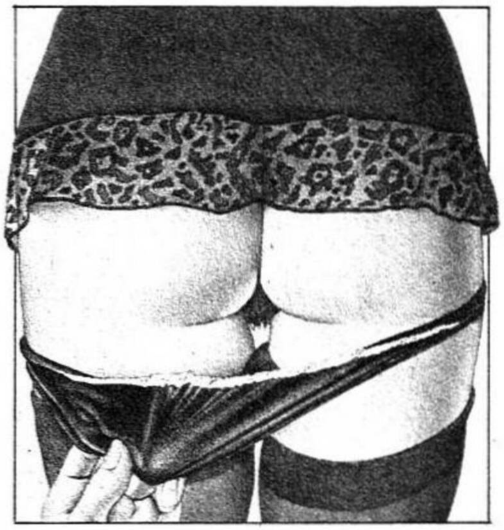
Quest: I don't think I've ever been so turned on. I'd never gone to bed with anyone I disliked so much as a person, but still fancied hugely. I didn't feel any need to be ladylike or reasonable. I just grabbed! I hoisted my uniform skirt up to my waist, and straddled his thighs just behind his erection. I reached down, and grasped Mark's hands and pulled them round either side of his penis onto my bare pubes. Then I pressed his fingers into my pubic hair, right up against my lips and told him to 'Play with me!'

Quest: Did he?

Nurse: Yes — beautifully — sliding his fingertips up and down my lips, teasing out my clitty, stroking it until my head spun. It was unbelievable bliss. I don't know what turned me on more — what *he* was doing, or the fact that *I* was controlling this gorgeous man!

Quest: Did you do anything?

Nurse: I put both my hands round his penis, and pulled his foreskin slowly up and down, giving him the sexiest, most smouldering look I could imagine. I wanted to be so cool, so smooth that he would be absolutely screaming for it when the moment arrived. Then I could just *deign* to let him do me.



Quest: Were you cool?

Nurse: No! We both started panting and gasping. Mark was groaning, 'Christ, I want you — God, I must — I must —' which only made me pull his cock harder, until it gave a really violent twitch, and it finally dawned on me he was going to spurt in my hands if I wasn't careful.

Quest: Weren't you ready for intercourse?

Nurse: I was moist enough. Mark was actually pumping at least one finger in and out of my pussy. I was just greedy. I wanted to enjoy it a bit longer. Then I panicked, and in my fuddled state thought I could slow him down by getting him to eat me. So I let go of him, and slid up his body and squatted over his face.

Quest: Did he like that?

Nurse: He was a bit surprised! He grabbed my thighs, and began to tongue my pussy, pushing his face into my crotch. But then he either lost patience or decided he couldn't hold back any more. He started pushing me back down his body, whispering, 'Please — I can't hang on —' And he shoved me back onto his erection.

Quest: Did you climax?

Quest: Mark went off first. But as he finished he didn't seem to get limp so I pumped myself up and down his shaft and I think I came on his last spurt. But the worst moment was when we heard footsteps and I had to leap and cover myself. But no one appeared.

Quest: Did you repeat the experience?

Nurse: No — mainly because I picked up the Polaroid, and snapped Mark as he lay there all limp and exhausted! We didn't actually dare do anything with the picture.

Quest: Thank you.

INTERVIEW - 2

SALES DEMONSTRATOR, 24 years old, redhead, town of origin Carlisle

This interviewee trained as a beautician though she later worked in the travel trade. She lives with a man friend, and has a four-year-old child.

Quest: Are you aware of setting challenges for prospective lovers?

Demonstrator: My first real boyfriend — my daughter's father — always said I'd only sleep with him the first few times when he'd got me so drunk I was too stupefied to know what was happening.

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Quest: Is that true?

Demonstrator: I've got a very good head for drink! But he was right in a way.

Quest: Didn't you like him?

Demonstrator: I liked him. I fancied him a lot. But I was always wary of men.

Quest: Why?

Demonstrator: The easy answer is, because of my bust. You must have noticed, it's not exactly small. My mother made me worse by getting me to cover it up all the time. She assumed, I suppose, that's all men would see in me. And she was right in a lot of cases — but it did make me nervous about sex.

Quest: Didn't your first boyfriend help you to overcome those feelings?

Demonstrator: He made me see I'd been too cautious. The irony was the only time we didn't take precautions I got pregnant. Then, of course, he did his vanishing trick. After that I was terrified of having intercourse with anybody.

Quest: But you still went out with men?

Demonstrator: Yes, but I made it clear I wouldn't go all the way with them.

Quest: Did they accept that?

Demonstrator: Most of them regarded it as a challenge! It was worst when I was a courier in Spain. I was in a singles hotel where everyone was chasing everyone else. It was very hard not to seem odd.

Quest: How did you cope?

Demonstrator: I've never been keen on oral sex. Licking is alright, but I don't like the idea of someone doing it in my mouth. So I used to concentrate on my boobs, which most men liked.

Quest: What did you do exactly?

Demonstrator: I'd just let them fondle me, which I liked too, and if they got too excited I'd either bring them off in my hand or massage their erections between my boobs, and let them come off there. They were all convinced I was a virgin.

Quest: Didn't you find that unsatisfactory?

Demonstrator: I was excited by what I did. I didn't have wild orgasms, but I never had any with my first boyfriend either. And I never met anyone I wanted to go further with — until Paul.

Quest: Why was he so different?

Demonstrator: He wasn't — at first. We were introduced at a party, and I thought he was attractive, but I didn't think he liked me particularly. He was two years younger than me, and I just assumed he'd want something more than a beautician with big boobs. Then he rang me and asked me out.

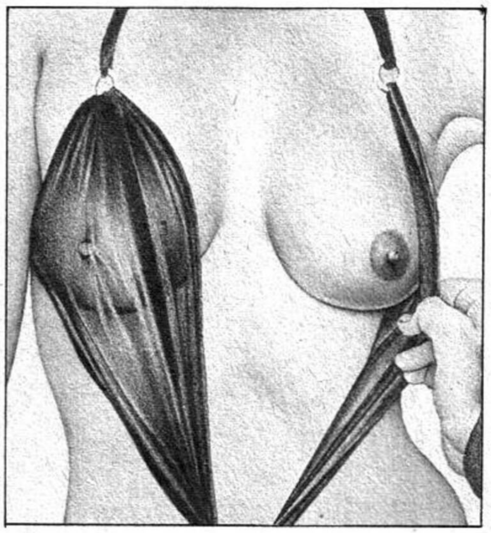
Quest: So he did fancy you?

Demonstrator: I wasn't sure! We got on very well, but I had the feeling he was treating me as a chum rather than a girlfriend. Then he went back to college, and suddenly invited me to a student ball over one weekend. With anyone else my first question would have been about the sleeping arrangements, but I honestly thought I'd be safe with Paul. Shows how wrong you can be!

Quest: What happened!

Demonstrator: I must admit I dressed to kill. Full length, strapless gown, plenty of cleavage — and the ball was fantastic. Afterwards Paul took me to my room — it was a guest bedroom in a hall of residence. Paul had his arm round me, and I was sure he was going to kiss me, so I let him come in, and show me where everything was. Then as we were standing facing each other by the bed, very nervously Paul leaned forward and pecked me on the lips.

Quest: Did you respond?



Demonstrator: I over-responded, I think. I said, 'Oh, is that all I'm going to get?' I meant a proper wet kiss, and a moment later we were into a lovely tight embrace. But then Paul started to act very excited, pushing his mouth down really hard on mine, reaching up to cup my breast. He thought I wanted *everything*.

Quest: But you didn't?

Demonstrator: I was pleased I'd finally got through to him. For all I knew he could have been sleeping with half a dozen girls while I'd known him, and he'd only just got round to me.

Quest: So what did you do?

Demonstrator: I didn't want to upset him. I suppose I thought I could test his real feelings by making things difficult for him. I just told him we had plenty of time. So we sat down on the bed, and of course we started kissing again, and rolled back onto the mattress.

> 'As soon as the catches on my gown were undone, there was nothing left to hold up the front . . .'

Quest: Was he still touching your breasts?

Demonstrator: He began fondling them again through my gown, which was boned at the front in a built-in bra, but that didn't stop it feeling very nice indeed.

Quest: You didn't think of taking if off?

Demonstrator: No, because I would have been bare to the waist.

Quest: But you'd allowed menfriends to see and fondle your breasts before?

Demonstrator: But only if it had meant either doing that or something much worse. Paul was more special.

Quest: So you simply lay there?

Demonstrator: He kept undoing more and more of the catches down my back, going on at me to go further — not nastily, just saying how nice it would be. He was *very* turned on. I could feel a bulge in his fly, pushing against my hip.

Quest: Were *you* turned on?

Demonstrator: Oh yes. That was the worst part of it, because as soon as the catches on my gown were undone there was nothing to hold the front up, and Paul was able to slip his fingers inside onto my breasts. Then he could feel how stiff my nipples were, and know how excited I was. Finally it was getting stupid. My gown was going to end up bundled round my waist. So I told Paul to put the light out. Then I got up and took the gown off.

Quest: Leaving you topless?

Demonstrator: Yes. It wasn't completely dark so Paul could see me. His eyes dropped straight down onto my boobs and were like saucers. I must admit it was a nice reaction. He whispered, 'You're absolutely beautiful —' Then his hands came up, scooping each breast, stroking and fondling it, and as his head came down he began kissing and licking me, squeezing and teasing my nipples.

Quest: How did you react?

Demonstrator: I nearly came on the spot! If he'd just thrown me on the bed, and had me I couldn't have lifted a finger to stop him.

Quest: But he didn't?

Demonstrator: He just kept asking me to let him, and of course the more he did the easier it got to say no. Then we kissed again and fell back onto the bed, and we started to undress — not all at once — but between kissing and fondling me. He got my slip off, and started to pull down my knickers but I wouldn't let him. So he slipped his fingers down the front instead — I told him not to do that either! But he kept coming back, pushing further and further down into my pubic hair until he was touching my pussy. Then I did object — mainly because he could feel how wet I was, and I would have lost all control if he'd kept stroking me there. So he just touched me through my knickers — not that it made much difference. I was so damp they finished up twisted together between my legs with most of my bottom peeping out the back.

Quest: He seems to have been remarkably compliant.

Demonstrator: He was! I was awful to him, really. When he got down to his underpants I refused to let him take them off. His erection was poking up through them. I don't know how he held himself back.

Quest: Did you want him to?

Demonstrator: I did and I didn't. It would obviously have been easiest if he'd just *made* me do it.

Quest: Are you sure there wasn't a strong element of teasing in all this?

Demonstrator: I'm not a tease normally — but it must have turned me on more than usual or things wouldn't have ended the way they did.

Quest: How was that?

Demonstrator: We started our final embrace. Until then we'd been lying side by side, and Paul had been caressing me through my knickers or stroking my breasts or both. But as we kissed he seemed to get much more passionate. I suddenly realised he was turning me onto my back, sliding between my legs. I really thought this was it — he was going to do it to me — I had this great surge of panic and excitement. I even tried to protest and push him away. But he simply forced my arms back against the mattress, and jammed his crotch against mine, so I could feel the length of his erection hard and warm against my pussy. Then he began to hump me.

Quest: Weren't you both still wearing pants?

Demonstrator: Yes! For a mad moment I couldn't understand why I couldn't feel him in me. Then I realised he was humping me *through* our underclothes. He was rubbing his penis up and down the *outside* of my pussy, and all his pressure was against my clitoris. He just went on and on, harder and harder, my boobs slapping against his chest, as if we really were screwing, and with the most incredible sensations getting stronger and stronger in my pussy. And then it happened, like lightning in my head. The most unbelievable feeling of pleasure and release. I was just clinging to Paul and sobbing, and it was only when I felt his erection jerking againt my tummy and this wetness spreading I realised he'd come too. Then I felt dreadful because *I'd* had so much pleasure and not let *him* do the same. So I was kissing him and apologising desperately.

Quest: Did he accept your apology?

Demonstrator: He said it was marvellous anyway, but I pulled off my sopping knickers and then told him to lie back. I peeled off his pants, and began to lick him and stroke him until his penis was as stiff as it was before. Then I lay down and insisted he put it inside me and just do it.

Quest: Did he?

Demonstrator: He humped me just as fiercely as before but wouldn't let go until he'd made me climax again. It was even more beautiful, feeling him come inside me. We've been together ever since.

Quest: He'd passed your test?

Demonstrator: Oh he'd pass any test I could think of — in bed anyway!

Quest: Thank you.

INTERVIEW - 3

SHOP OWNER, 32 years old, brunette, town of origin Weston-Super-Mare

This interviewee married at 23 and was divorced four years later. She re-married at 28, and now has a three-year-old son. She co-owns a small antiques business.

Quest: Do you find the idea of setting a man a challenge to gain your favours a romantic one?

Owner: I did once. I remember two boys literally fighting to take me out when I was eighteen, and it excited me enormously. Now I think it shows there's something wrong somewhere.

Quest: Was there anything wrong with you?

Owner: I had totally unrealistic views of love and romance until my divorce. I was also very selfish. I'd dream up all sorts of good reasons to justify what I did.

Quest: Justify what, for instance?

Owner: Sleeping with a friend of my husband — by persuading my husband to agree to it.

Quest: He allowed you to have sex with another? You'll have to explain.

Owner: To my mind, I was simply being honest. I was infatuated with Tony — and I didn't see why, in a strong marriage, I shouldn't be able to deal with those feelings.

Quest: Was it really so straightforward?

Owner: Of course not. For a start Hugh and I didn't have a strong marriage. We'd met on holiday in Greece, had a very passionate affair, and continued it when we got home. We had very little in common outside bed — which became increasingly obvious after the first flush had worn off.

Quest: Were you trying to recover that with Tony?

Owner: I did miss the excitement, but I was trying to perk Hugh up as well.

Quest: You mean you were challenging him to object to what you wanted?

Owner: In a way.

Quest: But what made you think you'd get away with it in the first place?

Quest: It wasn't quite the first place. Just before the wedding I'd had a lapse, and he'd let me get away with it.

Quest: What happened?

Owner: Before Hugh, I'd been having an affair with an older man — my ex-boss. He was thirty-five and separated. I'd broken off with him after the holiday, but he'd taken it badly — we'd been together for three years — and we'd kept in touch. One weekend I was going to the West Country to see my parents — Hugh was busy for some reason — and Graham offered to drive me. He had a flat in Weston — his wife lived there. I don't think Hugh was too keen on me going with Graham. But I said he could trust me for one car ride.

Quest: And he couldn't?

Owner: Graham was going to drop me at my parents at about ten. But we arrived early, and had dinner first. Afterwards he offered me a quick nightcap at his flat.

Quest: Where you'd stayed before?

Owner: Often, yes. We both became sentimental — he obviously still missed me enormously, and I was going through some pre-wedding jitters. Suddenly we were kissing. Graham slipped his hand under my sweater, loosened my bra, and started caressing my breasts. I know I should have been firm, but I felt sorry for him. And Graham had been very good to me, especially in bed. He always gave me lovely, gentle orgasms, and he'd stroke me or lick me for hours to make it happen. With Hugh it was either earth-shattering and super-orgasmic or nothing. He wasn't very patient.

Quest: So you made love?

Owner: Right up to the last moment I was telling myself, 'I'll stop now, I'll let him down gently.' But then of course he slipped inside, and started moving gently, and my feelings completely swamped any misgivings I had left.

Quest: Where exactly did this take place?

Quest: We started kissing on the living room sofa but we ended up making love on the carpet. By candlelight, actually. It was very romantic.

Quest: Was this repeated?

Owner: I stayed the night, and went to my parents in the morning. But I paid the price. Hugh had rung my parents Friday evening to see if I'd arrived safely. He was incensed when I got back. We almost broke up over it. But I convinced him it was just a one-off because I felt so sorry for Graham.

Quest: Were you surprised he forgave you?

Owner: I expected to get thrashed. But he was odd in a way. Very macho on the outside, but quite soft underneath. I hadn't realised how much influence I had over him.

Quest: When did Tony arrive?

Owner: He was at our wedding. He was quieter, more thoughtful than Hugh — more like Graham — and, I thought, very good-looking. They were old college friends. Tony was working up north, and he'd just got engaged. Then, about three years later, he moved down and we saw much more of him. He was married by then.

Quest: Did you fancy him immediately?

Owner: I was aware of something between us. I didn't know whether he wanted to take it any

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further until a birthday party I had. He came to give me a present, and found me alone in my bedroom, repairing my make-up. He started to give me a peck on the lips, and suddenly it turned into a very deep serious kiss. If Hugh hadn't come along I don't know what would have happened.

Quest: Who decided to take things further?

Owner: I suppose I did. Tony never mentioned the kiss for ages afterwards. Then he was moved to an office quite near mine, and we started bumping into each other at lunchtime, then having odd drinks, then regular ones. In the end I had to say, 'Look, are we just friends or what?' That was the first time I got Tony to admit he wanted to go to bed with me. But he hated the idea of cheating on his wife, let alone with a friend's wife. He wished he could be honest about it. So I said, why not? Why not just announce to our spouses we're going away together for the weekend? We'd just be getting something out of our systems.

Quest: Were you serious?

Owner: Not completely. But when I saw Tony again I knew he'd been thinking about it too.

Quest: You never thought it might harm your marriages?

Owner: Not really. The problem was, though, Tony's wife had never liked me, and she'd probably think I was doing it out of spite, so we decided not to tell her.

Quest: But you told Hugh?

Owner: Yes.

Quest: What on earth did you say?

Owner: I simply explained Tony and I had to spend some time together to work out some feelings we had about each other.

Quest: What did Hugh say?

Owner: He was a lot calmer than I expected, almost mature. I think that fazed me a little? Then he asked where I'd be sleeping while I was away, and I said with Tony, probably. Then he asked if Tony and I would make love, and I said we probably would, but it didn't mean I didn't still want Hugh. He was so quiet about it — it was almost eery. Then on the night before I went he became incredibly passionate — like the first time we met. He didn't just make love, he fucked me. We must have done it four times and I swear he spurted on each one.

Quest: You don't think he was trying to dissuade you from going?

Owner: I'm sure he was but I'd made it clear what I wanted, and I wasn't going to turn Tony down at the last minute.

Quest: So you had your naughty weekend?

Owner: We spent most of the Friday night talking. But as soon as we actually got into bed things got better. It was odd. It felt much more like a wedding night than my first one. We had the lights out and the sheets over us, and after some kissing and cuddling Tony climbed on top of me, and we had a fairly sedate, missionary-position screw. Quite pleasant, nothing earth-shaking. But it was only after Tony had actually come in me that the ice broke.

Quest: Was he a satisfactory lover?

Owner: Oh very. A lovely combination of Hugh and Graham. Very low and loving when he wanted to be — he did incredible things to my clitoris, just nudging and teasing it with his moustache, then opening my lips with his tongue until I was absolutely screaming for him to screw me. But he could be explosive too. We were just about to leave on Sunday afternoon, and I was leaning over the dressing table to check my make-up, when he just leapt on me from behind. No warning. I just felt myself grabbed, my skirt jerked up, my knickers and tights yanked down, and his erection came up between my legs and into me. And he just fucked me like that, spreadeagled over the dressing table.

Quest: How was Hugh afterwards?

Owner: I wanted him to explode, but he virtually ignored me, which I hated. Then Tony rang, and obviously missed me. He wondered if I'd like another weekend. So — just to get a reaction — I told Hugh.

Quest: Did he react then?

Owner: He told me fine. Why didn't I ask him over on Sunday afternoon — Hugh was going to a football match anyway. I was so angry I said that was OK by me.

Quest: Did Tony turn up?

Owner: Oh yes. It was the most bizarre afternoon I've ever spent. For a start Hugh stayed until Tony arrived, and insisted on having a drink with us. Tony was clearly embarrassed. In the end, after nearly an hour of agony, I virtually had to ask Hugh to go.

Quest: What did you say?

Owner: 'Darling, you know Tony's only got a couple of hours. We really ought to go upstairs now.' He was being so weirdly calm I thought for an awful moment he'd say, 'Oh you two go ahead. Don't mind me.' I had visions of him bringing Tony and I tea as we sat up naked in bed half an hour later. Then all of a sudden he left.

Quest: Did you and Tony make love?

Owner: We went upstairs, and I was determined I wouldn't let Hugh put me off. We got undressed, and got into bed, but Tony still felt awkward. In the end I had to go down on him to get him stiff. Then he perked up and began to kiss and fondle me. And he had just put his penis in me when the front door crashed.

Quest: Hugh came back?

Owner: He wrecked the place. He didn't come upstairs. He simply demolished the lounge and went. We never lived together again after that.

Quest: Do you blame him?

Owner: Of course not. On the other hand, if the relationship had been right he wouldn't have needed to. I know I've never thought of acting so awfully again. I certainly couldn't have had the marriage I've got now if something as traumatic hadn't happened.

Quest: What about Tony?

Owner: He went back to his wife.

Quest: Thank you.

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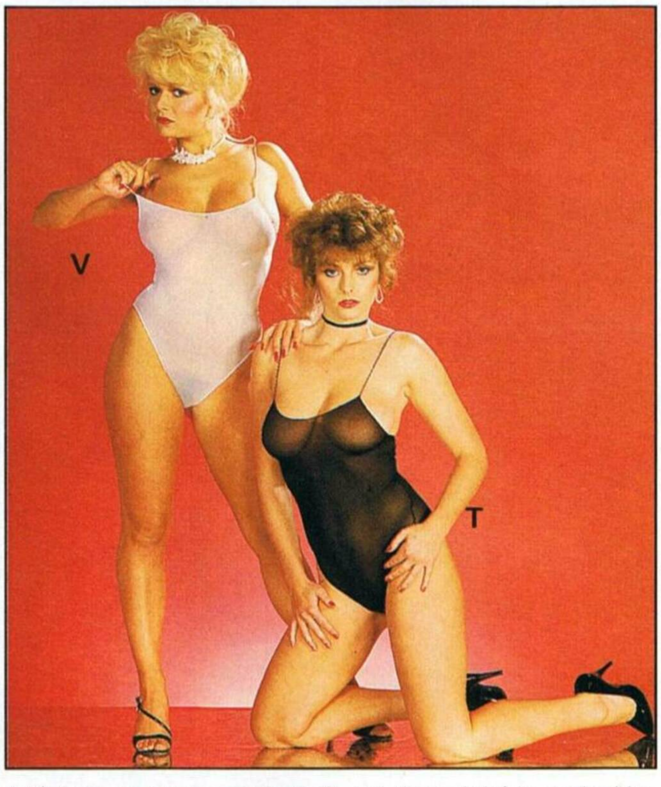
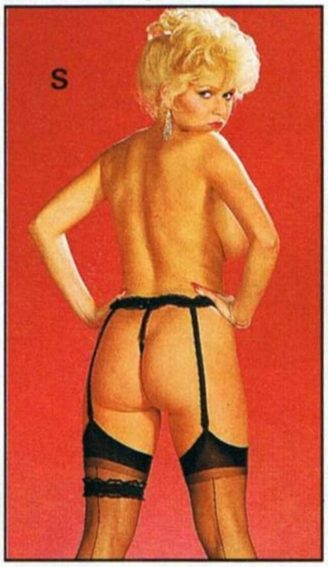
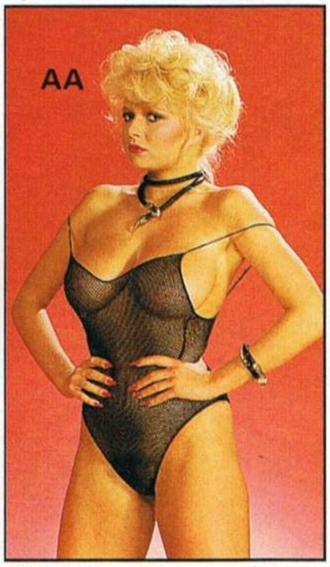
Few presents can be of such benefit to both the giver and receiver as *Mayfair's* exciting new range of feminine fashions. We believe lingerie is at its sexiest when it's brief — scanty, erotic and arousing. That's why the latest items in our collection are selected with just you in mind: the saucy lace garter is teamed with a matching suspender belt, and ultra-brief thong, and they are available in white, black or red. And to complete the outfit we're still offering our sheer glass nylon stockings in black. Don't forget our erotic bodystockings in black, white, or fishnet. Remember also that our lingerie is made to the highest possible standards. Don't delay send off the coupon now, and soon you'll be enjoying your favourite lady in *Mayfair's* own sensational lingerie!



DD) Lace garter, suspender belt and thong brief in cool white, arousing red (item BB) and devastating black (item CC). One size.
T) Superstretch bodystocking in black or white (item V). One size.
S) Sheer glass nylon seamed stockings. Sizes: small, medium, or large.
AA) Tantalizing fishnet bodystocking in black. One size only.





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Please send me
Qty......garter/thong sets in white (item DD) at £6.95 (one size)
Qty......garter/thong sets in red (item BB) at £6.95 (one size)
Qty......garter/thong sets in black (item CC) at £6.95 (one size)
Qty......bodystockings in black (item T) at £4.95 (one size)
Qty......bodystockings in white (item V) at £4.95 (one size)
Qty......fishnet bodystocking (item AA) at £8.95 (one size)
Qty......nylon stockings in black (item S) at £2.50 (Size s, m or l)

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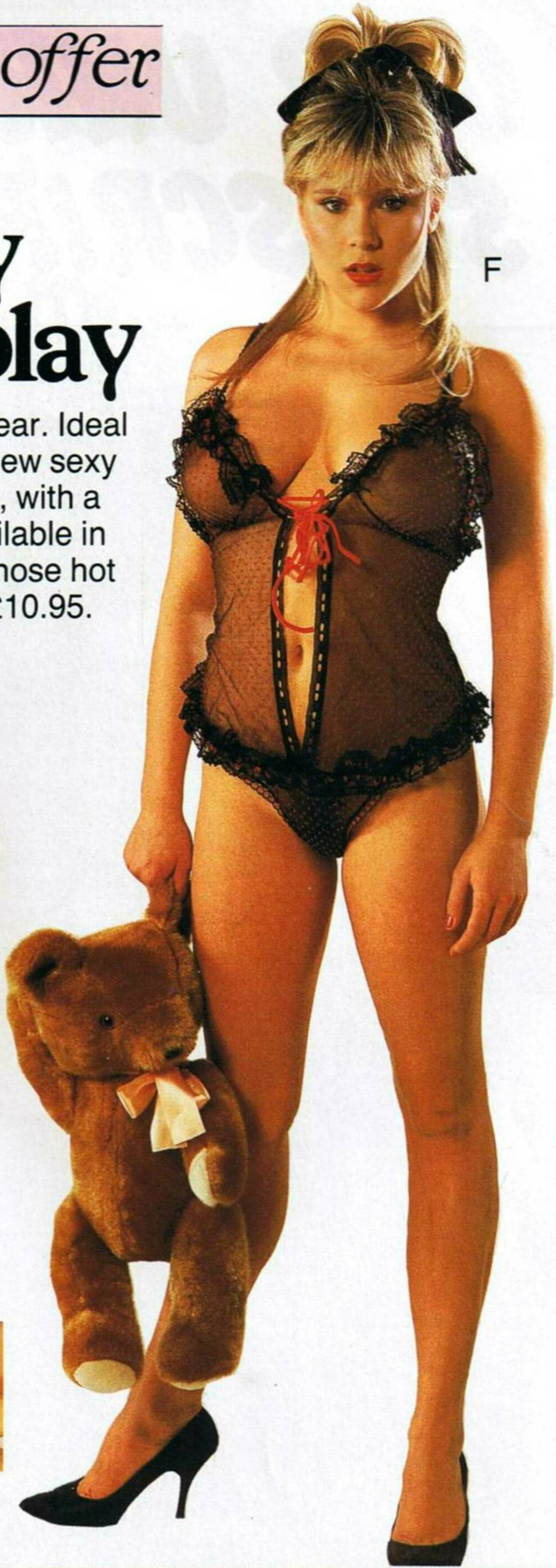
Night and day come out and play

Any time is playtime with our sexy *Mayfair* funwear. Ideal for those lazy summer days by the pool is the new sexy wet-look swimming costume in genuine Lycra, with a handy zip down the front for easy access. Available in red (NN) or black (PP) it is only £19.95. Or for those hot nights, buy her our alluring lacy playsuit (F), £10.95.



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Qty . . . . Red (swimsuit(s) (Item NN) at £19.95. Size . . . (s/med or large)
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M217

Gentlemen, that reminds me...

A round-up of after-dinner jokes

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RONALD COBB

Said the gay tennis coach, Quinton Peers,
To the girls on the court, 'Now, my dears,
You may think it odd of me,
But I'm tired of sodomy.
From now on it's ladies.' (*Loud cheers!*)

Feeling unwell, a young man went to his doctor, and received some startling news. 'I'm afraid,' said the GP, 'that you only have six months to live, Mr James.'

'Six months!' exclaimed the young man. 'Is that all? Whatever shall I do?

'Well if I were you,' replied the doctor thoughtfully, 'I'd go to Birmingham, find yourself a middle-aged Brummie lady, marry her, and go and live in Wolverhampton.'

'Will that help?'

'In a way,' said the doctor, 'it'll make it seem like a lifetime...'

Great Quotes of Our Times
The effect of baldness on virility is one of the great talking points wherever men with thinning pates can be found. Perhaps the best comment on the subject comes from Cedric Hardwicke. Asked if baldness improved sexual potency, he replied.
'Possibly, but it gives a man far fewer chances of proving it.'

A lady purchased a parrot from a pet shop for her husband's birthday. As she paid the shop owner, he warned her that the bird had come from the local brothel, so it might say the wrong thing.

Slightly unnerved, she brought the parrot home, and put it on the table. Immediately the parrot piped up, 'New home, new madame.' This didn't concern her too much, so she left the bird there.

Half an hour later, her daughters walked in, and the parrot looked up and squawked, 'New home, new madame, new girls.' Its new owner was a little surprised but left the parrot ready for her husband to return home.

At half past five, her husband walked in. 'George,' said his wife. 'Happy birthday. Look what I've got you...' So saying she took him to see the parrot. Immediately, it looked up with a gleam in its eye. 'Wwwwwkkk,' it cried. 'New home, new madame, new girls, but same old George!'

Gerry and his wife Fiona had held one of their famous dinner parties which, as ever, was a great success with everyone too drunk to drive home. In fact, the house was so full of recumbent, inebriate bodies, that Gerry's friend Giles had to share their bed with them. All three slept well until 3am when Fiona woke up feeling a little horny. Unable to reach Gerry, she whispered in Giles' ear.

'Look, Gerry is asleep, how about you and I having some fun?'

Giles was surprised.

'Are you sure he's asleep?' he asked cautiously.

'Of course, look,' she said, and leaned over Giles, and with a sharp tug pulled a hair from Gerry's bottom. He didn't even flinch.

'Okay then,' agreed Giles, and climbed aboard for a quickie.

'That was terrific,' said Fiona afterwards. 'Let's do it again.'

'Are you sure?' asked Giles anxiously. 'What if he wakes up?'

'He won't. Look.' And with that Fiona pulled another hair from Gerry's bottom to no effect. So Giles rode her once again to a climax.

Still Fiona wasn't satisfied, and suggested a third attempt, but as she did Gerry rolled over until his mouth was level with Giles' ear.

'Look, Giles,' Gerry mumbled sleepily. 'I don't really mind you banging my wife. But for God's sake will you tell her to stop using my arse as a scoreboard.'

Share your after-dinner anecdotes. Send them to 'Jokes', Mayfair magazine, 95a Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ. There are free subscriptions for readers whose jokes are selected, and £10 will be paid for each limerick. We no longer acknowledge receipt of jokes. Individual subscription winners are notified by letter as to when their subscription starts. In the event of duplication among those jokes submitted, the Editor's decision on the awarding of a subscription is final.

A man walked into a tattoo parlour with a large sign outside proudly announcing, 'We tattoo anything anywhere.'

'Excuse me,' he asked. 'Can I have my name tattooed on my testicles?'

'Certainly, sir,' replied the tattooist. 'I'll get my ball-point pen.'

How can you tell a real macho man?
He jogs home from his own vasectomy.

Flying first class to Los Angeles, a businessman full of free food and champagne had to use the toilet in a hurry. Scurrying back he found that the gents was engaged, but being desperate, he asked the stewardess if he could use the ladies.

'Yes, sir,' she replied. 'However, remember that there are services in there purely for lady passengers. Don't touch the buttons marked WW, PP or ATR.'

The businessman agreed, and went in. However, having done what was necessary, his curiosity got the better of him, and as he sat there, he nervously pushed the button labelled WW. To his surprise, warm water sprayed between his legs.

Emboldened, he decided to press the PP button as well. As he did so, a powder puff gently patted him on the bottom, applying liberal quantities of sweet-smelling talc. Amused by this pampering, he decided that he should complete the first class treatment by pressing the button emblazoned ATR. Still smiling he pushed it, suddenly felt a searing pain, and blacked out.

He woke up in hospital, and immediately asked the nurse what had happened.

'From what we gather you were in the ladies toilet and pressed the WW, PP and ATR buttons,' she explained. 'You had the warm water and the powder, then you fainted.'

'I know, why?'

'ATR stands for Automatic Tampon Removal,' she said. 'By the way, your penis is on the pillow.'

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If you have any queries regarding this advertisement contact Mr. George on 01-555 2989

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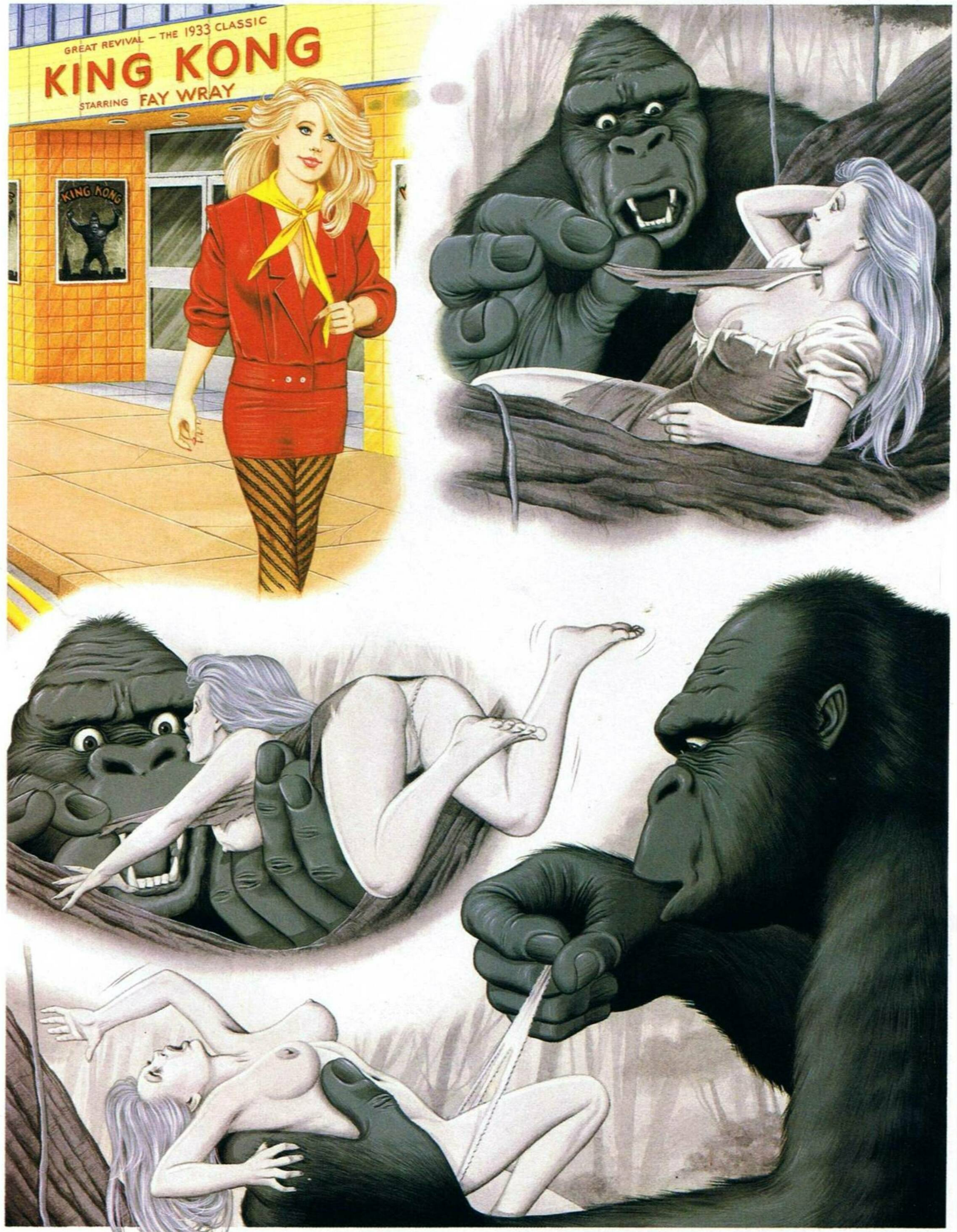
MF

CARRIE

A post cinema shock makes a monkey out of stripgirl Carrie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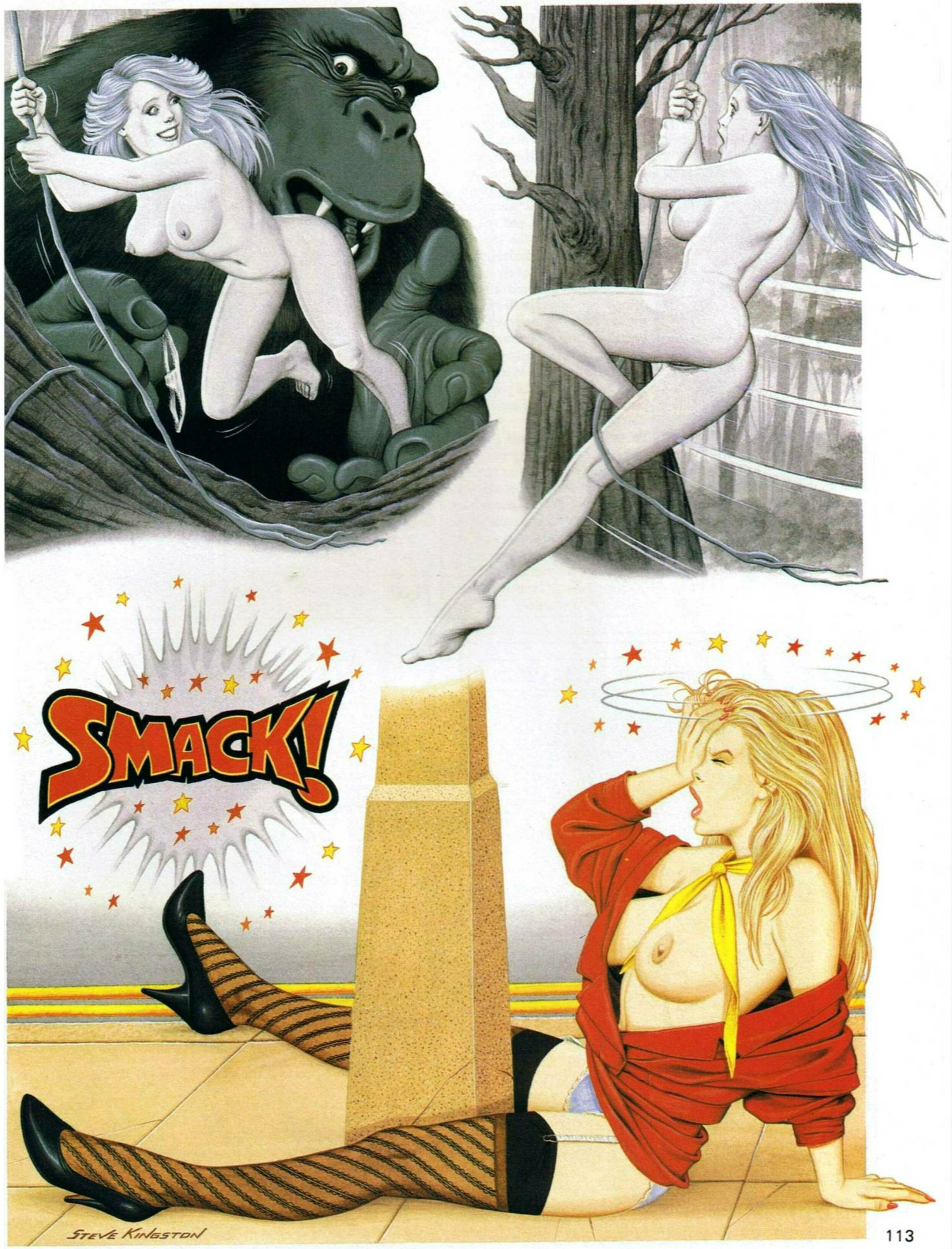
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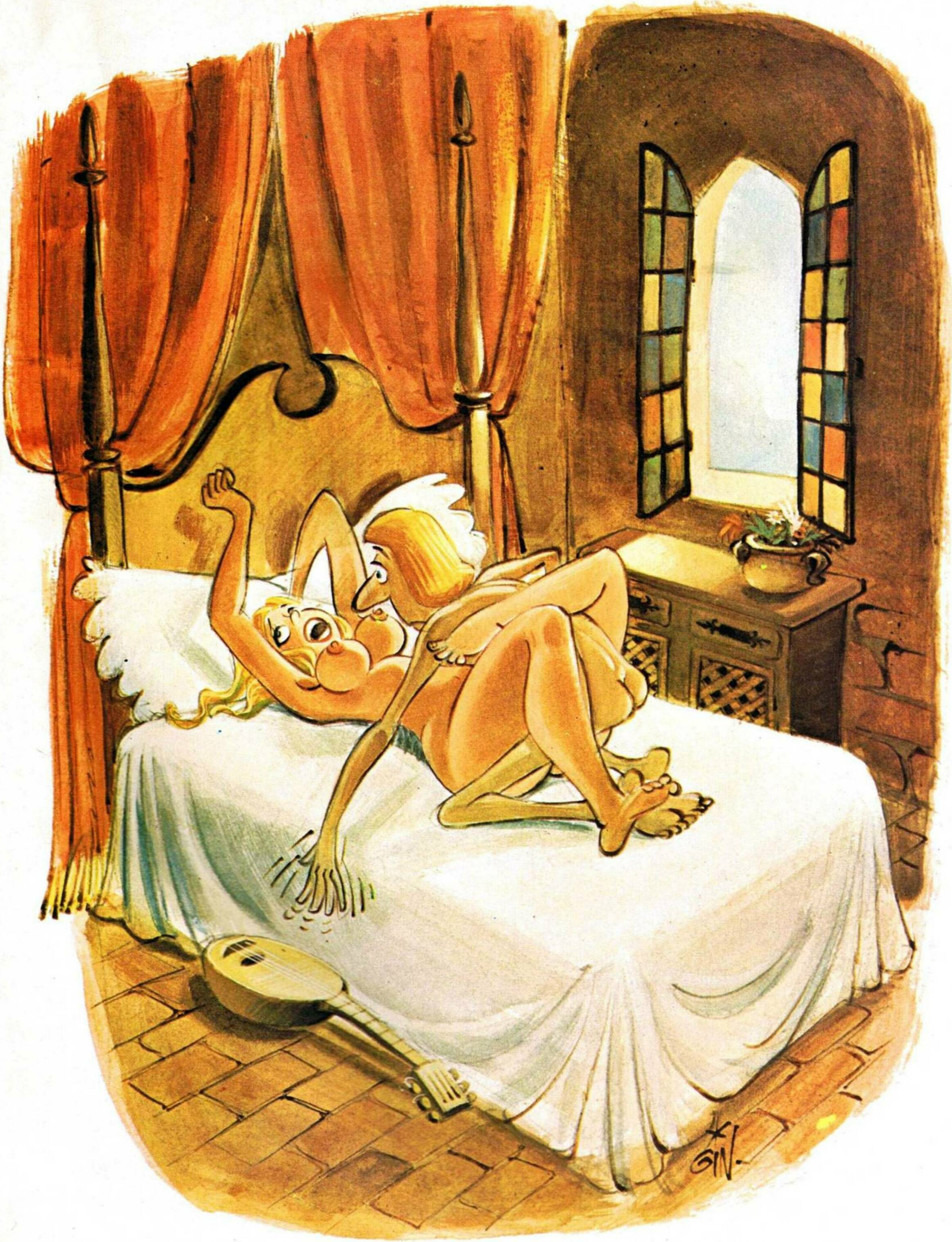
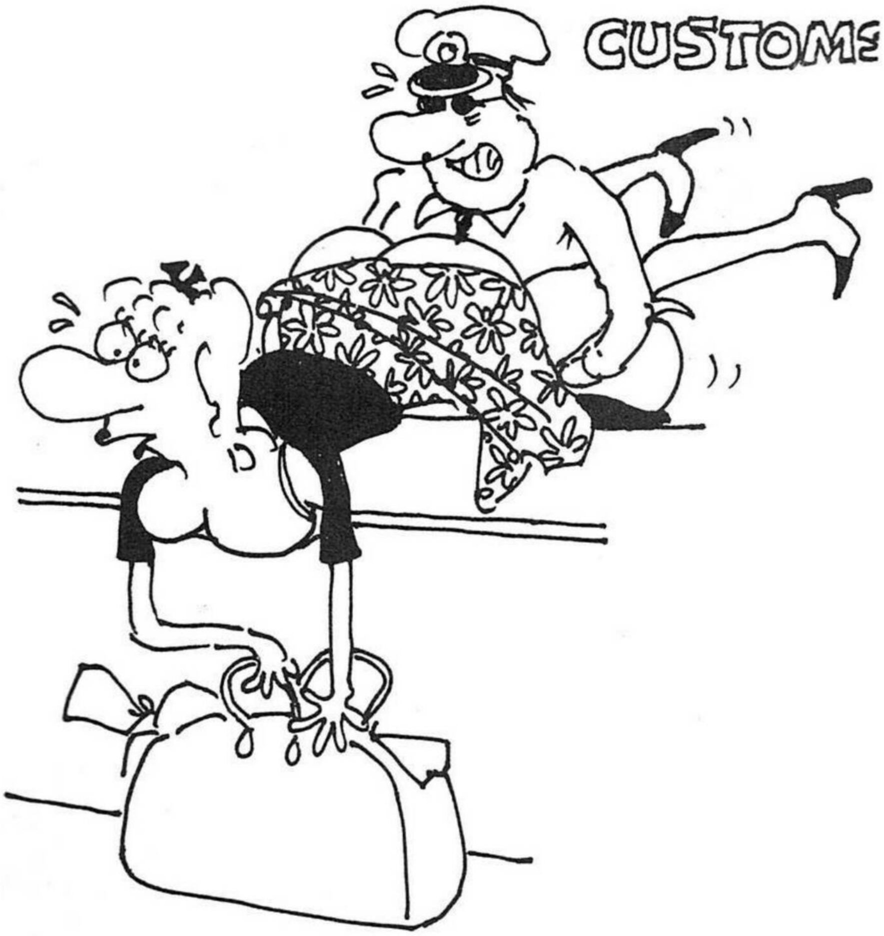


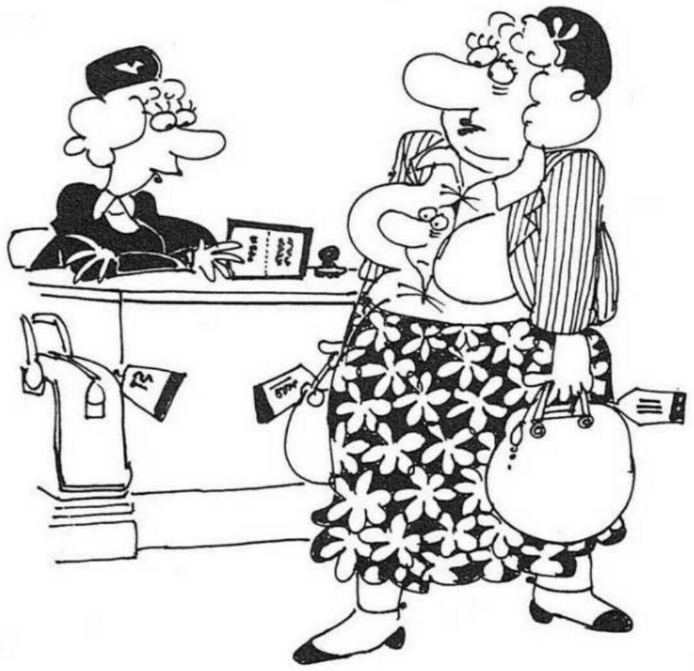
'Quick, quick, play us our tune.'



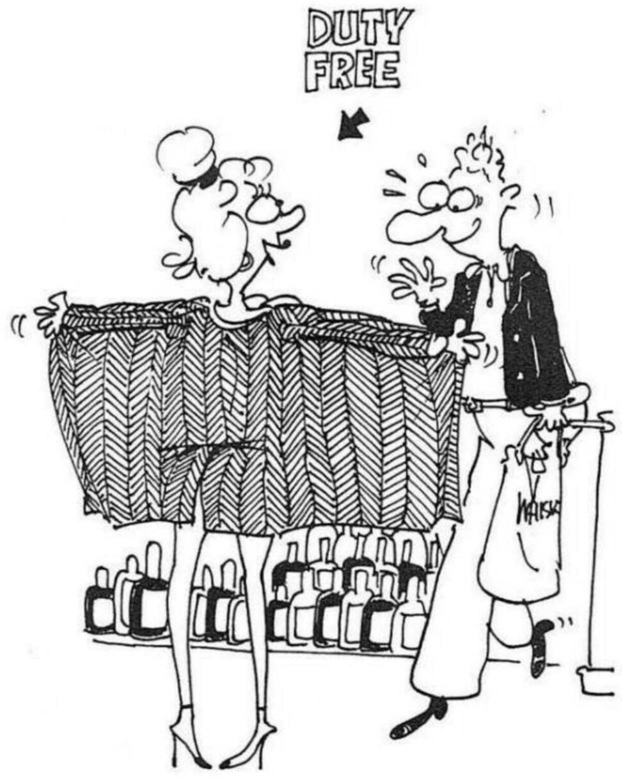
'Strange customs you've got here.'

UP UP AND AWAY-HEY

Airports, with their hustle and bustle
and chance of brief encounters provide our cartoonist,
Peter Maddocks, with scope for highjinks



'Surely the flight wasn't that frightening?'



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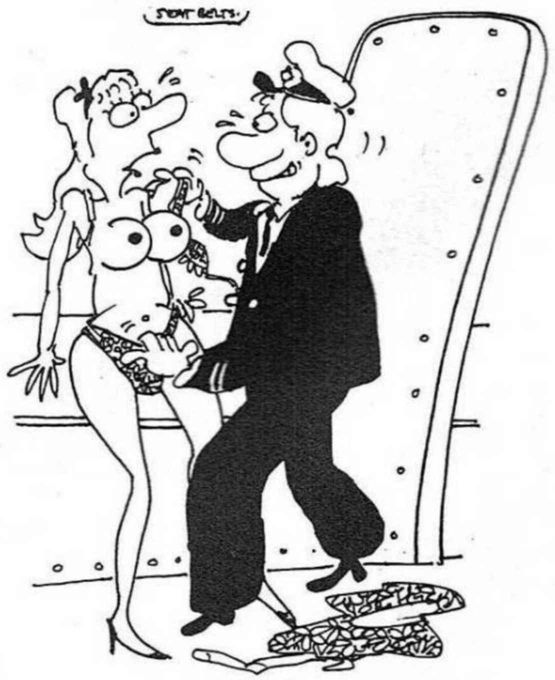
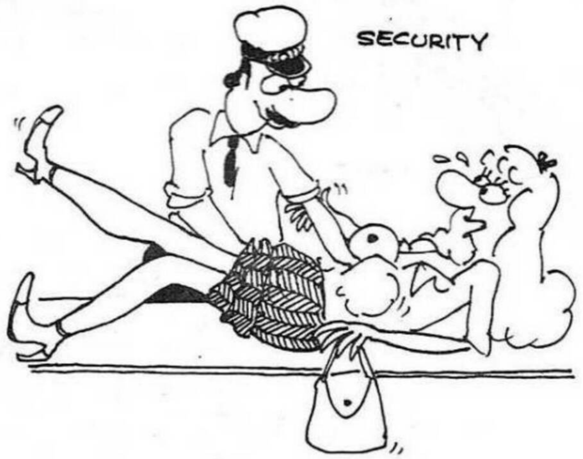
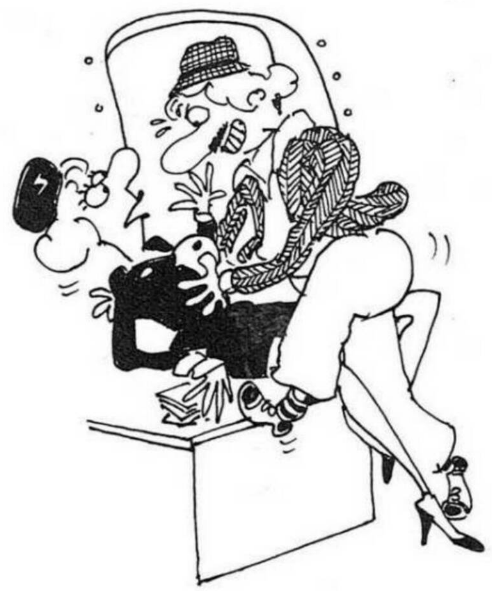


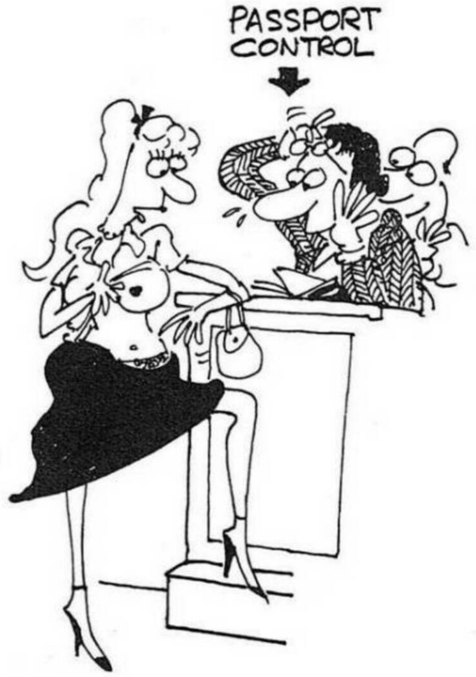
'I didn't quite realise what you had in mind when you said to prepare for take off.'



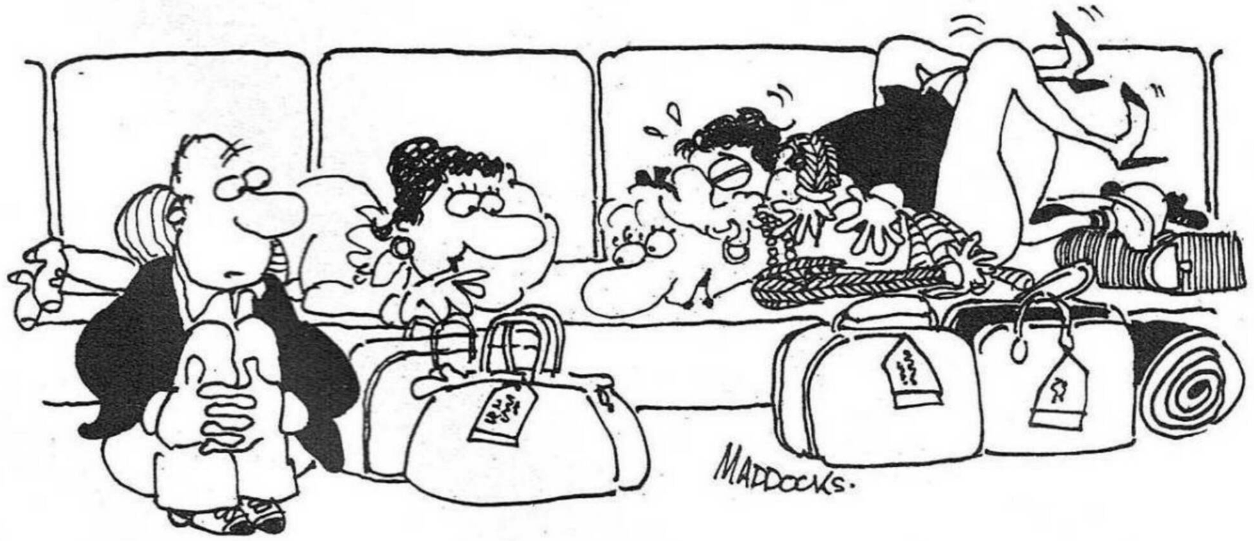
'You haven't checked my handbag yet.'



'Have you a boarding pass, sir?'


PASSPORT CONTROL

'Oh . . . and I've got this tiny little scar . . .'

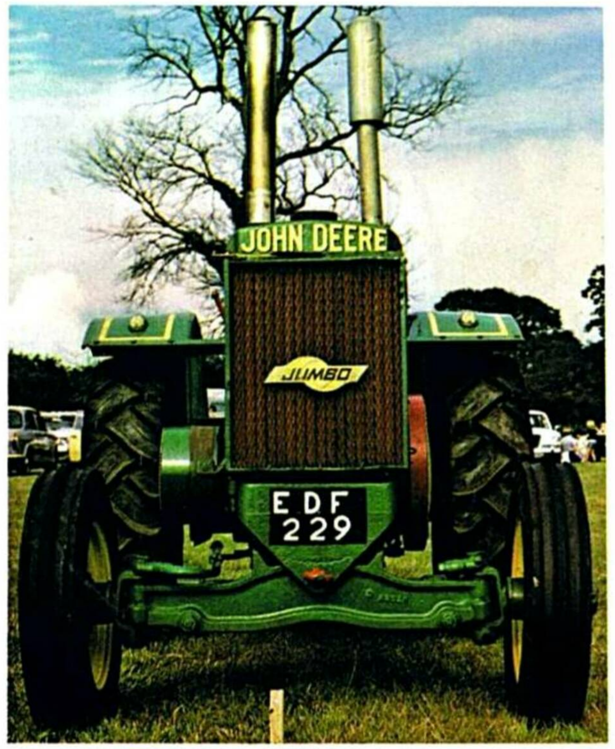


'I hate waiting for night flights – it's so public!'

The farm worker who kept an old tractor out of affection could today find himself the owner of a valuable investment

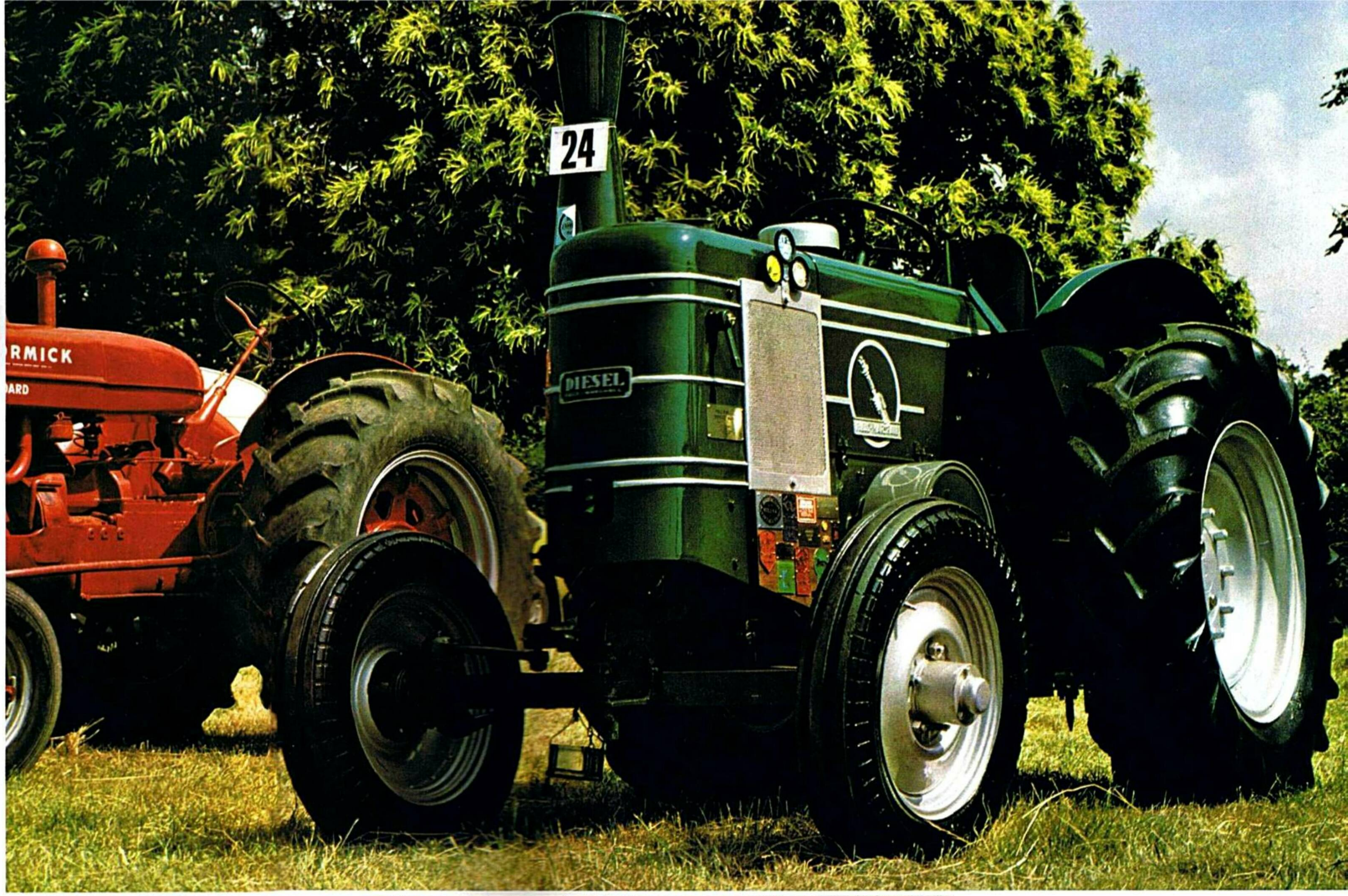
Ploughman's Hunch

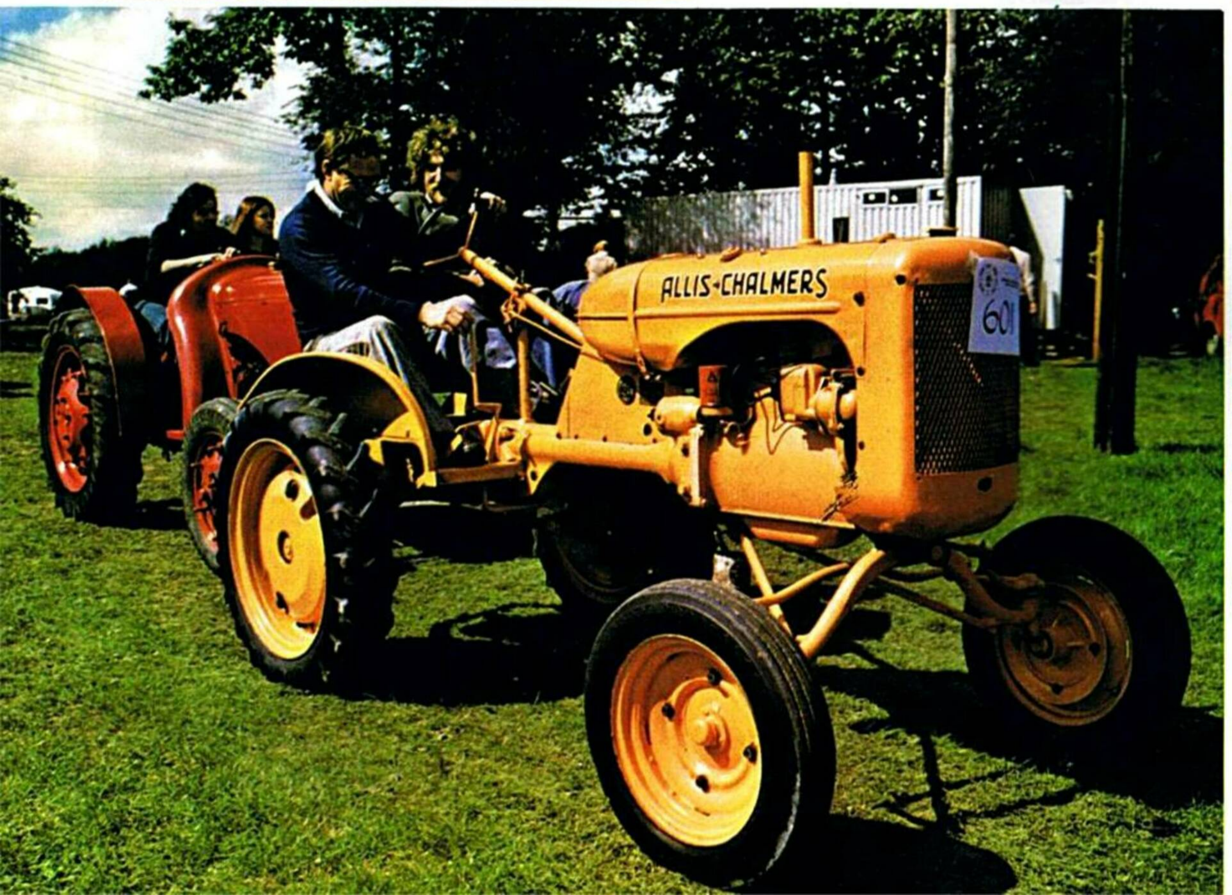
Photographed by Andrew Morland

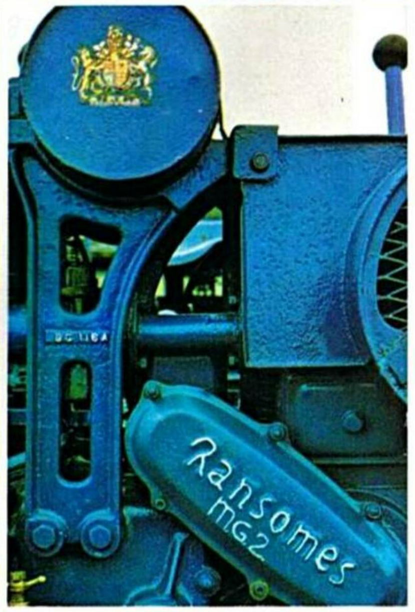


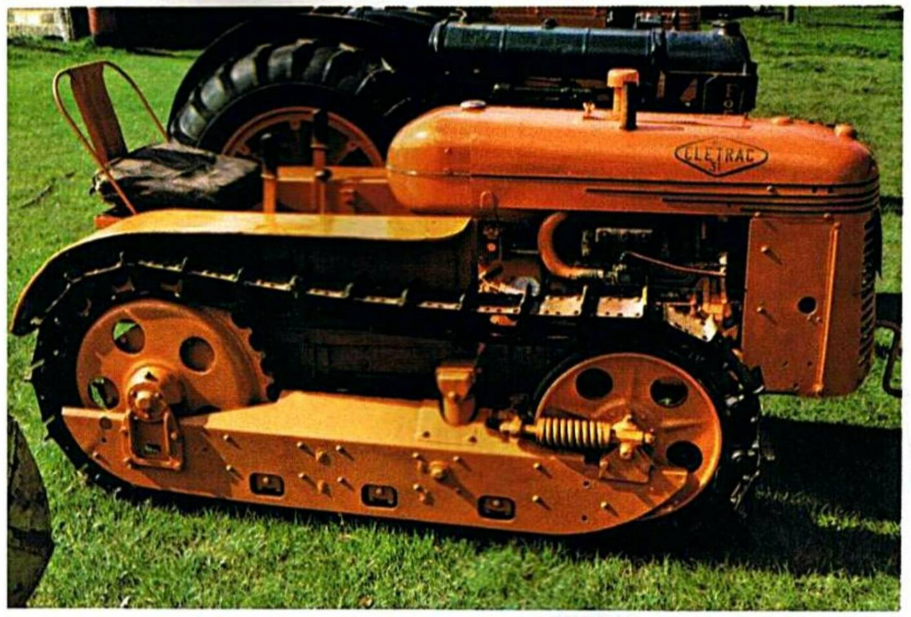
Once upon a time even the most efficient of farms would be unlikely to avoid a common eyesore. Nettle-covered in the corner of a field or decaying unobtrusively in the back of a disused barn, rusting tractors, and other obsolete agricultural implements, would be quietly passing into history, often not even worth moving for the money they would raise as scrap. But in the last ten years all that has changed.

The first true – ie petrol-engine – tractor in Britain was made by Dan Albone in 1902 at Biggleswade. Today the slightest hint of an old tractor is likely to bring swift enquiries from a fast-growing group of collectors, and, more recently, dealers. For the vintage vehicle market is moving fast and the astute or simply enthusiastic farm worker who picked up a derelict machine from the twenties, thirties or forties for pence can find a quickly appreciating investment on his hands. The Fordson N or Standard, backbone of Britain's mechanised farming in the thirties and forties, had a pre-war price of £155 in its cheapest, iron-wheeled form. Today a Fordson in

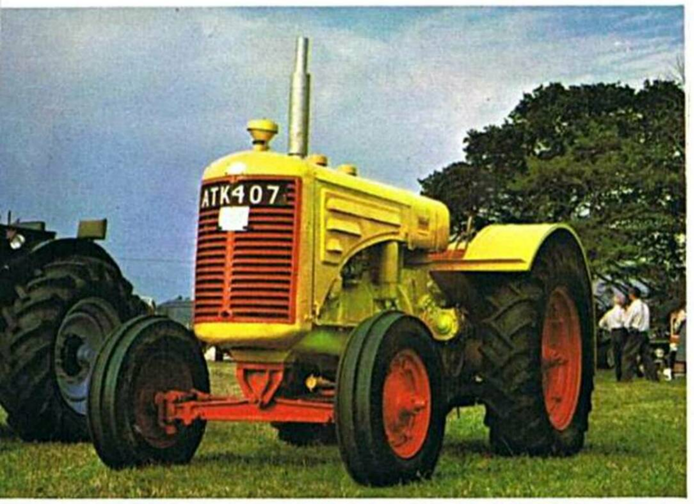


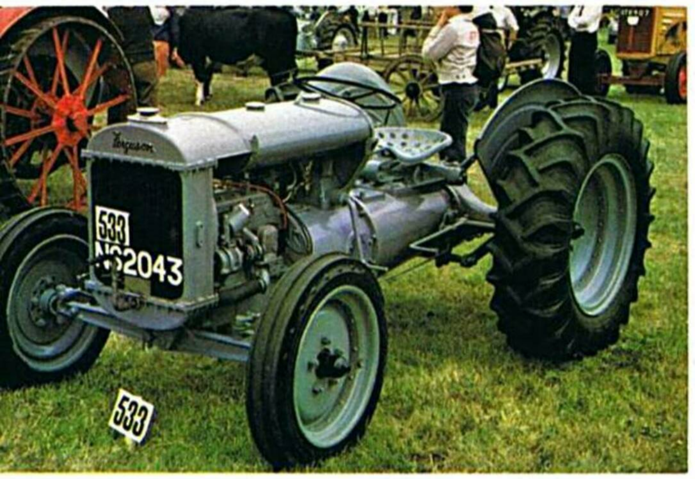




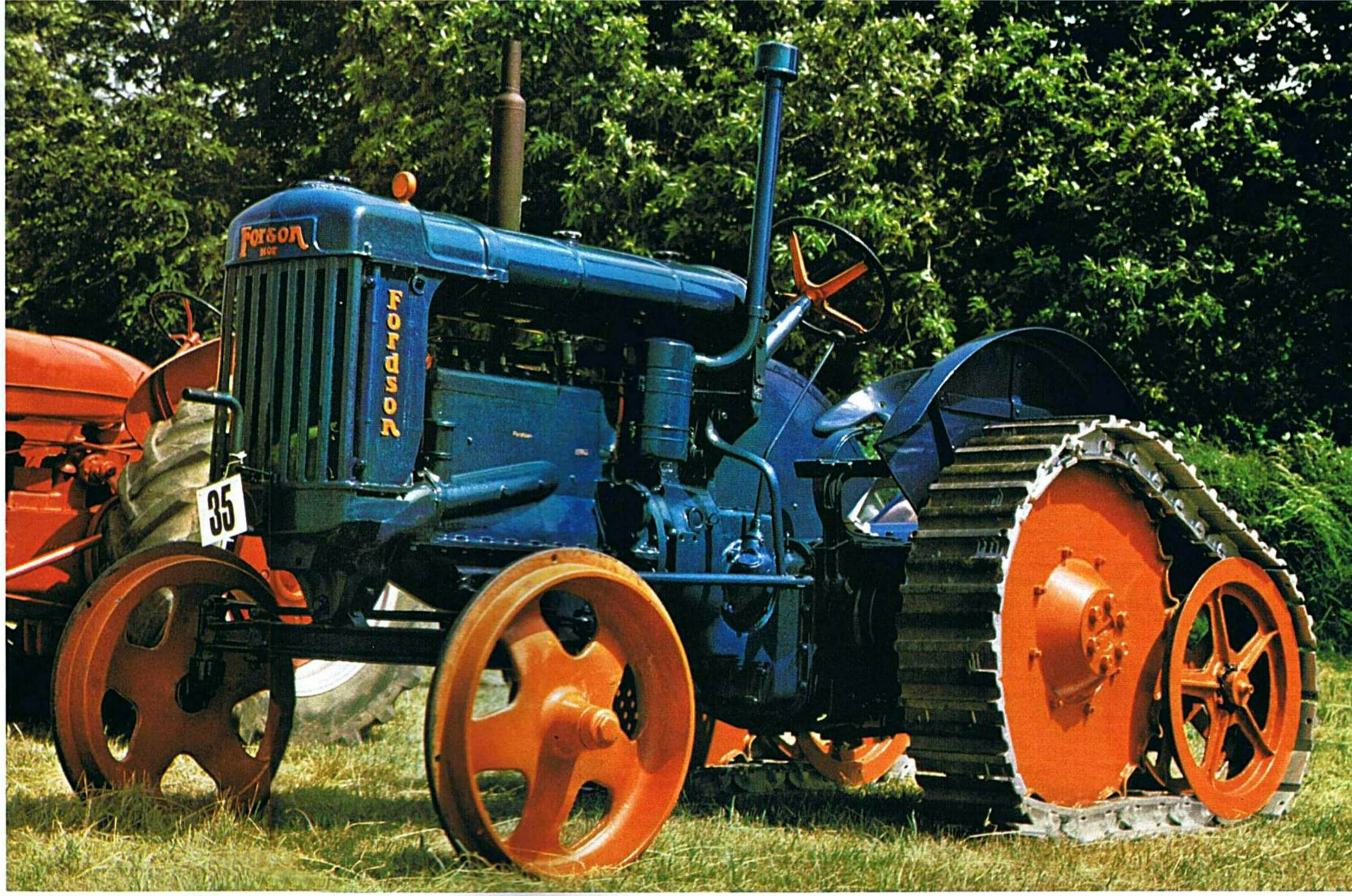


Main picture: a 1947 38 hp Marshall II diesel tractor. Produced between 1947 and 1949 it was equipped with steering brakes. Anti-clockwise: a 1940 Model A John Deere two furrow plough tractor. Below: a 1942 model of the American Allis-Chalmers B one plough tractor. First produced in 1938, it weighed less than 2000 lbs and was the world's first tractor with pneumatic tyres as standard. Right: a 1938 Ransomes MG 2 light crawler tractor, popular in smallholdings and market gardens. Next: a Cletrac diesel tractor. Most here pictured at the Yeovil Festival of Transport.





good condition could fetch £500. Ten years ago early World War One machines could be bought as scrap for £10 to £15; they would be worth at least £2000 now. And an Ivel tractor – one of Albone's originals, made between 1902 and 1916, of which only two are known to survive in this country – could demand a small fortune. But the financial aspect is not one that pleases the majority of enthusiasts. Men like Charles Cawood, national chairman of the National Vintage Tractor and Engine Club, fear that these inflated values will push out the enthusiast with limited means; the 2000-odd members of his club include truck drivers, fitters, farm workers and small shopkeepers, who maintain their vehicles by 'an old pal's act' of mutual self-help. 'They are,' he insists, 'the backbone of the vintage tractor movement. It would be disastrous if they were elbowed out.' A Yorkshire farmer himself, he has had a lifelong affection for the farm worker's mechanical mare. 'My pet was a Fordson E27N Major,' he says. 'It went for scrap ages ago but I can still remember the engine and the registration numbers!' You can obtain more information about the National Vintage Tractor and Engine Club from Arthur Battelle, national membership secretary, Brookbank, Ambaston nr Derby. Useful reading is Nick Baldwin's *An Old Motor Kaleidoscope of Farm Tractors* which is obtainable from Old Motor Magazine, 17 Air Street, London W1 (£5.50 post free).



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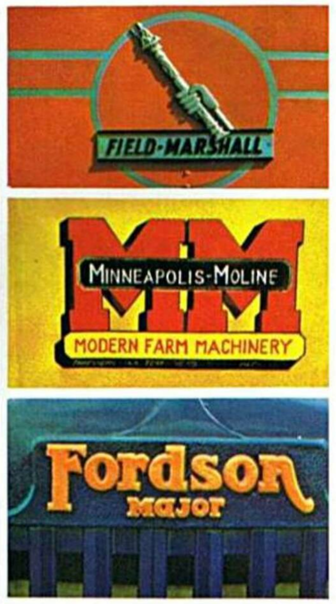
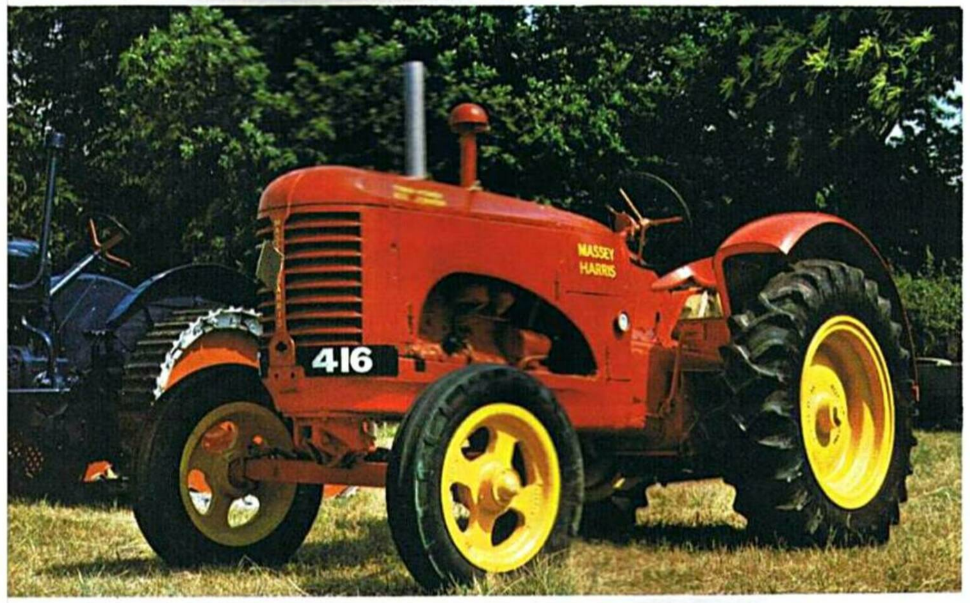
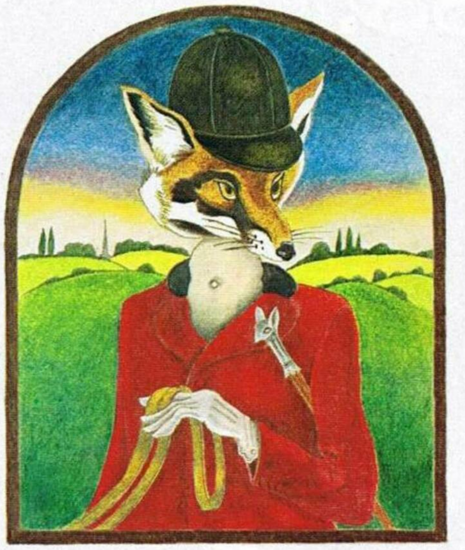




Main picture: a 1947 27 hp half-track Fordson Major. Produced between 1945 and 1952, it was also available in a full track type. Anti-clockwise: the American Minneapolis-Moline, one of the largest wheeled tractors in World War Two Britain. Below: a 1938 Ferguson-Brown. It was developed by Ulsterman Harry Ferguson who invented a system of maintaining the trailing farm implement at a constant depth. Below: a 1943 Fordson N or Standard tractor. Backbone of Britain's mechanised farming it was produced from 1929 to 1945. Right: top trademarks. Right: 1942 Massey-Harris.

Gentlemen, that reminds me...



A round-up of after-dinner jokes

Lady Penelope was standing stark naked before the bathroom mirror when her mother walked in. 'Look, Mummy, darling,' the girl exclaimed. 'Don't you think I have a really super cunny?'

'I do indeed,' answered the Duchess. 'But I would prefer, dear, for the sake of delicacy, that you would refer to it as your – hmmm – your torch-case. When your father and I go to bed, he simply inserts his electric battery into my torch-case.'

'And I presume,' said Lady Penelope, 'that every time he presses your little button your eyes light up. But I do like your euphemism, Mummy – it's frightfully amusing. And it is, too, I suppose, of great practical value.'

'Certainly, my love. It enables a woman to remember that, however pretty her torch-case, what ultimately matters is the quality of the battery that she puts into it.'

Lady Penelope was much impressed by this observation. During the next few months, accordingly, she tested out several batteries, with varying degrees of satisfaction. And then coming home late one night, she announced to her parents that she had just become engaged to the Earl of Hardonne.

'I'm perfectly delighted,' cried the Duchess. 'But are you sure? I mean have you tried his battery?'

'Oh yes, Mummy, many times. Mind you, it's not as large as Bertie Banger's – and it isn't quite as handsome as Reggie Ramhome's. But it has one quality that makes it the best on the market.'

'Oh,' queried the Duke, 'what is that, my love?'

'It's an Ever-Ready,' Lady Penelope sighed.

As the pert and pretty conductress approached a boy for his fare, the boy said 'Rule Fifteen', and made no attempt to pay.

Perplexed, the conductress went back downstairs to consult her rule book. 'Rule Fifteen', she muttered as she searched in vain. Whereupon the inspector asked what the trouble was. The conductress explained.

'No worries,' said the inspector, 'rule fifteen – if a passenger refuses to pay his fare, toss him off at the next stop.'

In the pouring rain the annual hunt was having a particularly miserable day, with not even the slightest trace of a fox. The huntsman was beside himself and as the afternoon wore on, decided at three o'clock to ride into Idol Wood and pray to the statue of the Bronze Age Goddess for a fox.

The Goddess opened one eye and said she would provide the fox if the huntsman made love to her.

'On no account,' said the huntsman, and rode off. However, by three-thirty he was desperate and sent the first whipper-in to pray to the Goddess.

Again the Goddess demanded that he make love to her and again the man refused, and returned empty-handed. This time the huntsman sent the second whipper-in. 'Go into Idol Wood,' he told the youngster, 'and ask the goddess for a fox,' believing that the randy boy would do almost anything. The lad returned a few minutes later and gave the huntsman the same story: he just couldn't make love to a stone goddess, not even for a fox to save the day. 'But,' said the lad, as an after-thought, 'why not ask the Master to go, he's always been an idol fucker!'

A survey was carried out to discover what percentage of the male population liked girls with fat thighs, and what percentage preferred girls with thin thighs. Three per cent preferred fat thighs, two per cent thin thighs, and ninety-five per cent said they preferred something in between.

After his monthly visit to the asylum the head of the local health authority found that someone had removed and thrown away all the nuts on one wheel of his car.

As he was trying to decide what to do, an inmate wandered over to him. 'No problem,' said the patient. 'Take off one nut from each of the other wheels and use them. That will get you to a garage at least.'

'Hey, that's a great idea,' the health authority man said. 'Look, you shouldn't be in here. What's your name? I'll try to get you out.'

After noting the name and doing what the inmate suggested, the inspector prepared to drive away. As he did so a brick hurtled through the back window. 'Oi,' the inmate called. 'You won't forget, will you?'

It was beginning to drizzle as the young man escorted his girlfriend back to her flat. As he was leaving, she told him that it would be better if he spent the night as he would get drenched if he walked home.

After much deliberation he said that he didn't mind walking back in the rain and left.

As the girl was climbing into bed she thought to herself: 'What a perfect gentleman he is – he has so much respect for my feelings that he wouldn't stay.'

And as the boy was walking home, with his coat collar turned up against the pelting rain, he was thinking to himself: 'If only I'd washed my bloody feet.'

A rather strange chap is young Danny.
He's fallen in love with his nanny,
And keeps in his pocket
A little gold locket
Containing some hairs from her fanny.

Share your after-dinner anecdotes. Send them to 'Jokes', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ. There are free subscriptions for readers whose jokes are selected. Due to the extremely high postal charges we no longer acknowledge receipt of jokes. Individual subscription winners are notified by letter as to when their subscription starts. In the event of duplication among those jokes submitted the Editor's decision on the awarding of a subscription is final.

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DOLOMIGHTY

The Triumph Dolomite Sprint, with its single overhead camshaft engine, has become a cult among today's performance-minded drivers

Motoring with William Boddy

In a quiet unobtrusive way the Triumph Dolomite Sprint is a car which has become a cult among those who require a compact, sporting saloon. Not a collectors' piece, yet, however, as it is still available from British Leyland for £4,898.

I find that most people when contemplating buying a new car, first discuss what their personal motoring requirements are and then scan the price-lists to see what they can afford. That sorted out it is time to consider the reputations of 'short-listed' cars: their reliability; immunity from rusting problems; the sort of service the dealers offer, or have a reputation for; and what sort of performance you can expect on the road.

In this context there is a growing cult for the refined, fast Triumph Dolomite Sprint. Perhaps this stems from the fact that outwardly the Sprint looks similar to the normal – you might say standard – Triumph Dolomite, which Leyland turns out, in times of no shut-downs or go-slows, for just over £4,000 apiece, for the de luxe 1850HL form. For the additional £878 which the Dolomite Sprint costs, you get an additional 15 mph in top speed and, more important to most drivers, impressive acceleration of 0-60 mph in about 8.7 seconds (three seconds faster than the 1850HL version), which is very useful as a safe-overtaking gambit, from a small 2-litre saloon car.

All this is done by giving the Sprint version of the Dolomite, a sixteen-valve, overhead camshaft cylinder head: it functions very nicely under the bonnet of a 1978 Dolomite Sprint but sounds very racy. Indeed, it was a single overhead camshaft, prodding four valves per cylinder, that was used in those angular, white, undeniably Teutonic Mercedes $4\frac{1}{2}$-litre four-cylinder racing cars which dominated the dramatic French Grand Prix at Lyons on the eve of the Great War. This, I might add to the disgust and disillusionment of the French motor-racing followers, who had pinned their patriotism on the great Georges Boillot, who was mounted on a blue Peugeot, a piece of racing perfection also with sixteen valves, four per pot, but operated by the complexity of *twin* overhead camshafts. This Peugeot formula was devised by Ernest Henry, and it had revolutionised International motor-racing – until this historic defeat by Mercedes.

This pattern of twin-overhead camshafts, usually very noisy and expensive to engineer, has remained the hall-mark of a racing car ever since. At first this valve gear, its efficiency overriding its several disadvantages, was employed in conjunction with multiple valves per cylinder, originally to ensure more durable valves at a time when these were frail factors in pre-1914 racing engines, later to give maximum gas-flow, with the lightest possible valves. At the re-birth of motor-racing after the Armistice of 1918, it was found more efficient to have two big valves per cylinder in a hemispherical combustion chamber or cylinder head, a chamber of this shape offering the minimum of heat loss to the cooling water surrounding it and allowing the best possible angle of the valve for optimum flow of new gas past the inlet valve, burnt gas past the exhaust valve.

Thus the one time side-by-side valve engine, with its tortuous gas passages up to, round, and over the upright valves has gone, in favour of engines with the valves in the cylinder head, either vertical or very slightly inclined. And all to improve gas-flow past the poppets! But it pays off, in terms of the performance you get when you put your foot down.

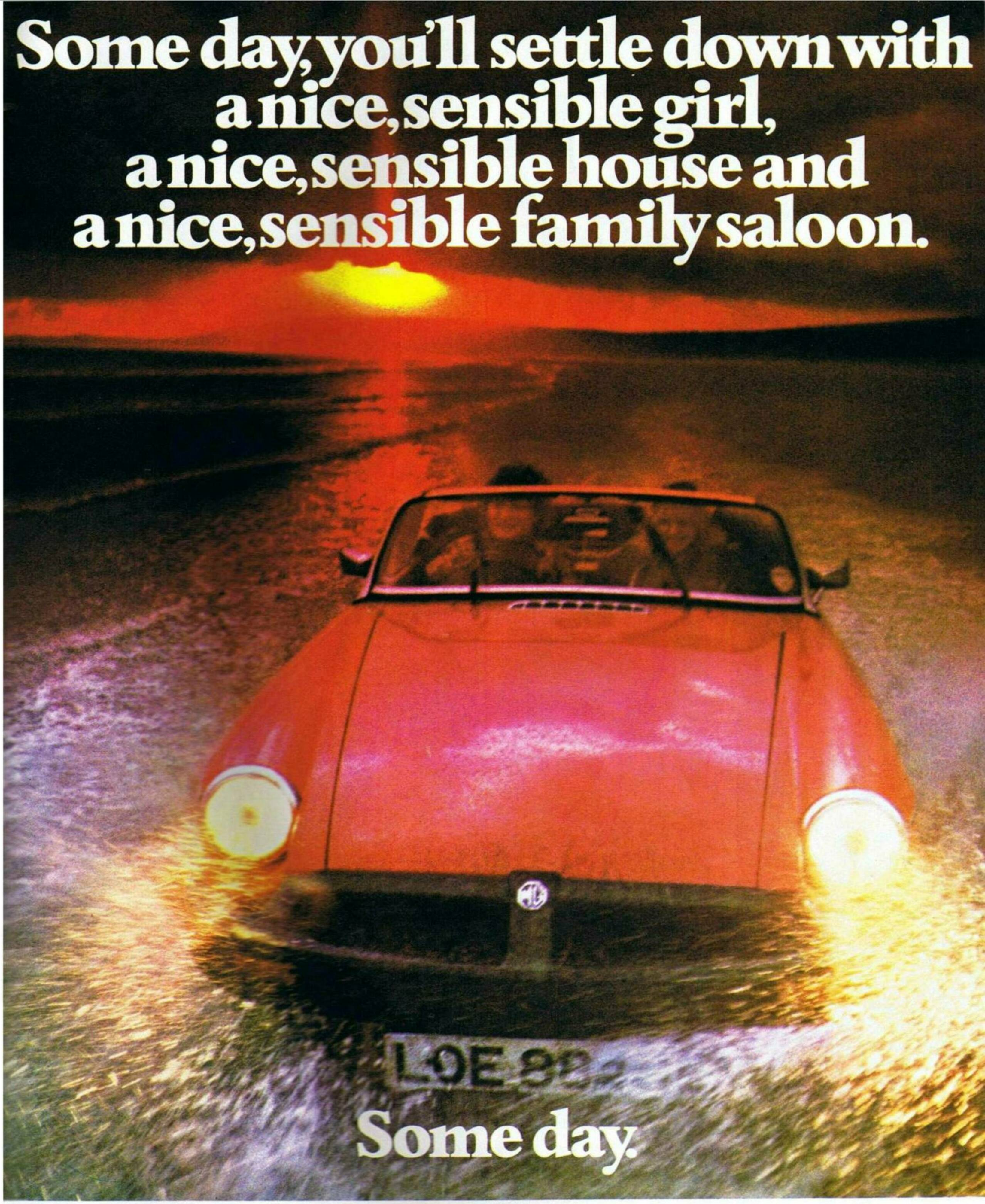
If these overhead valves are angled outwards in the hemispherical cylinder heads or combustion chambers, for maximum gas-intake and thermal efficiency, they need twin overhead camshafts to operate them, or else a number of heavy rockers extending from a single overhead camshaft. If, as I hope, you have followed this, or better, knew it already, I can go on to explain, or remind you, why the Triumph Dolomite Sprint is such an ingenious car. The race-bred twin cam engine has been used in production cars of the kind you can buy out of showrooms – for instance, in the Salmsons, the famous 3-litre Sunbeam, and a few other notables – but it was an engine expensive to make, costly to service, and generally noisy. Until, that is, Bill Haynes coupled up the great Jaguar twin-cam six-pot motors, which were as near as dammit mass-produced and which are quiet running and oil-leak proof. An important breakthrough! You may notice that I have not included the Bentley, doyen of sporting motor cars, among the illustrious twin cam jobs. It used sixteen valves in a four-cylinder engine, like the Triumph Dolomite Sprint, but these were actuated by a single overhead camshaft – as in the Sprint. . . The fact is that the clever Triumph design team go further still. Because where the old Bentley engines, and those Grand Prix racing Mercedes and others of 1914, had multiple rockers extending from the central camshaft, in the Sprint model of the popular Triumph Dolomite, the camshaft is placed directly over the line of inclined inlet valves and thus rockers are required only to work the inclined exhaust valves. This ingenuity reduces the cost of making the engine, as well as encompassing, the benefits of fewer moving parts. Thus mechanically this 16 valve Dolomite Sprint engine has much in its favour and from the gas flow factor it gives a very useful 36 extra horse-power, compared to the eight vertical ohv Dolomite. To be precise, the Sprint engine is a little bigger than the ordinary Dolomite, but only by a matter of 1,998 cc against 1,854 cc (those with less ambition to lead the traffic-lights Grand Prix can buy push-rod-ohv 1,296 cc or 1,493 cc Dolomites). To achieve its peak power output the Sprint runs 500 rpm faster, to 5,700, aided in this by its special valve gear. The 127 bhp Sprint engine has a light alloy head on an iron block, and a compression-ratio of 9.5 to 1, against the eight-valve 1.8-litre Dolomite's 9.0 to 1. Outwardly, this Sprint looks like a simple family saloon, eschewing all that go-faster embellishment which seems to drag the radar beams in one's direction.

I have driven several Dolomite Sprints and liked them very much. When the model was introduced in 1973 the then-Managing Director of Rover/Triumph said it was intended to lay the myth that Continental manufacturers had a virtual monopoly of fast, medium-sized cars. Trying one that year, I described it as a thoroughly likeable and unexpectedly fast compact saloon. It then cost £1,740. In 1974 I had a 'refresher course' on a Sprint, and was captivated by it during my 2,000 mile drive.

Even at the prevailing price of around £4,900, however, the Triumph Dolomite Sprint is an increasing, rather than a declining motoring cult. In this it maintains the Triumph tradition of having a sporting car fairly frequently in the range.

GUNFIGHTERS ☆ TRAINING ☆ SCHOOL
Leary

'One, two, three and kick the saloon doors open.'


Some day, you'll settle down with a nice, sensible girl, a nice, sensible house and a nice, sensible family saloon.
LOE 88
Some day.

Some day, the MGB's 1798cc engine with big twin SU HIFA carbs might not interest you anymore.
Nor the 0-60mph in 11.6 seconds, torque of 104lbs/ft at 2500rpm, 97bhp at 5000rpm, Rostyle wheels with 165SR-14 radial tyres and servo-assisted 10.75 inch front discs.

Even the independent suspension with anti-roll bars, 4-speed gearbox with overdrive, rack and pinion steering, full sports car instrumentation and interior equipment may leave you unmoved.
Some day, perhaps.
But surely, not yet.

MG B SPORTS
With Supercover

QUEST

The laboratory of human response
Volume Ten

When a person from one social sphere gains entry into another and has a gratifying sexual relationship, the benefits to both parties, in terms of performance, are often considerable. However, such mixed-background liaisons rarely run smoothly and are often short-lived. Quest continues its investigation into sexual snobbery.

INTRODUCTION

The desire to improve one's standing both professionally and socially can, although potentially rewarding, often lead to conflict in personal relationships. Whether such a relationship is on a physical or an intellectual level, when one party assumes a real, or even an imagined, position of superiority, problems can and almost inevitably do occur. Our interviews this month reflect the fact that social ambition, or even, as can be seen from one interview, purposeful lack of social ambition, can disrupt even the most harmonious and fulfilling relationship.

INTERVIEWS

(*In the interviews that follow, all names have been changed, since interviewees are guaranteed absolute anonymity. The places of origin, where stated, are not necessarily the places where the interviewees are now resident.*)

One **Publishing assistant, 24 years old, dark-haired, town of origin Dartmouth**

This interviewee, after taking a degree in English at an older university, had joined a small specialist publishing firm. She shared a mixed house with two others.

Quest: What determines whom you decide to go to bed with?

Assistant: Oh, mutual attraction. You can always feel it; even when you know you may never do it – perhaps because the person's already married or otherwise involved.

Quest: No other factors matter – for example, money, power or prestige?

Assistant: Money – no. Millionaires can be the most boring people in the world. All they know about is money. Power – I don't think so. If it was the power of life or death then I'd definitely consider it; but I can't see that happening in the Home Counties. As for prestige – If I'm totally honest I must admit it would be flattering to be the mistress or even wife of a great man; the inspiration of a famous novel or play. More realistically I have to be on the same wavelength as any man I'm involved with; he could be a dustman with a deep understanding of Keats, but it's just more likely that he'll have gone to university or done some kind of higher education.

Quest: Is that an invariable rule?

Assistant: Obviously you want to know about my working class phase.

Quest: That sounds fairly socially aware.

Assistant: I *was* joking. When I was at university some friends and I got to know some people from outside college. That was all. I was up north anyway, so I was fairly cut off from my normal social background.

Quest: And your northern friends were different?

Assistant: In terms of jobs, yes. There was a plumber, a painter – of canvases – a bookmaker, I think. And one teacher.

Quest: And you were involved with which?

Assistant: The painter – actually he was a postman when I knew him. But that was temporary. Usually he was on the dole.

Quest: How did you meet?

Assistant: At a folk club. It was in a room over a pub in a fairly rough area of the town, but close to where one of my student friends had digs.

Quest: What attracted you to him?

Assistant: I've really no idea. Tony was rude to start with; he aped our accents – we were all from down south, and some of my friends did sound a bit Roedean. And he was almost creatively ugly – terribly gaunt with hollow cheeks and a great slash of a mouth. I found him extraordinary to look at. He was older than the people he was with, too; probably in his forties. I never did find out. But of course my friends were terribly put out, and I was quite annoyed too. But I think he realised I'd noticed him and he kept on, but aiming his remarks more at me. And the thing was he was very witty, because we *did* stick out like sore thumbs, and it *was* a kind of slumming just being there. So in the end I laughed and they invited us all for a drink afterwards. I'm sure the others didn't want to come, but they did. That was how it started.

Quest: How did you come to see his paintings?

Assistant: It was my own idea. I was always on at him to show me, and he always pooh-poohed it. I wasn't sure if it was because he didn't take me seriously or he was simply no good. But I knew he'd been in a regional exhibition so he'd done at least a couple of good pictures. Then one night at the pub he said, 'Fine, we'll go at closing time.' And it was only when we all got up to leave that I realised we would be alone. Sandy, one of the girls, wanted to rush off with her plumber. And the other girl hadn't turned up. So I found myself walking through the streets with Tony. His flat brought me down to earth with a bump; it was in a decaying building, horrible smells on the stairs, radios blaring away. He lived at the top – like every true artist – in a great barn of a room with a couple of gable windows and a great sprawling divan cum bed. There were canvases everywhere – it certainly looked terribly genuine. And he had one beautiful picture on an easel, half-done. It was a nude, of a really striking-looking girl. Very young, slightly Asian, I think, with a lovely figure. I've always had a weight problem, so I think she made me jealous. I asked Tony if she was real. He was bumbling about in the corner making coffee. He said, 'Oh yes. Done from memory. She used to live here.' So I asked where she was now, and he said, 'The Smoke somewhere. I had a letter the other day.' And he tossed this crumpled note over to the divan where I was sitting. I was expecting a postcard or a cheery hello, so I unfolded it and the first line read, 'My darling, darling, I miss you so much, I want your hot, fat thing in me at night to make me happy again.' – I'm paraphrasing, but that was the gist of it. I dropped it like a hot brick. I said, 'I think this is personal.' Very prim and proper. Tony just came and sat down next to me and said, 'It was sent to me so it's mine now. I can show it to who I like.'

Quest: How did you react to that?

Assistant: All sorts of ways, I think. For a start it was so obvious Tony and this girl had been having a pretty heavy fling, and that made me sexually conscious of him in a way I hadn't been before. I felt more interested but more vulnerable as a result. And I had the feeling he was setting me up somehow. So I changed the subject and asked about his other paintings. And immediately he got out some – mostly landscapes – and was perfectly normal. Which made me feel better. He was in fact quite good; he certainly worked at what he was doing. Then we just talked. He found a bottle of wine and we started on it. I really enjoyed myself.

Quest: He didn't attempt any kind of pass?

Assistant: None at all. In a way I can say it was my own fault. I know it wasn't, not entirely. But I suggested, half jokingly, that he could paint me. So immediately he said, 'Stand up!' Very bluff. So I did, and found I'd had quite a bit more wine than I'd realised, because I'd drunk a fair amount in the pub. Then he gave me this piercing look and took hold of my shoulders and turned me round; I was practically staggering, catching against him to stop falling over because he was quite firm, though not rough. Then he said, 'You're face is bright enough, nice cheek bones, and you've got nice legs. But I'm not sure about the rest of your figure.'

Quest: What were you wearing then?

Assistant: Oh just a blouse and a very loose granny dress, a very summery thing; it was the summer term. And a shawl, but I'd dropped that somewhere. But then Tony reached up and began unbuttoning my blouse. So I said, 'Hey, what are you up to?' And he said, 'Don't be stupid. If you're going to wrap yourself up like a mummy how can I see what you look like.' And he went right on. And I thought, 'This isn't right.' So I tried to push his hand away and he smacked me! He was very aggrieved. 'You're not a blushing sixteen-year-old,' he said. 'I've painted nudes before, you know. I'm not going to go berserk at the sight of a couple of bare titties.' He made me feel ridiculous and pathetic. I mean, I had asked *him* to consider me.

Quest: Did you find the situation erotic?

Assistant: Well, yes. I could feel my nipples rising. That could have been cold, but I knew it wasn't. And then Tony came forward and snapped, 'You don't want that thing in the way.' And yanked my bra up; it just slipped off my boobs, and I clutched my hands to them automatically. He got even more annoyed. He said, 'Don't be so bloody silly. This was your idea, wasn't it?' So I went bright red, and said, 'Well, yes, I'm sorry.' He said, 'That's better,' and I ducked my head while he pulled the bra over my head. Then, very self-consciously, I brought my hands down. Tony said, 'Look at them, they're fantastic. If you'd been wearing half an inch of padding I could see the fuss – ' Which made me feel better. Then he jumped away and snatched up a sketch pad and some charcoal and told me to sit down on the divan. And he started sketching.

Quest: Did you enjoy that?

Assistant: I was flattered, obviously – I'd never even considered anything like that before, let alone done it. I hovered between up getting married. Not that there's any chance of that any more.

Quest: Why is that?

Draughtsman: Well she changed so drastically. As I said, we were at school together; we lived just a couple of streets away from each other. It was all great, but she changed drastically when she left home.

Quest: In what way?

Draughtsman: She became a real snob. I can't think of any other way to describe it. The silly thing was that we were both from exactly the same middle class background. There's nothing wrong with that, is there? I mean class means absolutely nothing to me. I'm not overly impressed by great wealth or material things: I just set my own standards and try to live by them. Angela's different though. She's very influenced by money. When we left school, her parents paid for her to go through this executive secretarial course after which she got a job as secretary to some high-powered executive. It was a different world for her, I suppose, but she used to do nothing but talk about it. Then she got another job with the boss of some big outfit and that was really the end.

Quest: Why? Did he seduce her?

Draughtsman: No. I don't think he thought of Angela as a sex-object. He's one of these socialite types you see in the gossip columns every now and then. He's got this gorgeous wife and even though Angela's very pretty she couldn't hold a candle to this other woman.

Quest: So how did your relationship with Angela suffer?

Draughtsman: During the course of her work she'd do quite a bit of travelling with her boss as a member of his entourage and they always stayed at the best hotels, ate at the best restaurants, travelled first class – you know, the whole works. I couldn't compete, could I? I mean there was I taking home not much more than £40 a week which, by the time I'd given my parents some, paid the instalment on my car and bought the normal odds and sods you do buy it didn't leave much for exotic evening outs.

Quest: Was your relationship with Angela a sexual one?

Draughtsman: Yes, until she changed. We started when she was sixteen and I had to go through tortures in chemists buying contraceptives. Then when she was eighteen she went on the Pill. We had a great sex-life actually. We were both virgins and we sort of got more experienced together. You talked about it being restricting to live at home. (Laughs). You should have seen us! We became experts at furtive sex. You've had a *Quest* survey about that, haven't you? You should have talked to us. We could have told you a thing or two.

Quest: I'm sure. Presumably though you never had the opportunity to actually go to bed together.

Draughtsman: That's unfortunately true.

Quest: So where did you have sex?

Draughtsman: Everywhere *but* bed.

Quest: Was Angela a willing partner?

Draughtsman: I should say so. She was more often than not the instigator. I'd be the one that got cold feet and would be afraid of getting caught while she was the one who'd go out without knickers so as to make things easier. She used to like it best if there was some slight risk element attached. That really got her turned on. We both enjoyed the sex. I mean she didn't have to rape me or anything like that. It's just that I'd have preferred more normal surroundings.

Quest: You said that at this period in time you never had the chance to, as you put it, have sex in 'normal' surroundings. Did this situation change after she left home?

Draughtsman: Yes. When she got her first job. We were still pretty close at the time. She left home and got this flat up in town that she shared with a couple of other girls. I could hardly believe it when I first set eyes on it. It was fantastic. Like a film set. Then I realised of course that all three girls, even Angela on her first job, were earning really good salaries so they could easily afford it. It made me feel a bit sick to tell you the truth as I was still at college and though my parents supplemented my grant I was more or less your archetypal penniless student. They had a dinner party one night soon after Angela had moved in. There were eight of us there altogether. The two other girls and their boyfriends, Angela and myself and a friend of one of the other girls and her husband.

Quest: What happened?

Draughtsman: I felt totally out of place. They were very nice to me, but I just felt out of my depth. The strange thing was that Angela seemed totally at home in these surroundings. The conversation was all about their mutual friends – people I'd never heard of – plus all the odd bits of gossip that circulate on these occasions. I didn't have anything to contribute to the situation so I just shut up. As I said, the others were nice and did their best to include me in their conversation, but Angela was the one who was snotty. At one stage when one of the men was talking about some incredibly expensive work he'd just had carried out on his car. I said something along the lines of it seeming rather an extravagance. Angela turned to me and snapped: 'You can't possibly understand, you're from a totally different world.'

Quest: It doesn't sound the most auspicious of occasions from your viewpoint.

Draughtsman: It wasn't and that comment of hers made me steaming mad, I can tell you. When everybody had gone, I had a real go at her, called her a stuck-up bitch with high-and-mighty ideas. She just stood there acting cool as you like which got me even more annoyed. In the end, she just turned her back on me and walked into her bedroom. I asked her what the hell she thought she was doing and she replied that as far as she was concerned the evening was over; she was going to bed and I could go home. I grabbed hold of her arm and pulled her round. She asked me what I thought I was doing and I told her there was one way in which I was every bit as good as her precious friends and that was in bed. Before she could say anything, I pushed her back down on the bed and held her there. With one hand I rucked up her skirt while with the other I kept her as still as I could. She was thrashing about and calling me all the names under the sun but that only made me all the more determined to have her. She wasn't wearing tights or anything and I got her knickers down quite easily. I managed to ease my trousers down slightly and force her legs open. I slid in without any difficulty. I was surprised to find she was quite wet. She wasn't struggling so much by now but I can't honestly say whether she was actively co-operating. I was too bound up in my own sex drive. Looking back, it was fantastically erotic. Her lying there naked from the waist down. She's got nice legs you see and a very tidy pubic mound. Not some great hairy mass, but a small furry pussy, if you get what I mean. It was very sexy. I came pretty quickly in fact. I was thrusting into her so hard that I couldn't have held my climax back even if I'd wanted to. After I'd come though I felt bad about it all, you know forcing her almost to have sex. We lay there for a minute with me still inside her then she pushed me off and said 'God, you're so basic. No finesse at all.' I just got up and left.

Quest: From what you said earlier, I gather there was one more sexual encounter between yourself and Angela.

Draughtsman: That's correct. The one that went wrong. After that night at the dinner party, I didn't see Angela for quite a while, then on the times we did meet, we were very cool towards each other. Then about a year ago, we met up at a party. We'd both had quite a bit to drink I suppose and we got talking. The conversation became quite randy and we both realised we were feeling horny for each other. For old time's sake I suppose. She, ever the one to take the lead, suggested that we find somewhere quiet and that's when I asked Ray, who was at the party, if I could borrow his place. I didn't fancy the back of a car and I couldn't take her back home. Ray gave me his key and we zoomed off to his place. We'd hardly got the key in the door when she was all over me, practically ripping my shirt buttons off. We got out of our clothes and jumped onto the bed. It was great, just like in the very beginning. Angela's very good at, you know, sucking cocks. She can make you last for ever. Something to do with some pressure point somewhere. She'd get my knob in her mouth and sort of swirl her tongue round it while her hand worked up and down the shaft. It was magic.

Quest: Go on.

Draughtsman: While she was doing this, I managed to twist myself round underneath her and return the favour, so to speak. I told you she's got this fabulous mound. It tasted so sweet with her own wetness. We brought ourselves practically to the limit like this, but I wanted to screw her, to feel my prick inside her. I got her to guide it in for me, feeling every inch of her as I went inside. She was clawing at my back as she came and grinding her hips against me, making me pump into her.

Quest: That all sounds pretty good to me.

I thought you said that the evening was a failure.

Draughtsman: Hold on, I haven't finished yet. When we'd had sex we fell asleep. It was on the following morning that things went wrong. I woke up before her and my mind immediately turned to continuing where we'd left off the night before. When she woke and glanced around the room though, she went bananas. I told you Ray isn't exactly the cleanest or tidiest person in the world and his room bore witness to this. Lived-in is about the kindest thing you can say about it. Angela went very sniffy, criticising the flat and the furnishings. I got mad and said I supposed she'd prefer furs and silk sheets and she said I was damn right and in future that's what she was going to have. She threw her clothes on and was away.

Quest: You've seen her since?

Draughtsman: From time to time whenever she visits her parents, but she's got some hooray Henry in tow now.

Quest: One final point. You accuse Angela of becoming something of a social-climbing snob, yet can you be sure that this judgment is not influenced perhaps by your jealousy of her success or even some feeling of inadequacy that you weren't able to provide her with the lifestyle to which she aspired?

Draughtsman: No, absolutely not. I was pleased for her success, but if money and position became all that she was interested in, she could count me out.

Quest: Thanks.

Three **Girl Friday, 18 years old, brunette, single, town of origin Croydon.**

This interviewee, an extremely attractive girl, left school when she was sixteen to attend secretarial school. She completed two weeks before becoming bored. She now works for a small firm of accountants as a general office helper.

Quest: Would you consider yourself a social climber?

Girl Friday: Never. I know what you're thinking, but it's not true. I don't believe in that crap.

Quest: But you do have many friends from outside your own social circle?

Girl Friday: Only the ones I've met through my jobs.

Quest: Have they been above your social standing?

Girl Friday: You make me sound like some inferior being. I'm not. I don't believe there's a class system – not anymore. It's money these days. And moneywise I'm probably better off than many of the boys I've been with.

Quest: What do you mean?

Girl Friday: Just what I said. I might not have the education. I hated school – couldn't wait to get out of it. But when I was sixteen, my Dad won a little something on the Pools. Not a huge sum – about twenty-four thousand, and he put ten thousand of that in a fund for me. I don't get it till I'm twenty-one. But how many of the chaps I've been out with – even the posh ones – have got a bank account with that much in it? Eh? Answer me that.

Quest: Has your family's life-style changed any in those two years?

Girl Friday: I want it to – but it hasn't changed in reality. The family still lives in the same old house; Dad still drives the same old car. I just don't know what he and Mum have done with the rest of it. They blue some on a spend-up holiday in Majorca – first time they'd been overseas – but that was that.

Quest: And you resent that?

Girl Friday: I wouldn't go that far, but there's nothing wrong with having nice things. At least get out of that crummy area, like I did.

Quest: Do you visit home very often?

Girl Friday: We keep in touch and I go home once a month, I suppose. I'm too busy to get home more often.

Quest: Because of men friends?

Girl Friday: Not *men* friends like *that!* I'm not on the game or anything.

Quest: But you have widened your circle of friends since you moved from home?

Girl Friday: Only through circumstances.

Quest: Explain that, please.

Girl Friday: Well, there are some dishy men at the office, well off, too!

Quest: How many have you been to bed with?

Girl Friday: You really are trying to make me out to be a cow, aren't you? I've only had sex with one, if you must know – but what's wrong with that, after all, I'm only eighteen and I want to live a little. Anyway, the men at work are so different from the other boys I've been with.

Quest: Before you left home how many boys had you had sex with?

Girl Friday: Only two. They were real creeps – pimply-faced, snotty-nosed types – I went to school with. No style. One didn't even take me out, just screwed me on the floor of my bedroom while Mum and Dad were out. It was my first time. He just tore at my clothes.

Quest: Didn't you egg him on?

Girl Firday: We were having a bit of fun, you know, rolling around, trying to pin each other to the floor. It got a bit out of hand, that's all and he wanted to make love – said he was all worked up. I told him no – I didn't do things like that then: I'd only play with boys until they spurted. I used to think how funny it was to have such control over them.

Quest: What was the other time?

Girl Friday: Wasn't anything really. I went out with this bloke a couple of times and we got pissed one Saturday night and as he walked me home he took me into this derelict house at the bottom of our road and fucked me standing up. I didn't know it could be done like that. It was awful – he kept slipping out, and trying to get back in; he accidentally put his penis to my – you know – the back way. He just screwed and that was all . . . I like having my tits licked, but he was just interested in himself.

Quest: And things changed when you started work with your present employers?

Girl Friday: Yeah. It was quite a jump. I was so bored at secretarial college – I mean can you imagine it, taking dictation and typing all day. I decided that's not for me. So I came to this place where I work now. I

QUEST

why you can't do without it

Quest represents an invaluable insight into female sexuality. Past surveys have covered a wide variety of subjects under this heading, a choice of which is still available in back numbers.

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Further back numbers, page 26

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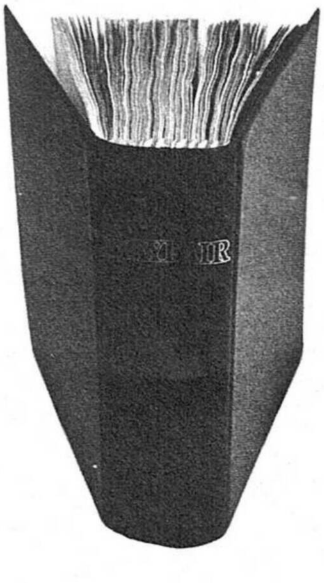

Do you have trouble keeping your *Mayfairs* together? They've been getting bigger, regularly stocked with more pages – all part of our policy of giving readers value for money. But that causes a bit of a problem when it comes to squeezing a whole year's *Mayfairs* into a single binder. Problem solved, courtesy of our new binder, guaranteed to take a full 12 issues. Covered in elegant dark green PVC with a golden *Mayfair* logo on the spine, it makes a distinguished addition to any study bookshelf. Its exclusive binding system makes insertion quicker and easier than ever before. And each binder costs only £2.90, inclusive of post & packing.

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know it's not much chop – but at least there are some dishy men. The job's only like an office junior – the pay's ludicrous, but . . .

Quest: You've got a goldmine in fellows?

Girl Friday: They really seem to appreciate me for what I am.

Quest: And what are you?

Girl Friday: Don't be so aggressive. But seeing you asked – I'm sexy in bed, or at least my blokes think I am. I really do give my all to whoever I'm with.

Quest: Is there anything more than sex in these relationships?

Girl Friday: I know what you're trying to say – that I'm a gold-digger. I don't think that I ever doubted that. I don't do it deliberately – I mean it wasn't my intention to set out to be like that, but I learned very early on that men just think of you as a sex object, not a real person. And, as I like screwing – what's wrong? I don't see anything wrong going to bed with guys.

Quest: So sex is a means to an end for you?

Girl Friday: No, there you go again – sex really doesn't matter that much to me – I mean the morals of it.

Quest: Do you keep in touch with schoolfriends? Girlfriends in particular.

Girl Friday: Oh sure, I see them occasionally and think 'Oh my God, you've stayed in the same old boring town and are doing mindless boring jobs and going out with creeps – no-money clerks, dustmen, labourers.' In truth, I'm more in demand with my former school friends than at work. They all want to know what I've been up to: who I'm going out with. I must admit that it gives me a thrill telling them.

Quest: What?

Girl Friday: About Roger and the others.

Quest: Roger?

Girl Friday: Roger's an assistant accountant or something – his father owns the firm. All right for some, eh?

Quest: But is your relationship with this Roger serious?

Girl Friday: Not really. Not like that. At least not on his part: perhaps not on mine. Look, I can recognise that we're from different backgrounds and that means a hell of a lot. I feel lost sometimes when he's talking politics or about some author I've never ever heard of. You seem to be getting along hunky dory and all of a sudden something like that comes up and you realise how damn ignorant you are, and there's nothing you can do about it. 'Cept perhaps to go back to school – at night: and that's just too boring to be true. No, I can't see it somehow.

Quest: What do you believe attracted Roger to you in the first place?

Girl Friday: I suppose it's because I'm pretty.

Quest: Tell me, how did you meet?

Girl Friday: One of the girls was leaving to have a baby and we all went down the pub for a few drinks at lunchtime. Roger and I just got talking, the conversation got a bit randy, and it finished by him asking me out on the way back to the office. I couldn't believe it. He could have any girl he wanted. An accountant, with a salmon pink Jag – one of those sporty ones with a telephone in it: any girl would go overboard for that.

Quest: How did the relationship develop?

Girl Friday: We went out to the theatre – saw a boring old play with that Australian chap, Keith Michel, or something. He wanted to see it because it was part of a revival of Bernard Shaw. It was so awful – all about this king who wanted to unite again with America. I nearly fell asleep it was so dreary, and then we went for a meal and back to his place. The meal and that was terrific and afterwards was too.

Quest: The sex?

Girl Friday: He told me he thought I was a right little goer and that he wanted to screw me rotten.

Quest: And did he?

Girl Friday: Roger drove me home, but it wasn't my home we finished up at – it was his place. I asked him to take *me* home and all he said was 'later.'

Quest: So you made love?

Girl Friday: Of course we did. No sooner had we got inside than he was kissing me and his hands were all over me and we were sliding to the floor; next there was this frantic fumbling for buttons and zips and he had two fingers working on me down there. Roger made me realise that I had breasts.

Quest: What?

Girl Friday: The other boys would squeeze them sure, but Roger knew how to use them to bring me to a peak. He really went to work on them with his tongue, cupping them ever so gently and working away, licking, nipping – I never realised just how sensitive I was there. He got me so worked up that I just had to feel him and so I went into his briefs and dragged him out. And then I did something I'd never done.

Quest: Which was?

Girl Friday: He was so stiff and round and was throbbing in my hand that I just had to put it to my lips and kiss it, holding it in both hands and running my tongue up and down its length. My God it was lovely. It felt so unreal – I'd never been so excited ever, and Roger was worse, begging me to let him fuck me. We did it three times.

Quest: Do you still see Roger?

Girl Friday: I've met someone else now – though we haven't been out, let alone to bed.

Quest: Relationships are that transitory for you?

Girl Friday: If that means I get around – sure, as I said before, there's plenty of time for settling down to become some bored old housewife. But I'm going to try everything to make sure that doesn't happen to me.

Quest: From our talk I'd say you were very mixed up – and don't know exactly what you want in the end.

Girl Friday: You are probably right, but I still don't consider myself a sexual snob.

Quest: Or a social climber?

Girl Friday: Only in that I want nice things – it's not in any desire to improve my social class because I don't believe there is a class system anymore – not as it used to be, say a hundred years ago. But improving my lot, is what it's about.

Quest: Thank you.

LETTERS

You are invited to add to the controversy and anecdote of Mayfair. *Letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, but if requested this will be reduced to initials and town of origin. All letters will be acknowledged, in a plain envelope, to the address given. Unsigned letters will be discarded.*

Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.

Over the past few months I have been tickled pink by your graffiti letters. May I offer a few snippets from halfway down the Grand Canyon (I am referring to the one in Arizona, USA, lest any of your readers want to know who is this strangely tattooed woman) which I recorded a few years ago – as will be apparent from the subject matter:

Here I sit broken hearted
Came to crap but only farted.

And,

Jack is nimble,
Jack is Quick,
But Jill prefers the candlestick.

And on more political subjects:

If you voted for Nixon in '72, you can't shit here – your asshole is in Washington.

And,

The FBI was too small for J Edgar Hoover so he's gone to take over from God.

I hope you are collecting all these gems for future publication.

A Hurden, Malmesbury, Wilts

Following your recent spate of correspondence regarding graffiti, I wonder how many Bristol university students remember the two men's cubicles in the Engineering Department which were used as the battleground for the National Front versus the reds and were, as a result, literally covered with some very witty comments? Covered that is, apart from half of one wall which was tiled and was consequently wiped clean after each attempt. Then, one glorious day, appeared the following: *Somebody's just invented a pen that writes on tiles, yipee!* – right across the wall in three inch letters.

During recent travels the following gems have also come to light.

In an Oxford pub: *Life is like a crap sandwich. The more bread you've got, the less shit you eat.*

And the following in a local Camra pub: *Hook Norton Ale reaches the parts Heineken daren't mention.*

P Magor, Hereford

I respond to your request for more examples of graffiti. Here are some that have struck me as funny.

In the gents of a seedy pub off Soho Square: *I was a necrophiliac until some rotten cunt split on me.*

In the second floor loo of a firm in Regent Street: *Working for H******** is like making love to a hedgehog – just one prick against a thousand.*

And finally, for aviation enthusiasts, at Gatwick Airport: *A Britannia is better than a Trident, because four screws always beats three blow-jobs.*

G MacK, Reigate, Surrey

I recently purchased a graffiti poster by mail order and thought some of the efforts contained thereon worthy of mention in *Mayfair*.

My favourites are: *The seven dwarves were in bed feeling Happy – then Happy got out and they all felt Grumpy; If God had not intended us to write on walls – he wouldn't have set the example.*

And another favourite: *Texans are living proof that Indians mated with buffalo.*

And finally, one for Scottish fans: *Jesus saves!* And written underneath, *But Dalglish scores off the rebound.*

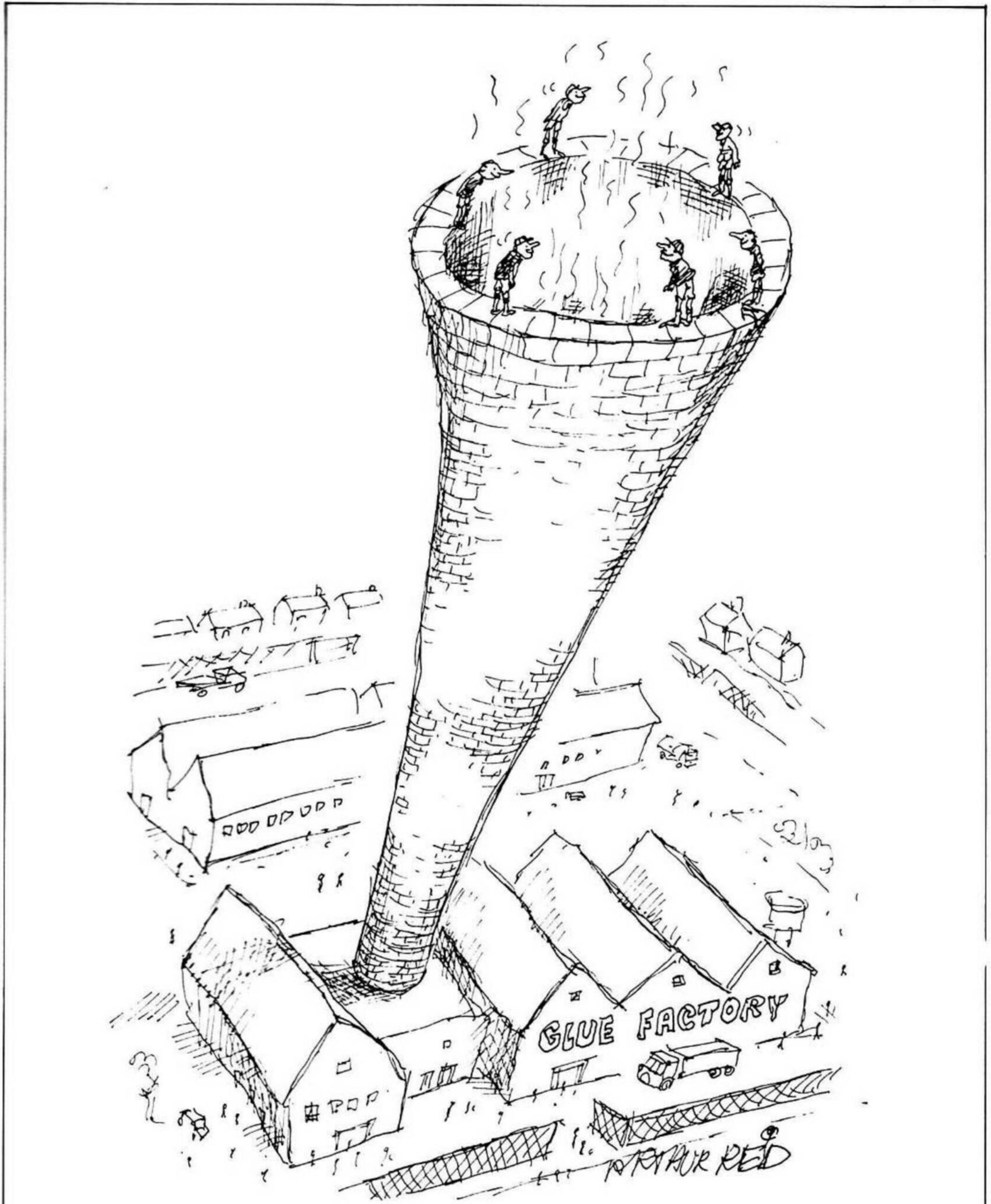
If anyone is interested the poster came from Pioneer Design, Rue du Felconte, St Peter's, Guernsey, and it cost £1.14 including postage.

C C, Camberley, Surrey

If I'm not too late to enter your great graffiti debate, how about these two examples taken from the Gents in *The Yorkshire Grey* in London's Gray's Inn Road:

Captain's Log, Stardate 23

turn to page 12



LETTERS

continued from page 10

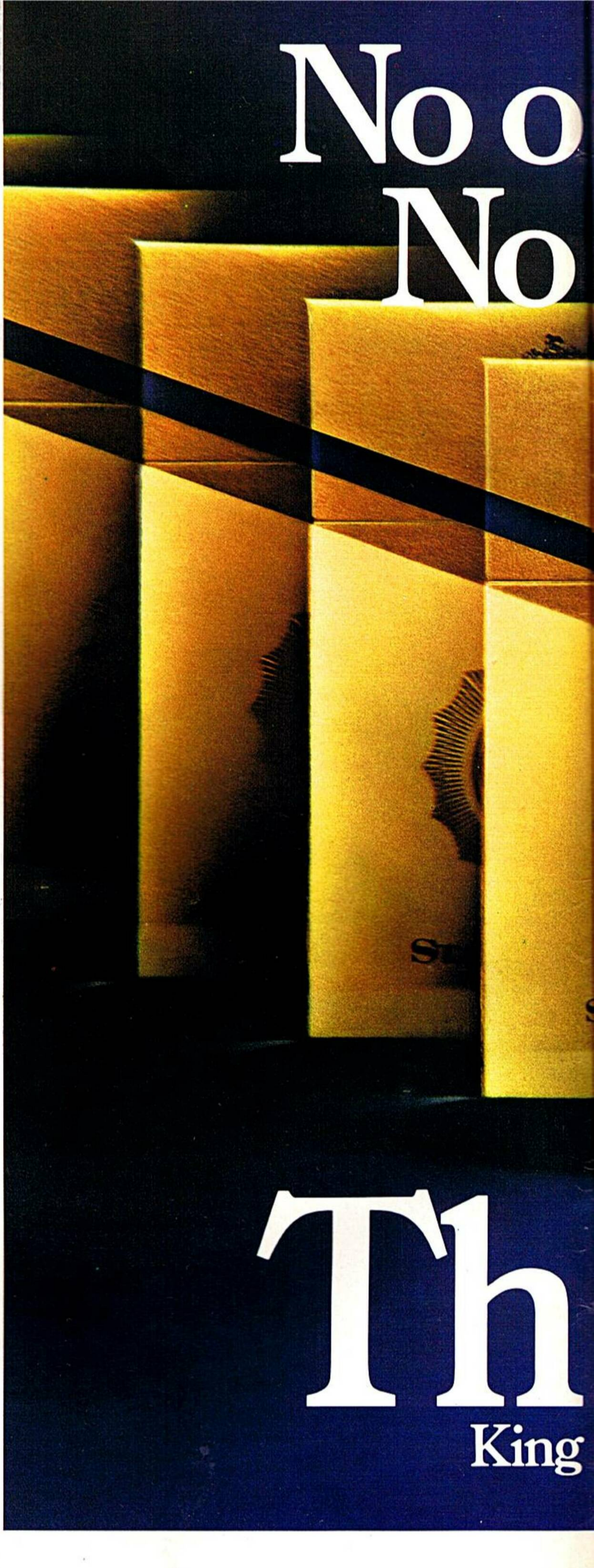
05. 782/1. Beamed down for a crap – James T Kirk. Or how about this twist to a golden oldie:
Beneath the old favourite *I like sadism, bestiality and necrophilia – Am I flogging a dead horse?* Some cynic had added:
No, only a very old joke.
P Roberts, WC2.

In answer to the plea of D C of Wales (Vol 13 no 6) for something to make his wife's pussy taste nicer, has he ever tried lollipops?
Yes, the kind we used to suck as kids. I know it's not quite Sunday lunch but it does give a nice fruity flavour.
I'm a girl and very often if I'm feeling randy and frustrated I take a lollipop from my collection and work myself to an orgasm with it.
Sitting in front of a mirror I watch the coloured liquid run down the lollipop and catch it with eager fingers which I then put to my mouth. It's so delicious.
Ms K P, Richmond, Surrey

There appears to be a battle Royal going on in your columns over whether women should participate in Sealed Knot musters.
To begin with, I am not writing on behalf of the Sealed Knot, but as a member of an independent offshoot from it. Mistress O'Connor (Vol 13 No 2) and Master Whitday (Vol 13 No 4) seem to forget that the Roundhead Association (within which I serve as an artillery officer) and the King's Army also continue the struggle between King and Parliament. I won't dwell on the pointless rivalry between the societies, as we both entertain the public well in our different ways, but we do not appreciate being totally ignored.
I must take up some of the points your correspondents have made. I too disapprove of ladies fighting in the ranks, not because it is unfeminine, but for their own safety. However, I am usually overruled, and we generally have female gunners working on our cannon. While Prince Rupert was undoubtedly a highly romantic figure, he was, nevertheless, a foreigner and, as such, was resented by both sides. Also, he had almost no control over his men after their first, admittedly unstoppable, charge. You may also be surprised to know that remarkably few Roundheads were actually strict Puritans and if the godly should refrain from reading *Mayfair,* should not also Royalist ladies?
Before Mistress O'Connor declares war on me as well, I should point out that I also disagree with Master Whitday's remarks about Amazons and am relieved to learn that Miss O'Connor does not subscribe to their customs.
I'm not too keen on Sealed Knot Dragoons either. I'm afraid that dear old Satan is not likely to fly away with us though – he has disowned the Armies of Parliament, especially the Artillery, as our cause is just. I look forward to meeting Mistress O'Connor on the field of honour one day soon.
For God and Parliament.
S P F, London W5

My brother and I worship *Mayfair,* but after reading James Foreman's letter in Vol 13 No 7 I would like to reply about the pros and cons of brunettes and blondes. Mr Foreman dislikes the black bushes on dark-haired girls. I take the opposite view: brunettes have beautiful black fannies and blondes are utterly 'cheapo'.
I am a man of thirty-four, stand six feet two and a half and weigh fourteen stone; I have a nine inch penis but I would never use it on a blonde. My first wife, who died five years ago, was a green-eyed brunette. My present wife is a grey-eyed brunette. Now to the point. I am fair-haired and blue-eyed and am a firm believer that opposites attract. In Knutsford, Cheshire, where I was born, most people are blonde or mousy-haired. In 1964 a census was taken by students with regards to sex-appeal and natural-selection: seven out of ten males said they found brunettes much sexier than blondes. I have lived in West Germany (Hamburg) and Holland (Rotterdam) and the men in these cities go for dark-haired girls also. I believe I can say that the same must be true for Lancashire and West Yorkshire.
The real vamps, like Liz

turn to page 14



H.M. Government Health Departments'

LETTERS

continued from page 13

Taylor 'La Lollo', Joan Collins and Jane Russell are all brunettes. Blondes are mostly the girl-next-door types....

I think it true to say that negroes like blondes best: In Leeds, Bradford, Birmingham and Leicester you can see hundreds of good-looking blondes, and the black lads are fucking them legless. Good luck to 'em. Most Anglo-Saxon men I'm sure prefer brunettes.

Robert Croft, Seaton, Yorks

I recently met an ex-pupil of mine, who is now an attractive young girl of seventeen. After talking to her for a short time, I became a little concerned for her welfare due to the level of naivety that she displayed with regards to men. For she said she had been going out with older men with 'big cars' since she was sixteen, but sighed 'they were only after one thing'.

Apprehensively I asked what she said to them. She replied: 'I told 'em to stuff it'.

J B, Sheffield

I'd like to explain my particular taste in women. On a slim girl I find the belly and navel extremely erotic. You get the best effect when the girl is on her back with her arms stretched far above her head. As the skin between the lower ribs and the pelvic bones – which are by now standing out – is stretched taut, the surface of the belly is drawn inwards, forming an inviting hollow. The belly-button also elongates to an oval shape, and very slender girls have a muscular line running down from their bust to the navel.

The sexiest navels are those on slim girls with taut skin – when it has a well-defined outline and often a bubble of skin in the centre.

I once had the pleasure of rubbing suntan oil onto a girl with just such a belly as she lay outstretched on the beach. As I massaged the oily area between the halves of her bikini, I was fascinated by the pliability of the skin, and as I kneaded the oil into her above and below her navel, I noticed how it pulled and stretched in every direction, as if it were made of elastic. When I rubbed the oil in and around her belly-button, I noticed her navel had a peculiar rubbery, gristly feel which I haven't noticed since on any but the slenderest of girls.

I would be interested to find, by the response of other readers, that I'm not alone in this fetish.

R B, Orpington, Kent

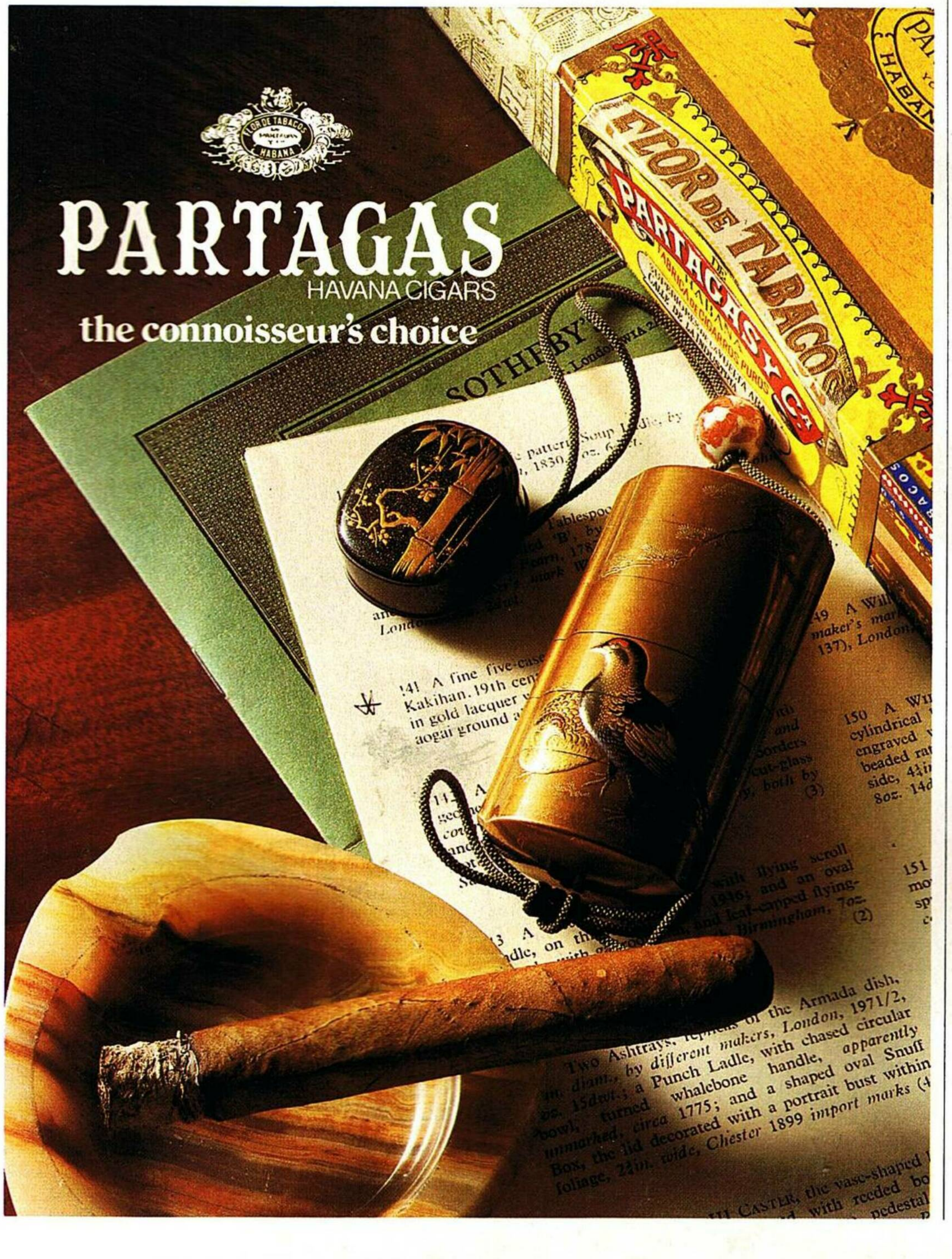
After having gone through one of the best experiences of my life I felt compelled to share my experiences.

Like most men, given an attractive female as an incentive any task, however daunting, becomes rather less of a trial. And so one Saturday afternoon I was plodding about in the garden trying to look busy when I caught sight of our next door neighbour over the fence-struggling with a very over, grown garden, digging up the weeds. She and her husband had just moved in and the house had been empty for some time prior to their arrival, so the garden had suffered in consequence. She was quite a dish in her shorts and tanned legs, I strolled over and asked 'Shouldn't it be your husband out there breaking his back?' She told me that her husband was away on business for a few days. As my wife had gone to see her mother for the day I offered my help with the gardening, although I hate gardening at the best of times. She gladly accepted my offer and before long we were both in her garden sorting out the weeds. It was a hot day and after about an hour of hard slog we decided to go inside for some refreshment.

In the kitchen she got two beers from the fridge and sat down. As I was standing up close beside her I saw that she was wearing no bra under her blouse, and there were only two buttons keeping that fastened. She interrupted my gaze with a knowing smile, and looked at my growing erection now showing through my trousers. I blushed and sat down to drink my beer. 'Isn't your wife around to keep an eye on you?' she asked.

'No, she's away for the day,' I replied rather bashfully. 'You must be lonely here on

turn to page 99



LETTERS

continued from page 14

your own without your husband to keep an eye on you,' I said. She smiled and looked at me, putting one hand on my knee and said I was very sweet to come over. Although I'm a very happily married man I couldn't help but get excited at her touch, my erection hadn't subsided and was prominent by now. She looked at it, and I smiled at her nervously. Her hand ran up the inside of my leg and she began caressing my bulge. 'It's rather silly the two of us being alone and not making the most of it,' she said, and led me to the bed. I stood in front of her not knowing what to do next when she sat on the bed and unzipped me, extracting my erect penis. After a few strokes with her fingers she put the head of it to her mouth and sucked it, playing with my balls, and licking the tip. I had read about oral sex but had never experienced it: the feelings were out of this world.

I undid her blouse and massaged her breasts, and then I went down and pulled off her shorts, revealing a soaking wet pussy glistening with anticipation. I thrust my fingers into her. We arranged ourselves into the 69 position on the bed, and when she told me to lick her, although I had never done it before I went down on her eagerly. I parted her lips and found her clitoris which I started to lick, she responded by sucking me harder. She climaxed, writhing with pleasure, her orgasms making me come too.

When my wife returned she said 'You look tired darling, you must have been working hard in the garden'. It just goes to prove tools at the ready – gardening ones of course.

(Name and address withheld)

The incriminating bias of your short story published in Vol 12 No 12, 'The White Man Must Die,' is matched only by some of the colourful reports (supposedly factual) I have had occasion to read in the international press over the years.

In reply to Mr Willis' letter (Vol 13 No 4), *Mayfair* claims the article was published 'since it did seem to show both sides of the Rhodesian question.' Perhaps Part Two of this remarkable story will be published in an upcoming issue. Part One was nothing short of yellow journalism. I can only guess at the author's motive in writing. I, too, lived in Rhodesia for over twenty years and have worked closely with both blacks and whites in every situation. Rhodesia's problem is one of Communist infiltrations, not racialism. It always has been. As a professional journalist I fail to see any merit in, or justification for, the publication of this article.

Writers and editors alike should be aware that fiction of a didactic nature will influence readership opinion as effectively as factual reporting, particularly if based on such a controversial subject as politics. It should therefore be handled with equal respect and a genuine desire to report accurately and without bias. The power of the written word is awesome indeed. Let us not forget our responsibilities to the reader.

N Stakenborg, Mississauga, Ontario, Canada

While we accept Mr Stakenborg's point that fiction of a didactic nature will influence reader opinion as effectively as factual reporting, we must point out that it is not necessarily a harmful influence. For instance, it is quite clear, with hindsight, that the Graham Greene novel, 'The Quiet American,' which showed the American presence in South-East Asia in a very different light from that normally presented, nevertheless was a very true reflection of what was happening and, indeed, was an accurate forecast of the problems which did come in Indo-China.

Thank you so much for a super magazine – but may I make some suggestions for future improvement.

Every now and then you do something different – the 'Photographer and the Balloon-Smugglers' (Vol 13 No 6); 'Nurse Nancy Undresses' (Vol 13 No 4). To me, these features are more exciting than the average bird lying back on a couch in the nuddy. Can we please see some comedy sequences with three or four attractive women photographed in a developing situation in which they lose their clothes? Take four girls in long evening

turn to page 107

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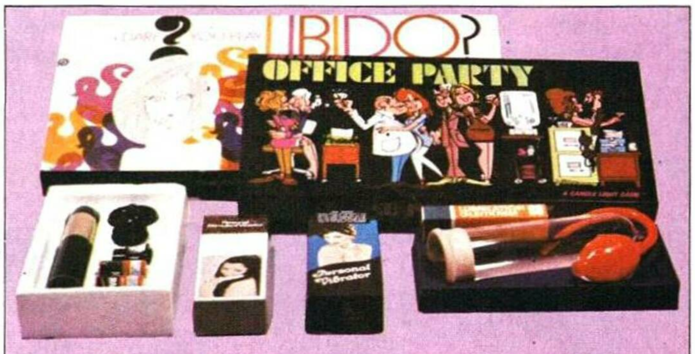

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LETTERS

continued from page 99

dresses – very low-cut showing lots of lovely cleavage. They could be pictured at a cooking demonstration on how to make cream cakes when the demonstrator would accidentally drop a dollop of cream down the front of one of the other girl's dresses. Whereupon a slapstick free-for-all would develop.

Those who saw *The Great Race* repeated on TV recently will have relished in the sight of Natalie Wood dressed provocatively in pink corset, stockings and suspenders, getting pelted with great creamy pies. Quite frankly to join in that romp and wallow in tasty pie-smothered knockers is my idea of bliss. So, please recreate the scene for us again with your gorgeous models, and I will be a fan for life.

Another feature I would like to see in *Mayfair* would be photographs of girls in sports settings: girls with enormous bare boobs scantily dressed in kit, playing or posing about to play cricket, football, tennis, snooker and the like. And just a few other ideas: a girl taking a bath fully clothed; an air stewardess showing her panties, stockings and suspenders up her skirt; a secretary taking shorthand with a boob hanging out of her blouse; a girl in a nice two-piece suit having her outfit altered by a girl with a pair of scissors who cuts out big holes from boobs to pubes. And, please, sexier covers – big breasts, uniforms, wet clothes and ripped T-shirts. And above all happy smiling faces.

R D, Shelford

Doubtless you will be pleased to hear that *Mayfair* was quoted at some length to a crowd of some thousands at a recent BriSCA stock car race meeting at Northampton Stadium. Why? Your article on Tony Lanfranchi, 'Britain's Most Successful Racing Driver'. Having read it, I handed my copy of *Mayfair* over to race control, for Yorkshire's Tony Lanfranchi has a rival in neighbouring Lancashire – 31 year old Stuart Smith of Rochdale who has won over a thousand races in fourteen years, including two World titles plus the National Points Championship for nine consecutive years. He drives a 454 ci Chevy-powered, self-built special on short, tight circuits like Manchester's Belle Vue Stadium, Coventry, Bradford, Harringay and others. As a graded SuperStar he must always start on the back of the grid of twenty to thirty cars. Seeing him forge his way into the lead is always an electrifying display of speed, skill and pure thrills. 'Smiffy', as he is affectionately known to his many followers, is no ordinary stock car driver, for he has occasionally competed in different forms of short circuit racing, one of the most outstanding occasions being in 1973 when, at Wembley Stadium in the Champion of Champions race, he took the title in straight competition against Hot Rod champion Barry Lee, rally ace Markku Alen and Denny Hulme of Grand Prix fame, driving an unfamiliar Escort Mexico. Earlier this year he visited Holland to win three out of four races against the locals on their super-fast, long track, at speeds of up to 120 mph.

Should any readers wonder just what is BriSCA, this is a snappy abbreviation for the British Stock Car Association – an association of promoters licensed by the Stock Car Racing Board of Control to stage this particular form of racing on their tracks. It is not what is generally known as 'banger' racing although it did originate almost twenty-five years ago at New Cross stadium utilising almost stock, and mainly American, saloon cars. The cars have since evolved into highly specialised machines constructed specifically for the sport, with tough roll cages and uniform bumpers which are meant to be used on other competitors thus providing plenty of action.

Crashes and roll-overs occur at nearly every meeting and it is by no means unusual to see a car execute a complete roll back onto its wheels and continue racing.

Cars are built to race in either Formula One or Two, with Formula One having no limit on engine size and a weight of 22 to 28 hundredweight. The 9 hundredweight Formula Two cars are limited to 1300 cc. Needless to say they don't race together and despite the high incident rate, the racing is safe with serious injuries rare.

B J Sparrow, London N11

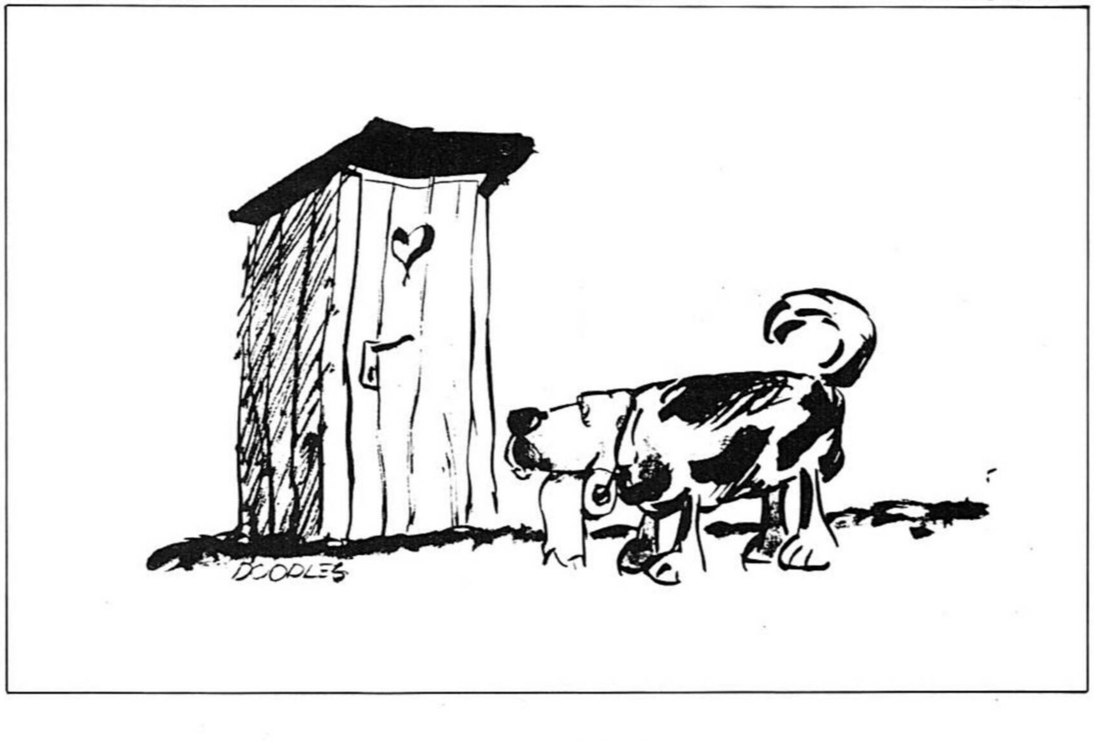
Why don't you become a Press Agent? The photograph (left) shows Stuart in action.

I noticed in a back issue of *Mayfair* an account, in Quest, of sex in a box at the Royal Albert Hall and this has persuaded me to write about an encounter I recently had at the Festival Hall.

I am twenty and at this time regrettably was still a virgin. I went to the concert with my parents and a group of friends – there were seven of us in our party and when we found our seats I took the place at the end of our group of seats. About fifteen minutes before the start a pair of ladies took the seats to my right. The woman next to me looked about forty, but was extremely attractive, beautifully dressed and made-up: she wore rich blue eye-shadow and lipstick and a necklace which draped her full bosom. She was wearing a blouse and a long evening dress and open-toed stilleto-heeled shoes.

As the two women studied their programmes the nearer turned to consult me on three occasions on certain points,

turn to page 110



LETTERS

continued from page 107

but knowing little about classical music myself I took the opportunity to be more friendly; and indeed by the way she looked at me my interest was not misplaced.

About thirty minutes into the concert I deliberately spread my legs in order to touch her leg with my thigh. She did not move away and we remained in contact for some minutes. The lighting was, well, if not non-existent, extremely dimmed, and soon I felt a stockinged foot rubbing up my leg. This I found most exciting and took the woman's hand in mine. The most staggering thing I have ever experienced occurred forty minutes into the concert when I felt the lady's hand rubbing at my erection.

The interval was ill-timed and I had to cover my erection from the view of my father as the light went up.

The crotch rubbing resumed some ten minutes after the interval and I came soon after, desperately constraining my heavy breathing. Having achieved my own orgasm, the woman pulled my hand to the side of her dress where she had undone the zip. Nervously I slipped my fingers under her panties and felt a quite staggering mound of pubic hair. I began rubbing her clitoris and after some few minutes she responded with a great sigh which could be heard within ten yards of our seats!

After the concert, as we put our coats on I had a folded slip of paper pressed into my hand. It turned out to be an introduction to a string of sexual experiences at the woman's London flat. I have had intercourse with her many times now – and she must be the most energetic 50-year-old in the city. And my parents still believe I am meeting a girl of my own age.

D C, Brighton, Sussex

It sounds as though you really scored that night!

Please accept my congratulations on Vol 13 No 6. You appear to be the only magazine editor who realises that spread-leg shots in clinical detail are just not erotic. In fact they become boring very quickly. Tricia Wilson was a case in point. The opening picture showed a demure young lady, face hidden by her cap, in white shirt and short skirt. With the the reader's certainty that he is going to see a lot more of this girl on later pages, a shot like that is certainly tantalising and sexy. This is reinforced by a smaller picture of her *(above)*: the same girl in the same gear, but her skirt has been lifted just far enough (by the wind) to show a neat little bottom in a pair of very skimpy white pants. That 'Oh, you shouldn't be looking!' expression on her face really completes the picture. *This* is the sort of girl men dream about, not the pouting, wet-lipped slags who dominate other magazines.

John McLeod, Glasgow

Having read *Mayfair* – and other, similar magazines – for many years I would like to suggest some ways of improvement. But first, a few words of praise. Letters are always of interest and the model girls always attractive.

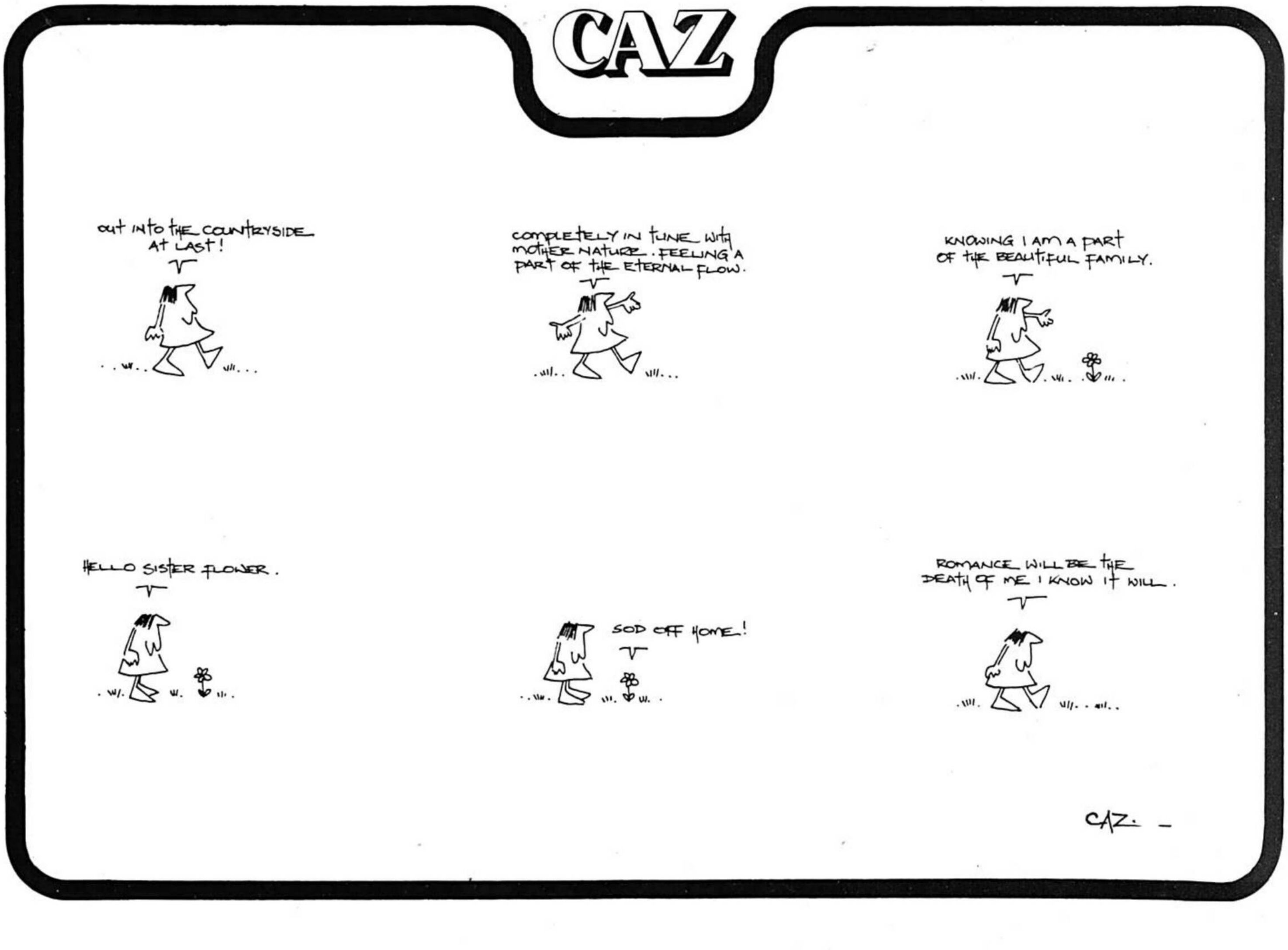
In certain model photographs the tops of heads and parts of the legs are often cut off. This used to be considered bad photography. Or it could be just the way you print them. I prefer to see the whole model – preferably nude.

Also, quite often a model is printed over two pages thus making it impossible for us to cut it out for a pin-up.

P Taylor, Manchester

Your views and comments are welcome. Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ

CAZ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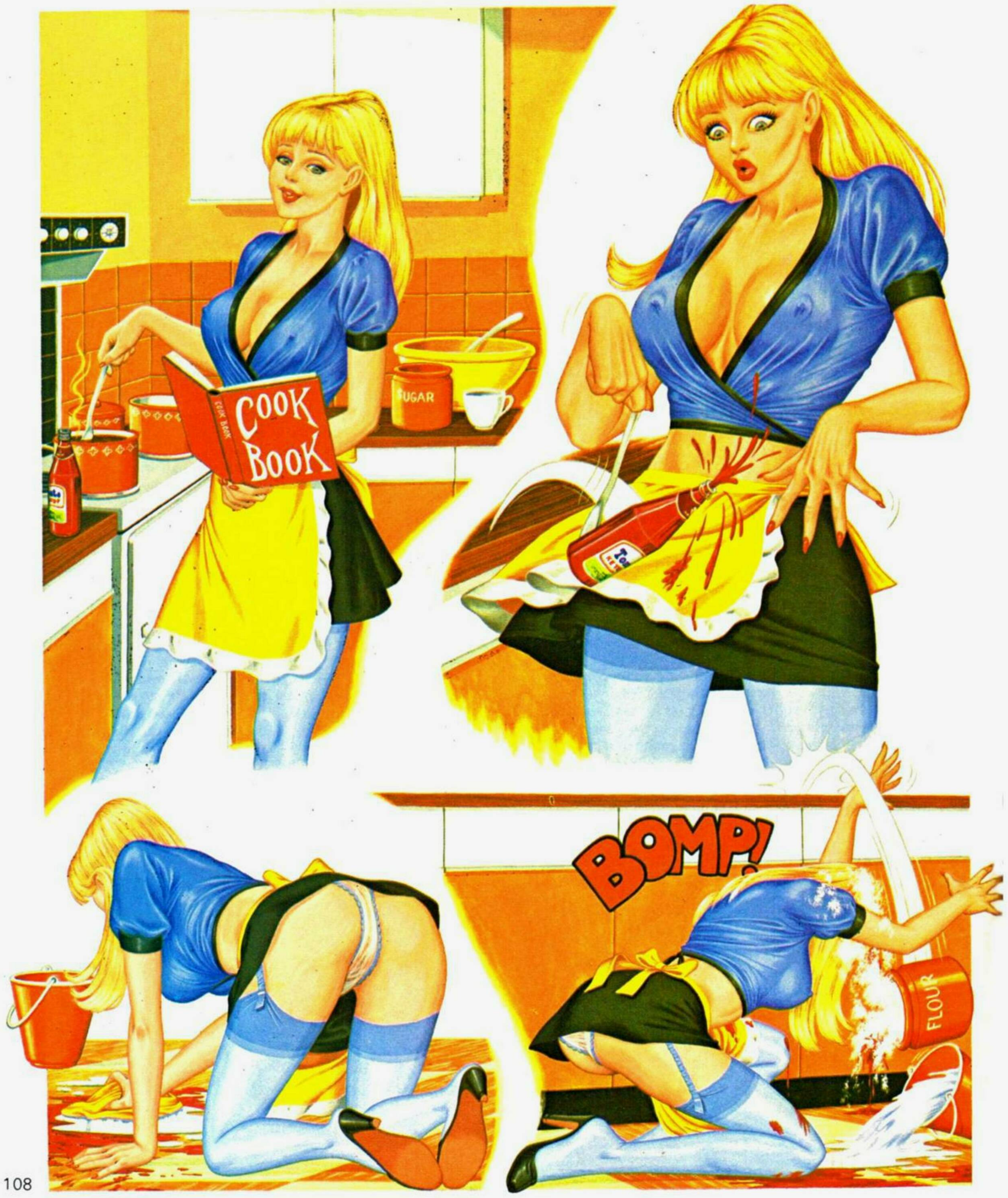
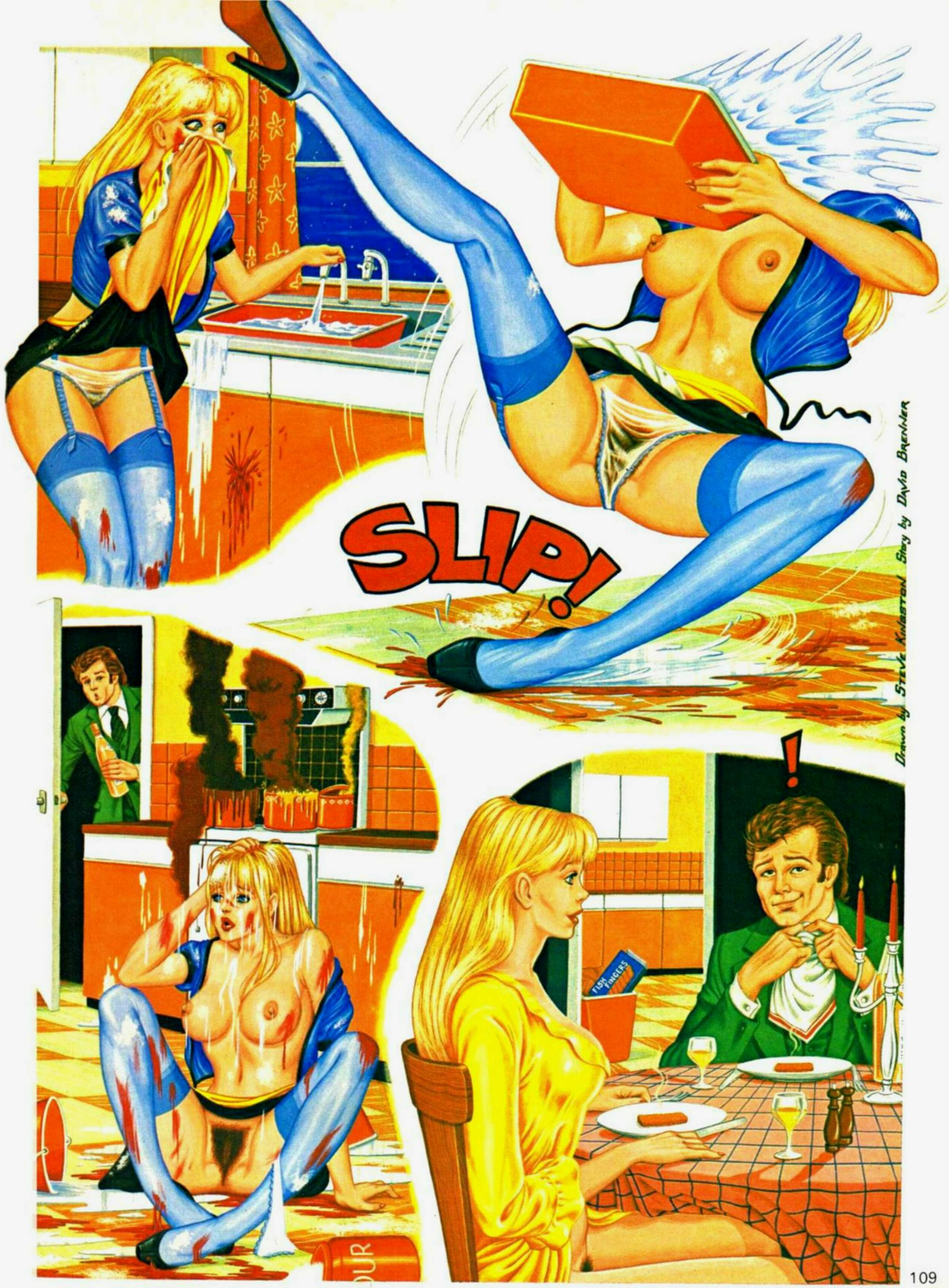
ROMANCE WILL BE THE DEATH OF ME I KNOW IT WILL.
CAZ

CARRIE

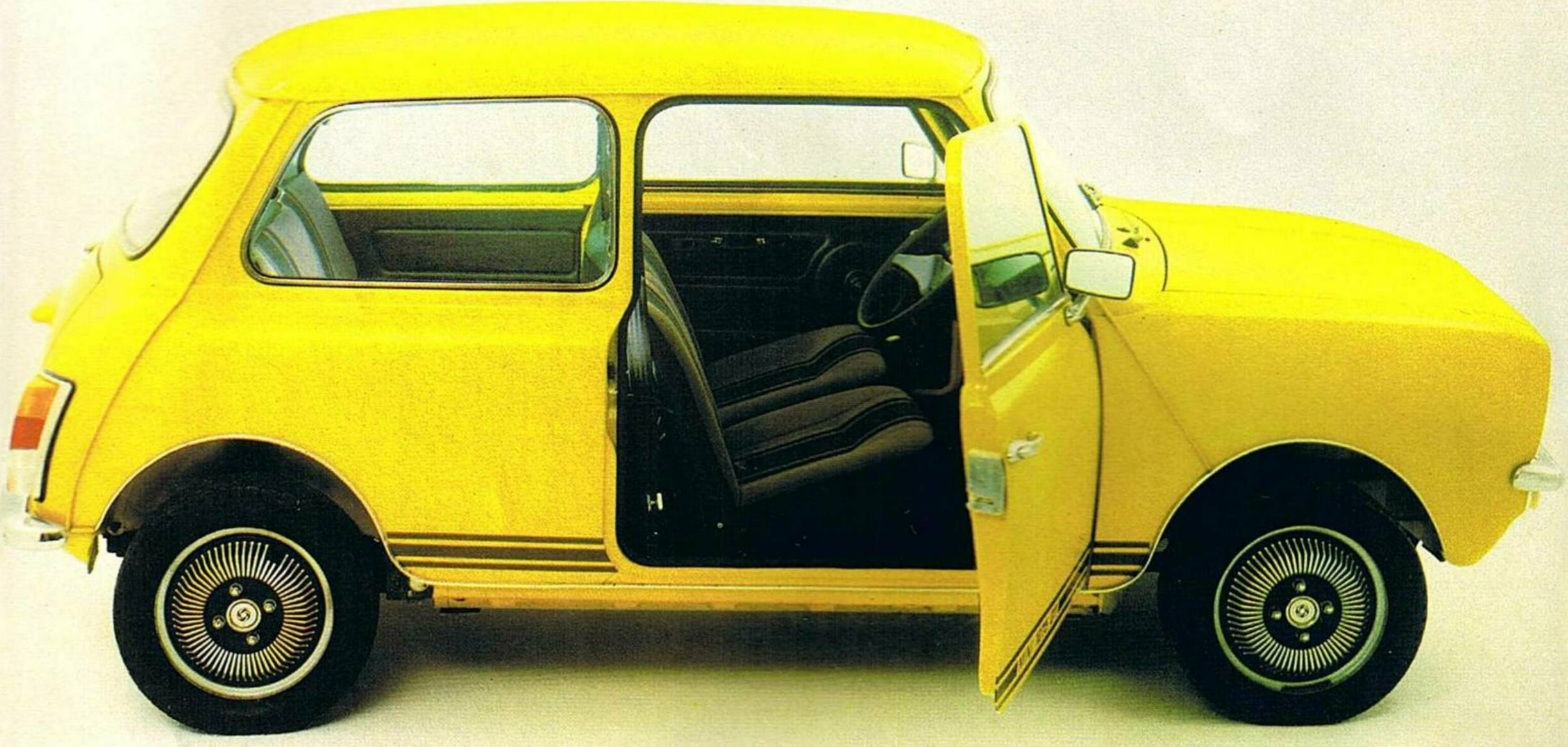
Kitchen disasters leave Carrie, and cupboards, bare


COOK BOOK
SUGAR
BOMP!
FLOUR


SLIP!
FLOUR
!
FISH FINGERS

Drawn by STEVE KINGSTON Story by DAVID BRENNER

THE JOY RIDE



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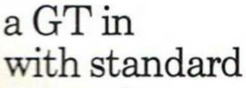
HAPPINESS IS  **SHAPED**

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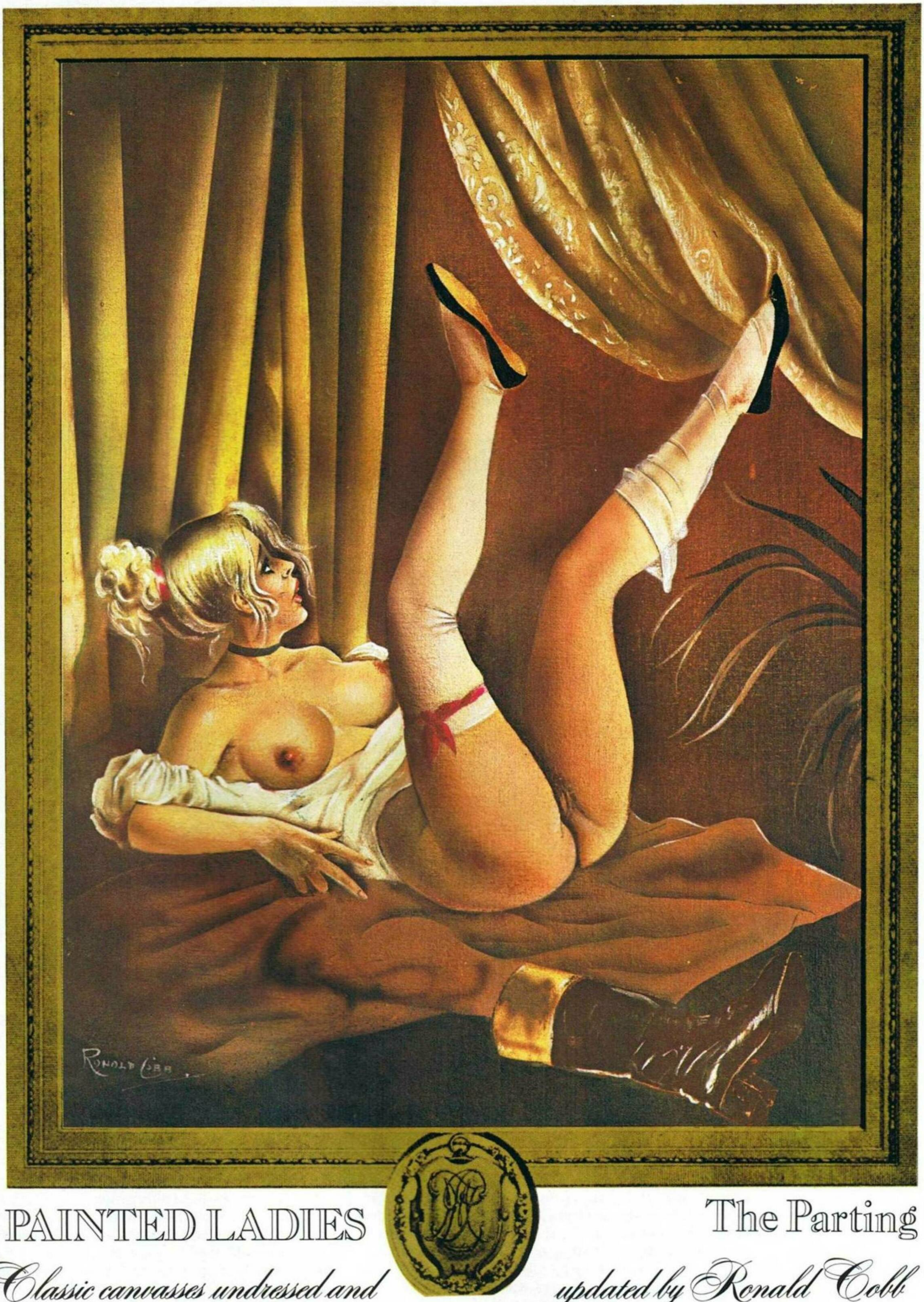

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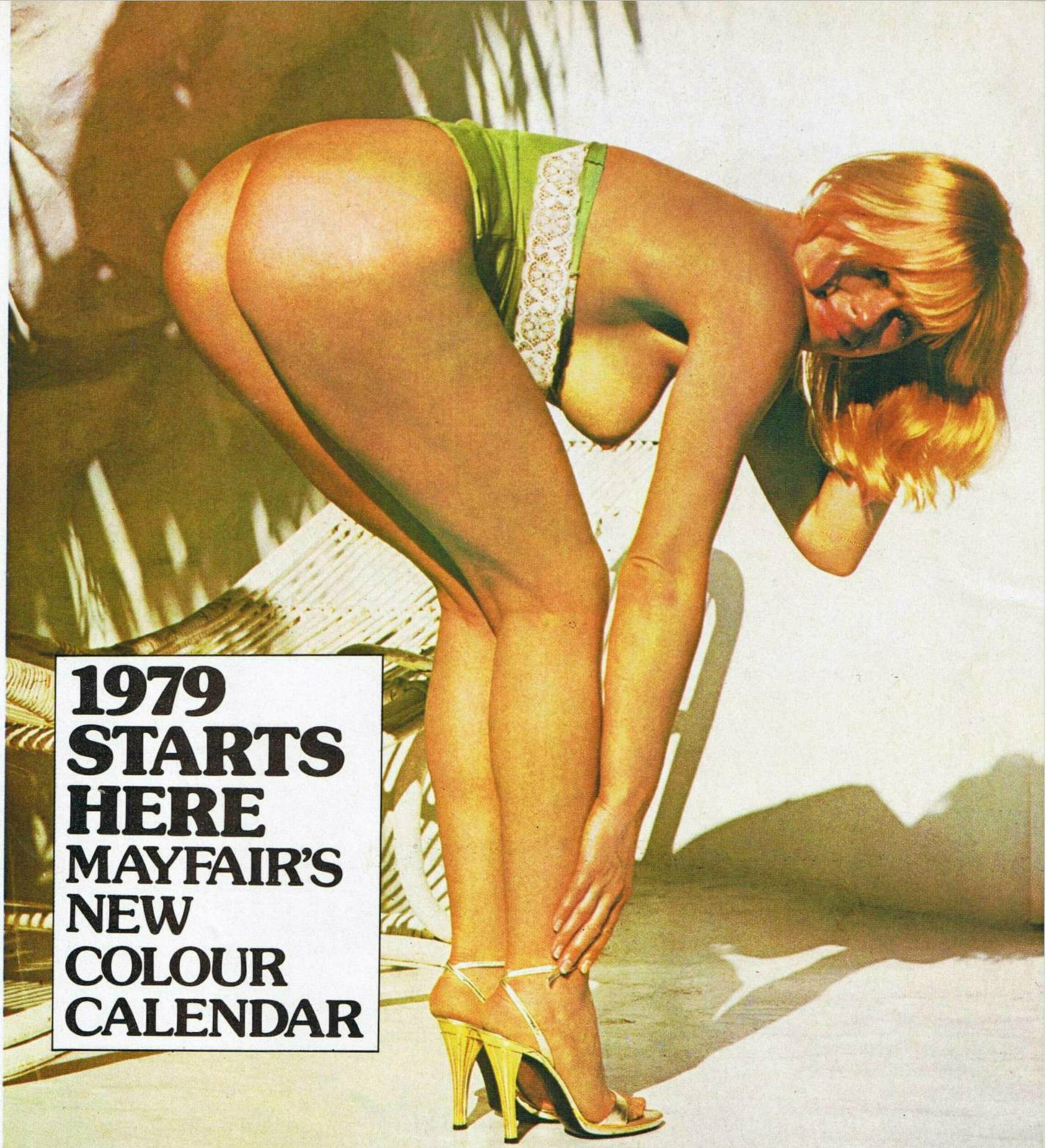

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